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June, 1970

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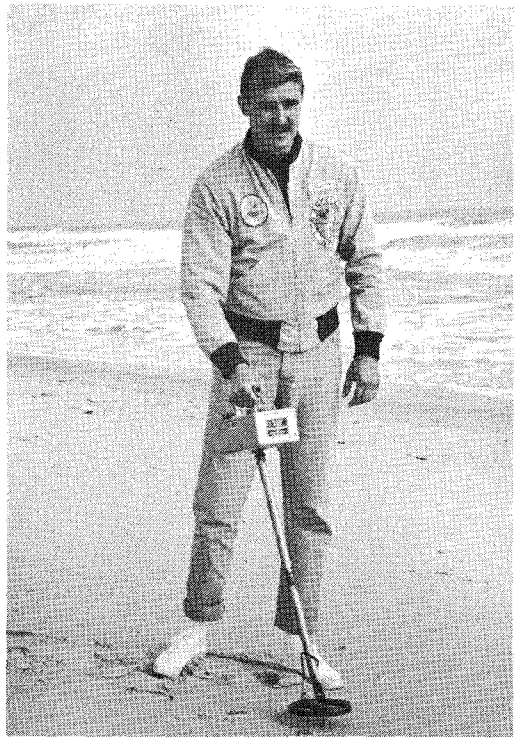
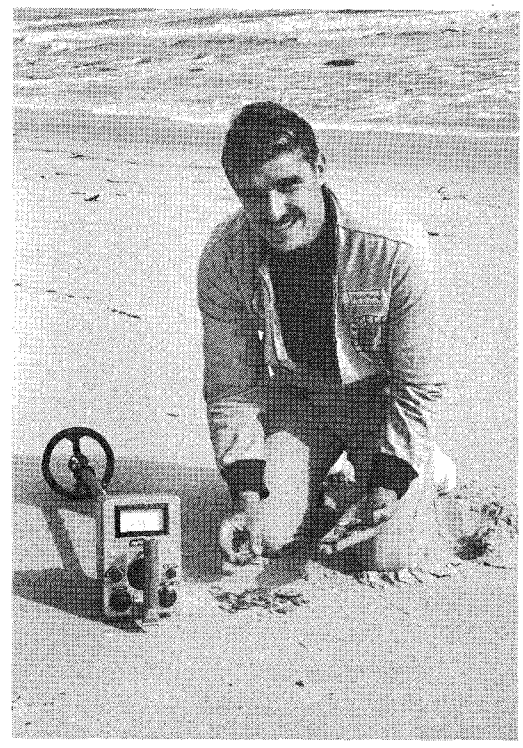


Robert Marx treasure hunting on Florida beach.



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Volume 2

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SINCE WE WENT TO PRESS!

Gentlemen: Just noticed on page twenty-six of your GOLD! magazine a picture of the Jarbidge country up in northern Nevada. The story of the lost Sheepherder Mine is interesting for one reason; it's no longer lost. It was found in 1931 by an old Reno prospector, and I was his man-Friday who helped him dig out $23,840 in the summer of '32. We took out three loads of gold to Elko and he shipped it to the Frisco mint. That fall as the snow fell and the cold wind blew down from the Silver City region of Idaho we covered over the remaining gold vein and left. There appeared to be as much gold left there as we had taken out.

The old man gave me a quarter of what he had taken out in cash and I went to Australia where I bought into a black-opal mine. After eight years "down under watching the Billy-bile and waltzin' Matilda' round" I came back to the States and landed in Seattle with a stake made for life. I had had no contact with the old Jarbidge prospector nor his aged sister with whom I had left him in Frisco. Not till '65 did I get down to Frisco and check on him again. I found out from the neighbors next door to his sister's house that they had both died the winter I left for Australia. I had always figured he had gone back the next summer and dug the rest of this gold vein out. H-ll! No! that d-mn gold we left there in '32 is still there!!

At my age I don't need it, but I do hope that sometime some poor man finds it again and lives happily forever afterwards. It's above Jarbidge towards Idaho and over the ridge to the left down on the Bruneau River side. It's on a bench about a quarter mile below a high rocky peak on the ridge. The rocky peak in your "Gold" picture, just to the right of center on the skyline, looks very similar to the peak I refer to. That whole country looks too much alike to be sure of any directions. The Jarbidge country is no doubt the country God forgot to finish; it either stands on end or leans over backwards a little. The Devil can have the rest of the old man's gold, I don't want it now! You can publish my letter if you wish but leave my address out, for obvious reasons.

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Volume 17, No. 5
Whole No. 99

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Cover: Jim Bones
Waterfall in Colorado's San Juan Mountains

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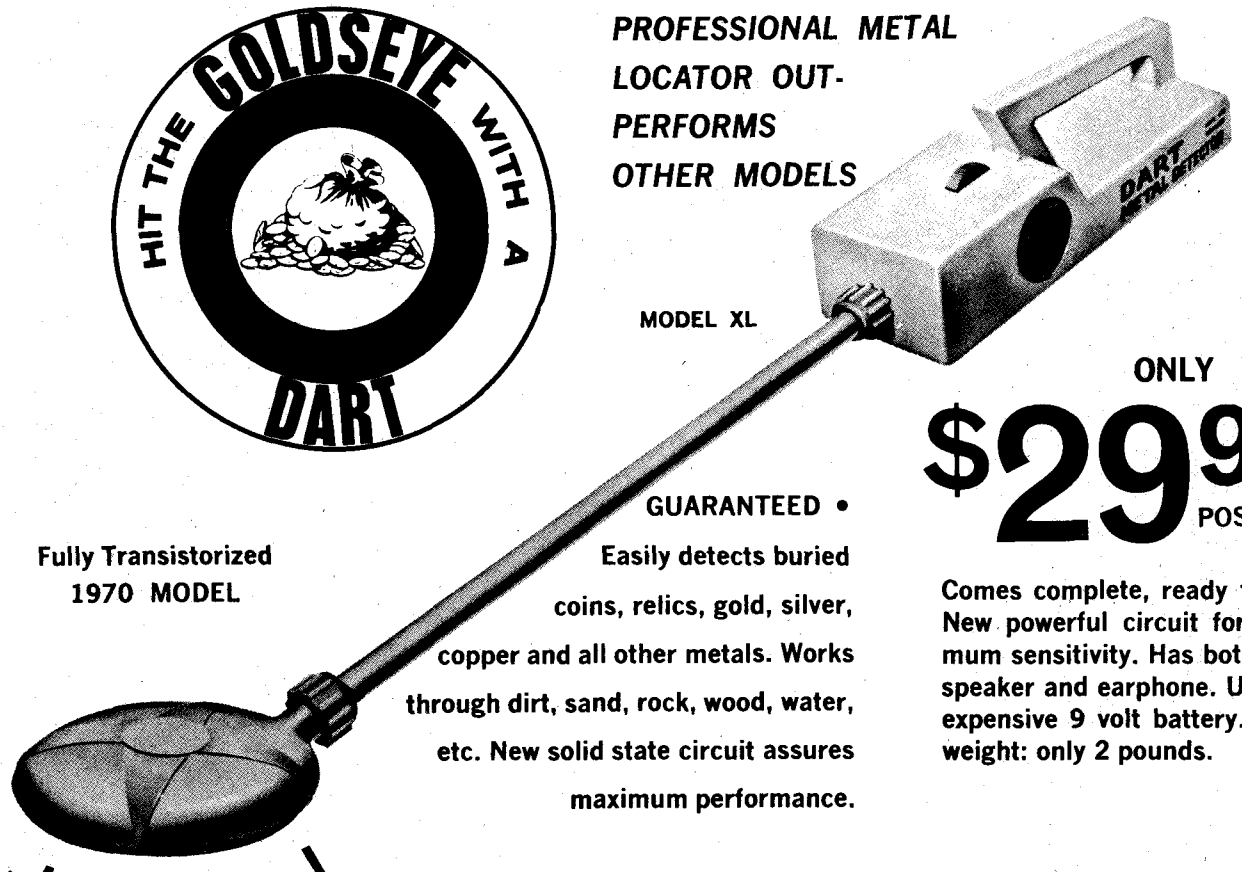

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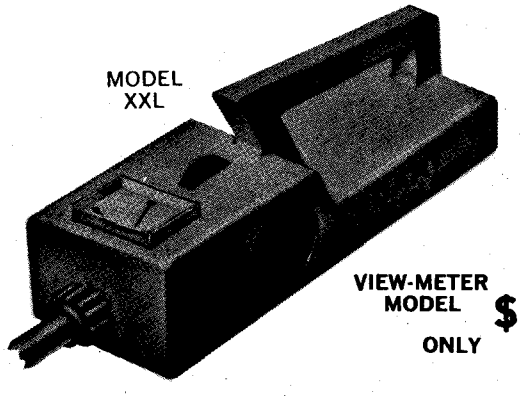

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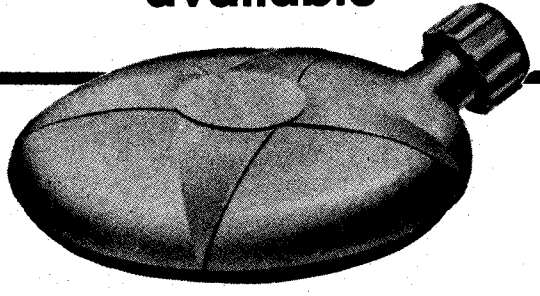

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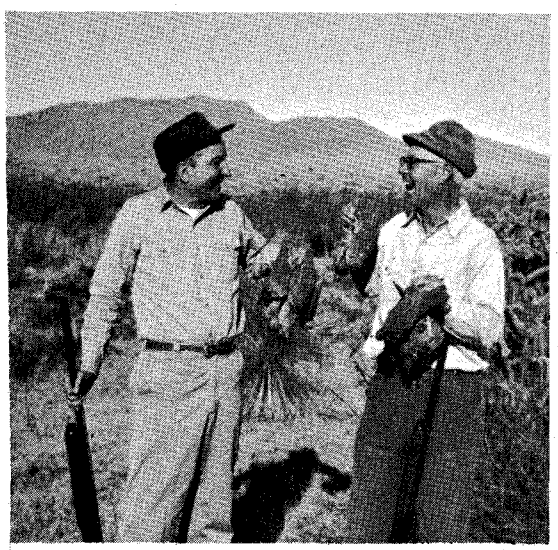

Joe Hosstail and Bill Faris comparing stories. A dedicated sportsman, you couldn't find a better hunting companion.

Below, lucky shot at a high-flier. These hawks are death on quail.

I'VE JUST been on one and it's great. You all have got to start planning one too. It will unkink your innards and make living a lot more like life oughta be.

Do you know there are mountains in southern New Mexico? With my friends, Bill and Leona Faris, I went to some country southwest of Deming and flat entered another world. It was one of the greatest weeks of my life! We stayed with the Chester D. Cathey family. They represent, in its fullest form, the friendly "get down and come in!" spirit of the Old West. We really saw the country—visited Mimbres-Casas Grandes Indian ruins over 3,000 years old, had some terrific hunting, ate wonderful food, visited places I'd only heard of before (any of you ever visited Dog Springs?) and *stayed outdoors* most of the time. I got to feeling so good it actually hurt!

If you are wondering about the hunting pictures in a SPRING VACATION EDITION—well, I wrote part of this piece of undying literature when I got back (in December). That's how far ahead we have to work on these mags. If we ever have a FALL VACATION EDITION—I'll doll my editorial up with fishing pictures! Makes about as much sense as anything else I do!

I'm going this summer to El Vado Ranch in northern New Mexico and see if I can catch another seven-pound stream-grown rainbow trout. Carl and Gladys Cooper own the ranch and they've got everything you need. It is just below El Vado Reservoir on the Chama River and should be good brown and rainbow fishing this year. That's near Tierra Amarilla, in case you are interested. Jicarilla Apache Indian Reservation couple miles away. Plenty history. Heap interesting country. Those Indians read all three of our Westerns regularly!

At any rate, the great game of "seeing the places where it happened" and seeing what is left of some is growing in popularity fast. I am truly in love with the West. If I miss *one summer* (or winter) without at least two weeks in the mountains, I look peaked the rest of the year and there is a vacant stare in my eyes. That sweet smell of the pines, the invigorating nip of cool mountain air, that delicious experience of sniffing the dank smell of dense forests, coupled with the soul-generating sensation of being lost from the cares of our modern world—and always the sounds and beauties of a rushing mountain stream—man. I get excited just *thinking* about it! That's a part of the West—and right now I believe the mountain states to be the healthiest country on earth.

So we are hitting two firsts with this issue of TRUE WEST—a vacation edition and a 100-page magazine at 50c!

NOW we have no way in the world of knowing whether you *want* a vacation edition or not. From the very first

Close-up of Gambel's quail, left; and scaled (or blue) quail on right.

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we have stuck with the best articles we can find on the Old West as it actually was. Now and then we run articles on how the Old West actually *is* right now and they seem to be popular. Actually, we are changing but very little from a regular issue—other than giving you a much bigger magazine at a fifteen-cent increase over the regular issues. THIS IS FOR ONE ISSUE ONLY! It makes for an extra bonus for subscribers and represents no real increase to newsstand readers because twenty-four pages are added.

By dang, this will tell us something. If the twenty-four pages don't mean a kick-a-cow-chip to you, then we could print a seventy-two page magazine and cover, charge 50c, and sure be a lot better off! Might even buy my youngest son some brand new drawers—he says the ones he's been wearing for four years has holes in them. Dadburned kids this day and time—don't take care of anything. . . .

Back to the vacation theme. We're not trying to recommend specific places to visit (you can get a bushel full of magazines that do this!) but are trying to tell stories that will increase your enjoyment of some particular place by letting you know what went on there years ago. It's really the same old TRUE WEST with just a bit of a twist to it. Tell us if you like the twist—if not, we'll keep doling out that regular old plug tobacco! Don't intend doing this more than once a year anyhow—unless you would like a SUMMER VACATION EDITION of FRONTIER TIMES or OLD WEST on the subject?

"I gotta go home" is written all over Hosstail's face!

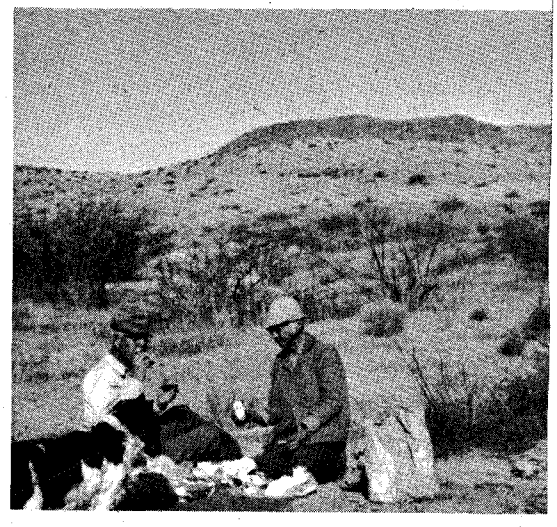
Be sure and eye-ball that Pikes Peak piece. This peak has probably been visited more than any other vacation spot in the whole dadblamed West. There's also an article on Arizona's mystery castle, Apache country in New Mexico, the old mining camps of California, a typical Oklahoma oil boom town, a famous hotel in the Pacific Northwest, a look at Las Vegas when it was first started, a way station in Idaho used by the freighters, and a strange garden in Texas which a famous Englishman spent nineteen years building. We have just learned that this latter spot has been included in a new book, *The Great Gardens of America*, which is a real honor with the competition what it is.

Now, for you who do not want to armchair dream about next summer, we have one of the best stories Walt Coburn ever wrote, an article by Milt Hinkle on rodeo people, a story about Black Jack Pershing who was truly an extraordinary soldier, a look into the life of a cowboy who never walked a step in his life but learned to earn his living on a horse, a strange murder case in the Dakotas, and a bang-up treasure story. Also, there are some new sidelights on Will Carver who was too good a man to be an outlaw, but was one —and died one—nevertheless—oh, heckfire—there are so many doggone features in this issue that we ought to charge seventy-five cents for it—and go buy them drawers! By goosenheimer, if you think it's a real good'un PULL THEM OUT ON THE NEWSSTANDS, tell your friends, but don't shout it from the house tops. I have always thought a person would look completely silly shouting about some product from the house tops and yet we keep hearing about it. Besides, I might be just a little prejudiced. This issue of our "turrible rag" may not even be worth thirty-five cents. . . .

But back to the subject of vacations, from now on I am going to make a winter trip and a summer trip out West, and if some of your letters don't get answered in one or six weeks, you'll know that I have taken your advice—"For gosh sakes, get out and mingle with your readers!" —Hosstail.

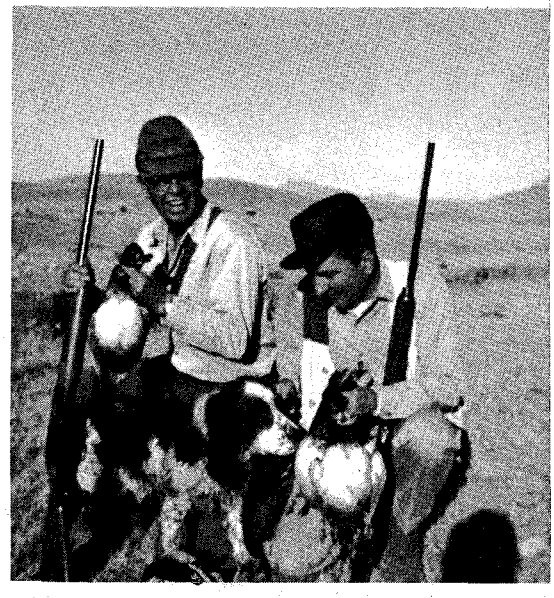
Above, coyotes are becoming numerous. We saw three golden eagles in this vicinity next day.

Top, left, Mimbres and Casas Grandes Indian ruins.



Above, million dollar cafeteria! Bill, Leona, and Sir Cyd. Can that woman cook and hunt—a jewel in anybody's language.

Below, duck hunting is great on "the desert." Resacas harbor from a few to dozens in this dry land.



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Truly Western

"Did Russia Introduce the Horse?"

Dear Editor:

I was very interested in the article about the curly horse in your June 1969 TRUE WEST. The Russians also brought livestock which survived until recently. I was first in Ninilchik and Kenai, Alaska in 1929. Formerly, the economy of those Russian communities had been a subsistence one. A family would keep a few cows, a few pigs and a horse or two. Then, in the 1900s, as salmon fishing became profitable, the families gradually got rid of their livestock. The men turned fishermen. There was no time for stock.

I never saw a Russian cow, but when I first came to Alaska I heard them spoken of many times. Seems they were small, somewhat different from our West European cattle. Anyway, the horse was gone; also the pigs. There could have been a curly horse. I don't know.

Linguists tell us the Athabascan language can be traced to the Sino-Tibet border. My wife is a full-blood. She knows of no stories of horses in the past. If they had brought horses, I think there would have been thousands of them on the plains. Possibly the Spaniards brought them. Perhaps not as curly horses, but horses carrying the genes. Perhaps they are a mutation—nature's effort to survive, or a throw-back.

Attila the Hun received tribute from much of Asia, including Chinese princesses, so why not curly horses? Attila lost his biggest battle in Western Europe. The Spaniards were in on that battle. How many of Attila's horses were captured?

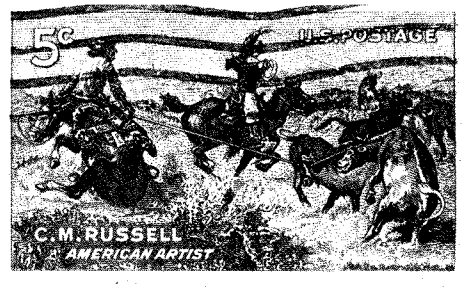
If the Russians brought curly horses over it was in modern times. Besides, the early Athabascans were not Russians. The Russians had not fully conquered the interior peoples of Alaska at the time of the sale of Alaska to the United States.

I consider your magazines the most authentic of all the western publications. —Lee Hancock, Box 955, Anchorage, Alaska 99501

Pikes Peak Coincidence

I thought this card and the stamp might prove of interest to you. It's one I've had for some time.—Kenneth Englert, Garfield Route, Salida, Colorado 81201

Note: Postcard shown smaller than actual size, while stamp is enlarged considerably.



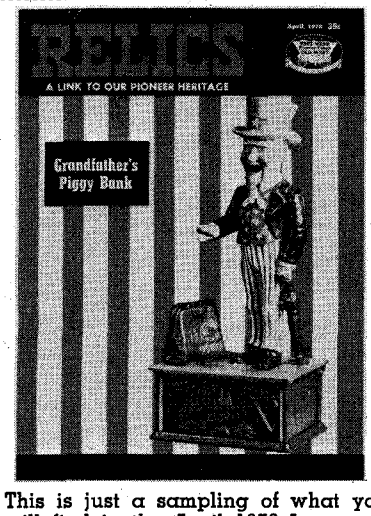
Ardmore Lawman

The article in the February, 1970 issue about Buck Garrett calls to my mind two incidents concerning him.

In March 1919 I was in the law office of W. B. Johnson in Ardmore. He was a former U. S. district attorney for the Indian Territory. The Republicans of Ardmore had, I believe, for the first time put out a full ticket for city offices in the election to be held in a few days. They were concentrating their efforts for the position of chief of police which was then held by Buck's father-in-law. A man by the name of Wilson was the Republican campaign manager and their headquarters were in Mr. Johnson's office. Mr. Johnson was a life-long Republican but was taking no part in that city campaign. Buck was sheriff of Carter County.

On this afternoon Wilson came into the office where Mr. Johnson and I were talking and said to Mr. Johnson, "I simply cannot understand how people who claim to be good citizens can vote for

(Continued on page 51)



This is just a sampling of what you will find in the April 1970 Issue.

- REDIGGING OLD MINING CAMPS
- THE VANISHING TRIBE OF
- SILENT INJUNS (Cigar Store Warriors)
- LIGHTHOUSE LORE
- GRANDFATHER'S PIGGY BANK
- HOMESTEAD INHERITANCE
- CONQUISTADOR STIRRUPS
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- QUICK! GRAB A SHOVEL! (Bottles)
- NOTES ON THE FAMOUS "KENTUCKY" RIFLE
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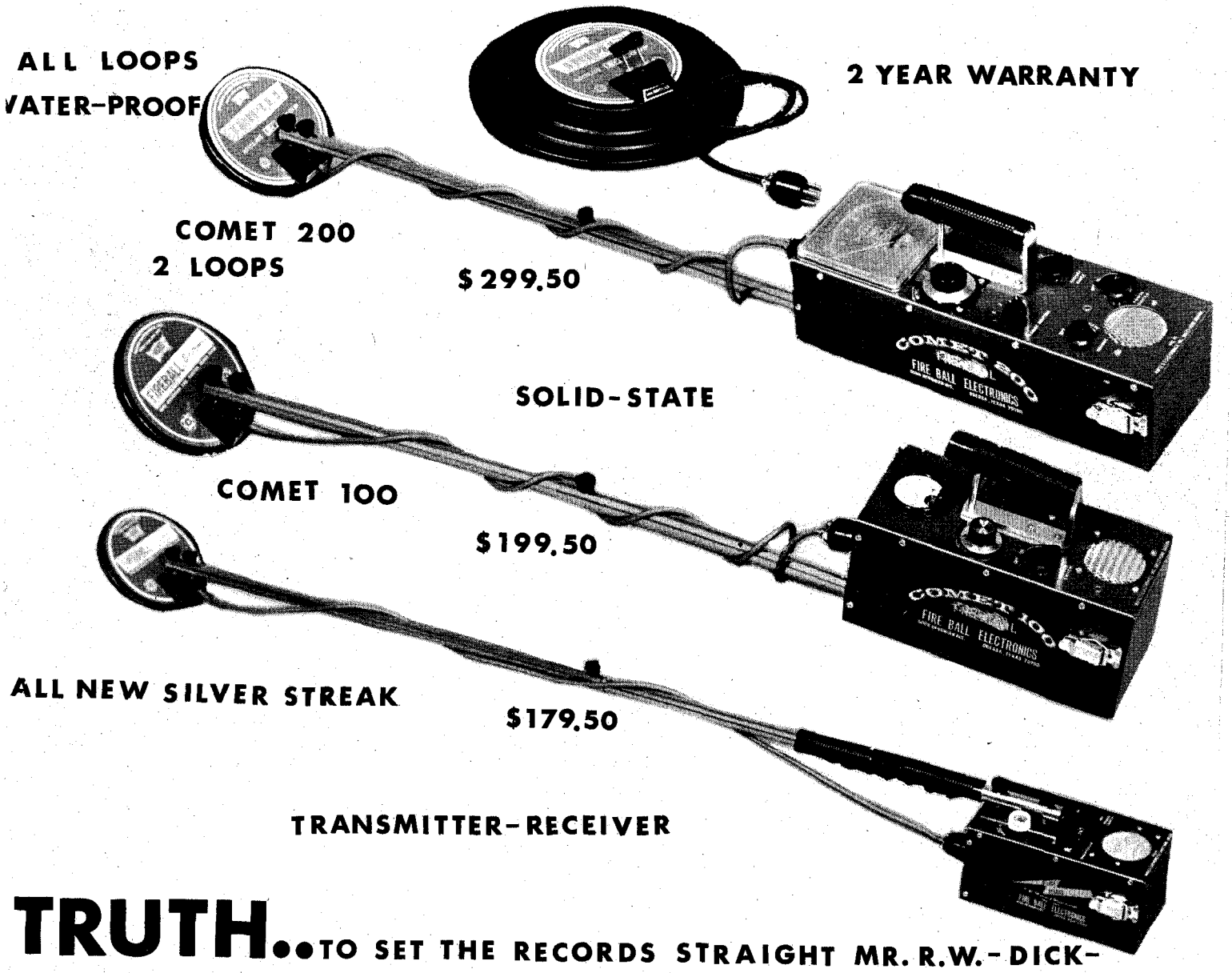

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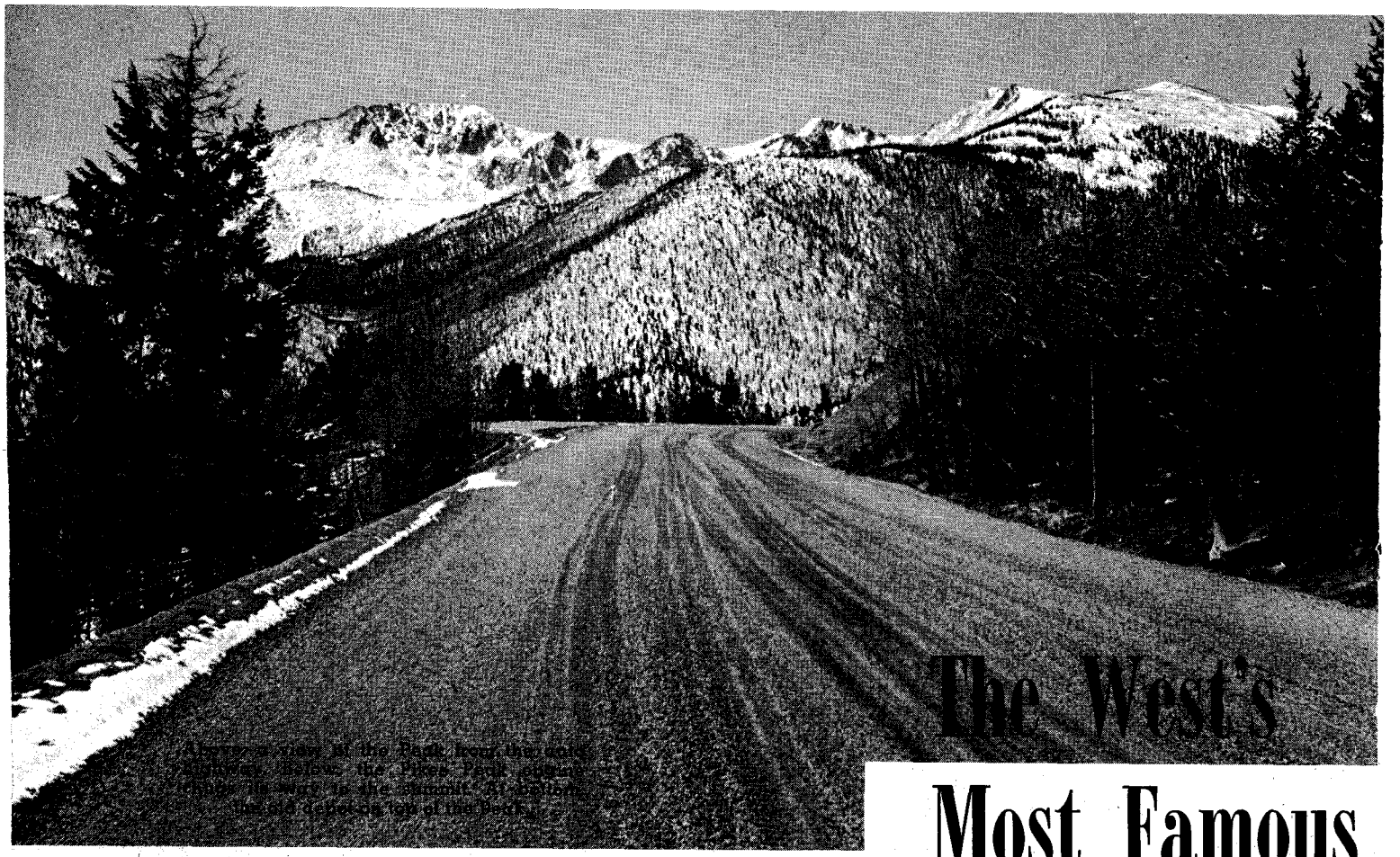
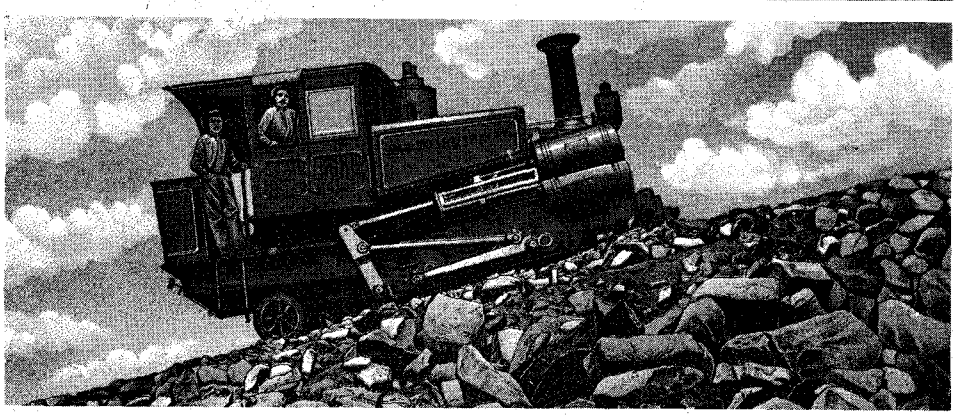


Above, a view of the Peak from the [illegible] highway. Below, the Pikes Peak engine [illegible] its way to the summit. At bottom, the old depot on top of the Peak.



The West's Most Famous MOUN

By RUFUS L. PORTER
Photos Courtesy Author

ONE OF THE most colorful characters of the Old West still lives, and thousands of people come to Colorado every year just to make his acquaintance. Thousands more keep coming back, summer after summer, because they have learned to love and respect him and like to be in his presence, or at least where they can see him now and then. His name is Pikes Peak and he has been around a long time—an estimated fifty million years. At that time, according to

—a biography of Pikes Peak, C

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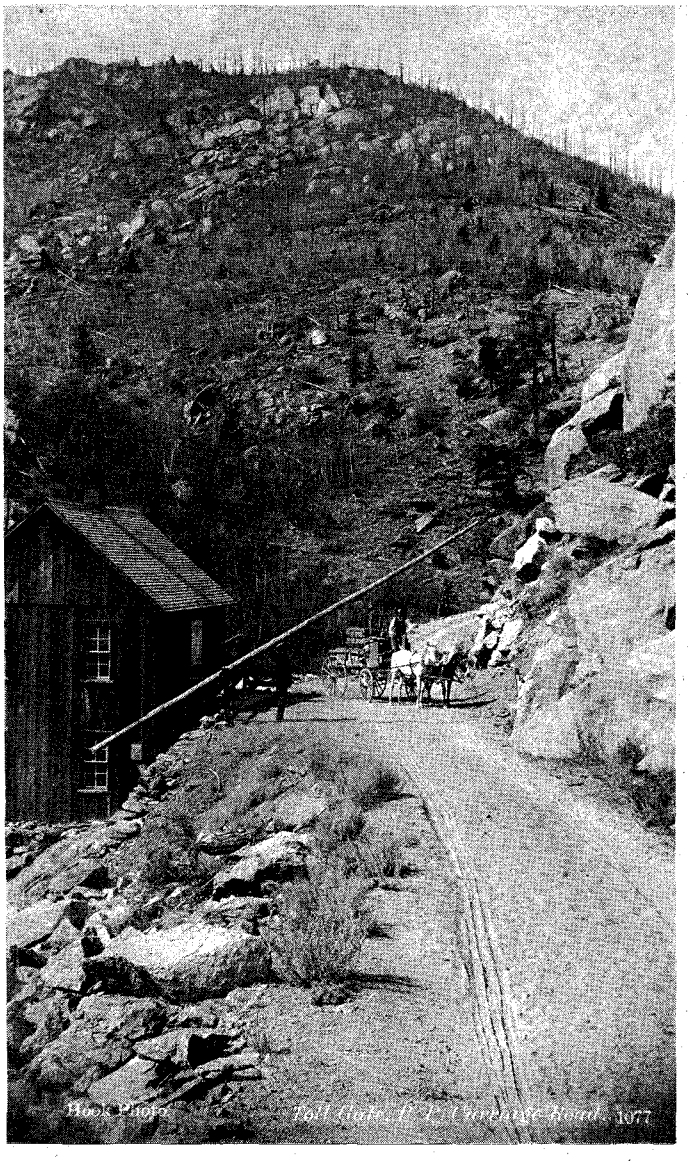
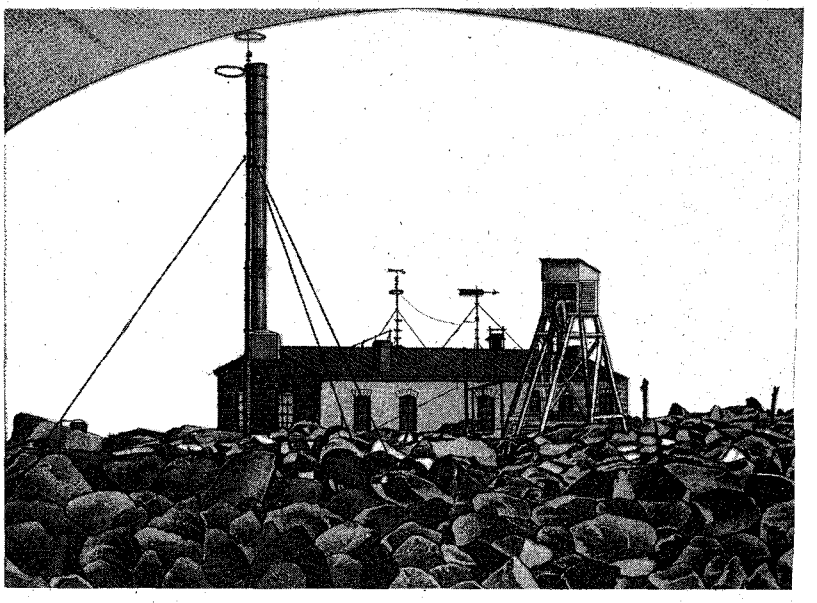


Above the clouds on top of Pikes Peak. Below is the old U.S. Signal Station located on the summit.



Above, the tollgate on the P.P. carriage road just above Cascade, in the early '90s.

TAIN

do's patriarch of adventure

geologists, the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains rose from the ocean depth blasting its way upward with fire and brimstone through layers of sedimentary rocks, such as are now seen in the Garden of the Gods.

It is believed that Pikes Peak was once 6,000 to 12,000 feet higher than its present elevation of 14,110 feet. When the eruption in which the Front Range was born subsided, there followed many milleniums during which the forces of erosion tore at the Peak and the surrounding mountains, wearing them down to mere nubbins compared to their former size. We can picture Pikes Peak, then, as once rising to startling heights and embracing at its base all the lesser mountains for miles around.

The Folsom Man, whose time is dated at about 15,000 to 20,000 years ago, may be assumed to be the first man to set eyes on Pikes Peak, since he inhabited the Rocky Mountains. Later, many tribes of Indians were familiar with the Peak, which they and the early Spanish used as a landmark. The Indians called it "The Great Shining Mountain," and some of them regarded it as sacred.

The Indians left us legends about nearly everything in the Pikes Peak region, but little mention is made about the Great Shining Mountain itself. So we must turn to the written records of the first white explorers and the spoken records of trappers for its history. Our biography of the Peak is therefore limited to a little more than four centuries.

It is believed that Coronado and his retinue of lusty Spaniards were the first adventurers ever to gaze upon the Peak. This was in 1540 when Coronado made his famous trek over the mountains and across the plains as far as mid-Kansas in search of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, the legendary "Cities of Gold."

Coronado's route through Colorado is uncertain, but it is known that he took gold from the Indians (Utes) in South Park and it is believed that he came over Raton Pass (where he probably caught his first glimpse of Pikes Peak). And he used Ute Pass, which skirts Pikes Peak, one or both ways into South Park and out. One theory has it that he came up the Arkansas River as far as Trout Creek Pass and entered South Park from the west and left by way of Wilkerson and Ute Passes.

It wasn't long after his journey until the Spaniards had completely colonized what is now New Mexico and enslaved the Indians. The Peak became a sort of boundary line, as well as a landmark, for the Spaniards. Spanish cavalry used to patrol as far north as Pikes Peak in search of escaped slaves, but no farther. The northern tribes of Utes, the Comanches and, later, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who shared the medicinal springs the great god Manitou had created for their use at the foot of the Great Shining Mountain, were too warlike for a patrol of perhaps 100 Spaniards, even mounted and well armed ones.

IT IS BELIEVED that the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes came to the Pikes Peak region no more than fifty or sixty years ahead of the Americans. Branches of the eastern Algonquin tribe, they traveled west in search of elbow room via the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes. The Chippewas pushed them across Minnesota and they attempted to

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Visitors to the summit of Pikes Peak in 1916 via the newly completed auto highway. The summit house and weather station are visible in the background. A new summit house was built a few years ago and the old buildings demolished.

settle in the Dakotas but were run off by the powerful Sioux. Drifting south they crowded the Pawnees and the Kiowas and quickly adapted to the new plains environment, though they had been forest people back east. They also attempted to crowd the Utes, but had little luck in that direction, although they did use Ute Pass and often hunted and fought Sioux in the South Park area where game was always plentiful.

During the latter part of the 18th and the early part of the 19th centuries, hundreds of French trappers became familiar with Pikes Peak and made friends with the Indians, some of them establishing trading posts and marrying squaws. Of these Frenchmen, Ceran St. Vrain was the most notable.

In the early 1800s the Peak became known to American trappers, the mountain men. The mountain men kept no records. Many could neither read nor write. It seems that none of them ever thought of climbing the mountain just because "it was there." It is not thought that the Indians climbed it, either. They were practical people and didn't exert themselves for no particular reason. Legend or myth has it that the Peak was climbed by a Spanish military officer and a few of his men, but they left no trace of their climb at the summit and no written records.

So, the first man on record who really attempted to climb "Grand Peak," or "Blue Mountain" as Pike called it in his journal, was Lieut. Zebulon Pike himself and four or five of his men. He first sighted the height which was to give him undying fame far down the Arkansas River, close to what is now Kansas' western border. It was a fair November day in 1806 when Pike left most of his men forted up near present-day Pueblo, Colorado, and started out with a small company to climb the mountain which looked no more than an hour's walk away from their encampment.

High altitude is noted for fooling flatlanders about distances and it was a long day's journey to get within a few miles of the Peak's base. Unfortunately, the following day was cold and bitter with snow falling and drifting, but Pike and his men made a valiant attempt to reach the summit. They got as far as a shoulder of what is now called Cheyenne Mountain from where Pike could perceive the several ridges and valleys between him and his goal. He and his companions were clad only in summer clothing. They wore neither socks nor underwear and their shoes were in poor condition. It was then that Pike made an entry in his journal stating his belief that no mortal man could ever reach the summit of the Peak under such conditions.

So, you see, Pike did not discover, did not climb, and did not name Pikes Peak. But he publicized it in a record of his extensive travels in the Colorado Rockies. He noted its value as a landmark to future explorers and he was the first American to tell the world about the Indians' Great Shining Mountain.

PIKE and his men eventually wandered south across too many rivers and found themselves in Spanish territory. They were soon rounded up by the Spanish cavalry, marched off to Santa Fe, and later spirited away to Chihuahua where they were detained for some months, but finally released.

Pike found captain's bars awaiting him on his return to St. Louis and was given a special citation by the President. He died a hero of the War of 1812. As a brigadier general he led a successful assault on York, now Toronto, Canada, but was killed by the explosion of a powder magazine a few minutes after the British surrendered.

While Pike was incarcerated in Santa Fe he had met an American named James Pursley who had spent two years, 1802-03, living with the Utes in the Pikes Peak region. He showed Pike a tobacco pouch of gold dust and small nuggets which he had panned from the South Platte River at the north end of South Park, probably in the Fairplay-Alma district. But Pursley never made it back east, as he intended, to start a gold rush to the Rockies forty-five years ahead of the California stampede, and it was left to another American explorer to be the first recorded white man to climb the Peak.

Dr. Edwin James, a Lieut. Swift, and a French trapper-guide, all members of the Stephen H. Long party sent out to explore the Rocky Mountains, reached the summit on July 14, 1820, at about 4 p.m.

James, a botanist, brought back many notes on the flora and fauna to be seen on the slopes of the Peak, which was called James Peak by some until Captain

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John C. Fremont forever clinched the name "Pikes Peak" in his journal of 1842.

The first Anglos to build a trading post in Colorado were the Bent Brothers who constructed a huge stockade about sixty miles "as the crow flies" southwest of Pikes Peak. This was in 1825. In 1830 they moved farther down the Arkansas River and established their famous Bent's Fort on the Santa Fe Trail. The old fort, partially restored, is now a national monument. Also, in 1830 or thereabouts, a French squawman, Maurice Leduc, built a fort and trading post a few miles distant from the Bent Brothers' original post.

The first "Easterner" to spend some time in the near vicinity of Pikes Peak was a grandson of Daniel Boone. Colonel A. G. Boone and his two young sons camped at Manitou during the winter of 1830-31. Boone had brought his sons to the famous medicinal springs for the health of one of them.

In 1842 Fremont found an American in Fountain Valley, fifteen miles south of Colorado Springs, who was raising cattle and had domesticated bison. Fremont didn't name the man in his journal. The next to settle in the area was Dick Wooten who, in the early 1850s, claimed the Manitou springs and erected a log cabin at the site. But, being a mountain man, he was fiddle-footed and his claim was jumped and sold for a few hundred dollars. It changed hands several times, each time for more money, until it was bought by Palmer and Bell in 1871 for $26,000. And around these springs, these two entrepreneurs built the tourist and health resort of Manitou. (The name of the small city was changed to Manitou Springs in 1934.)

In the 1840s a lone Englishman named George F. Ruxton spent nearly a year exploring the vicinity around Pikes Peak. He took voluminous notes on the flora and fauna and generally camped near the Manitou springs. Finally scared off by the Indians (he had a good horse and was able to outdistance them) he returned to England and wrote a book about the area he had explored.

ACCORDING TO John Fetler, in his book, *Pikes Peak People*, the first gold rush to Colorado occurred in 1849 in the area of the Cache La Poudre River which was made famous a year before when Ceran St. Vrain issued a famous order when his band was about to be overrun by Indians, "Cache la poudre." ("Hide your powder.")

Some gold had been discovered in 1848 in the river by a group of free roaming Cherokees who showed it to a Captain Evans. He organized a party the following spring and came west to strike it rich. Gold was found, but not in paying quantities. But more and more tales of gold diggings in the Rockies were heard back east. These stories, and a few of the tellers who had gold to prove them, sparked the great Pikes Peak Gold Rush of 1859. Pikes Peak was the landmark and "Pikes Peak or Bust" was the slogan of all the families who loaded up their covered wagons and headed west toward the towering mountain.

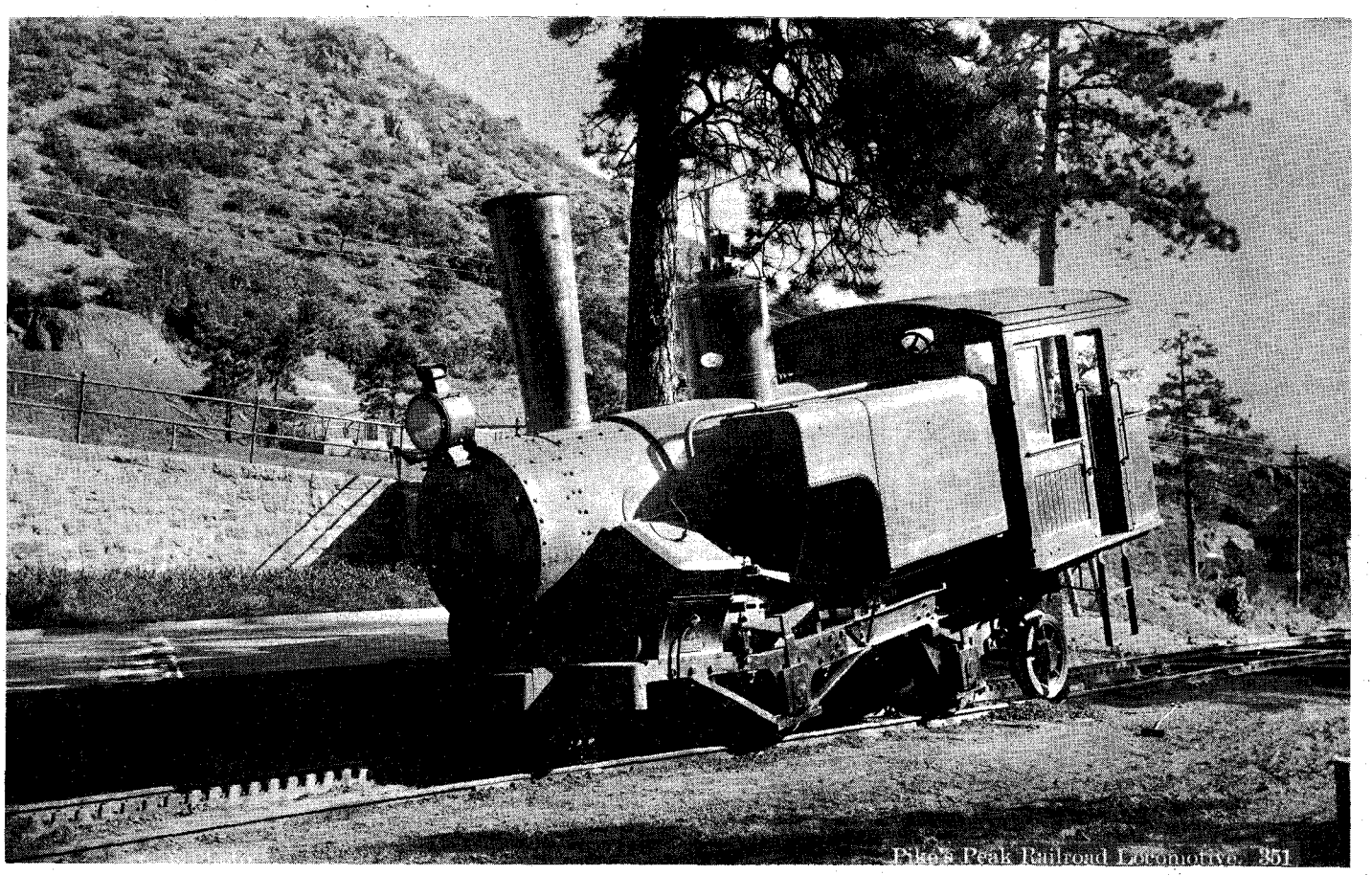
Not too much gold was found the first summer (1858) and none at all near Pikes Peak. Many disappointed get-rich-quickers pulled up stakes and headed back home with a new slogan painted on the sides of their wagons—"Pikes Peak and Busted." A few months later, of course, they probably wished they had stayed, for the horn of plenty had been opened in Gregory Gulch thirty miles west of Denver.

One of the first groups to arrive in the gold rush days was a party out of Lawrence, Kansas. They found no gold, but they stayed for over a month on Camp Creek which flows out of Glen Eyrie near the Garden of the Gods. During that time three of the men climbed Pikes Peak. Their names were Frank Cobb, John Miller and Augustus Vorhees; the date was July 8, 1858. There were also two women in the Lawrence party. One of them, Julia Holmes, was a strong-willed newlywed. She immediately decided that she must climb the mountain to show the men that females could match their endurance.

Her husband, a taciturn sort, had no interest in the Peak nor in climbing it but, exerting her not-inconsiderable battery of feminine wiles, she finally won his assent to make the climb. They took their time. They had provisions for a week and spent five days reaching the summit. Mrs. Holmes often stopped to write or to read aloud from a volume of Emerson. They reached the summit on August 5, where they inscribed their names on a rock and sat down to write to friends.

Mrs. Holmes was the first woman to wear bloomers in her travels across the

Below, a close-up of an early Pikes Peak locomotive.



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Great Plains. She later became a militant suffragette, after breaking with Mr. Holmes. But her place in history was won by being the first woman to climb Pikes Peak.

The Lawrence party, finding no color in their pans in any of the creeks in the area, laid out a "town" at the future site of Colorado Springs. They called this place "El Paso" and built a big log cabin where the first stake of the new city of Colorado Springs would be driven on July 31, 1871. The cabin was used for several years as a restaurant and became famous for its excellent meals of wild game. Buffalo, venison and antelope were its specialties.

The Lawrence party gave up in the fall of 1858 and left for Denver where it was said men were getting rich panning nuggets out of Cherry Creek. A few stayed in the Denver area; the rest wandered back to Kansas. Some are said to have returned to Colorado after the big strikes were made in 1859.

BUT A TOWN did spring up at the foot of Pikes Peak in 1859, the same year as the founding of Denver. It was named Colorado City and was founded on August 13 by M. S. Beach and R. E. Cable. The new settlement was chosen because it was thought Ute Pass would be the most direct route to the South Park and Tarryall gold fields where things were booming. A road of sorts was built up the Pass and business was good the first year. Two hundred log houses were erected the first fall and winter in Colorado City. Another 100 homes were built the following summer, but the gold trade went to Denver, and Colorado City remained static for a number of years. The new town was saved from extinction by the fact that many disappointed gold seekers stayed to take up farming along Fountain, Cheyenne and Monument Creeks, and others became cattle and sheep ranchers. There was Indian trouble at the foot of Pikes Peak in 1864 with a few killings on each side, and again in 1869 when old Pikes Peak witnessed the slaying of three boys in the area which would, within two years, become the city of Colorado Springs.

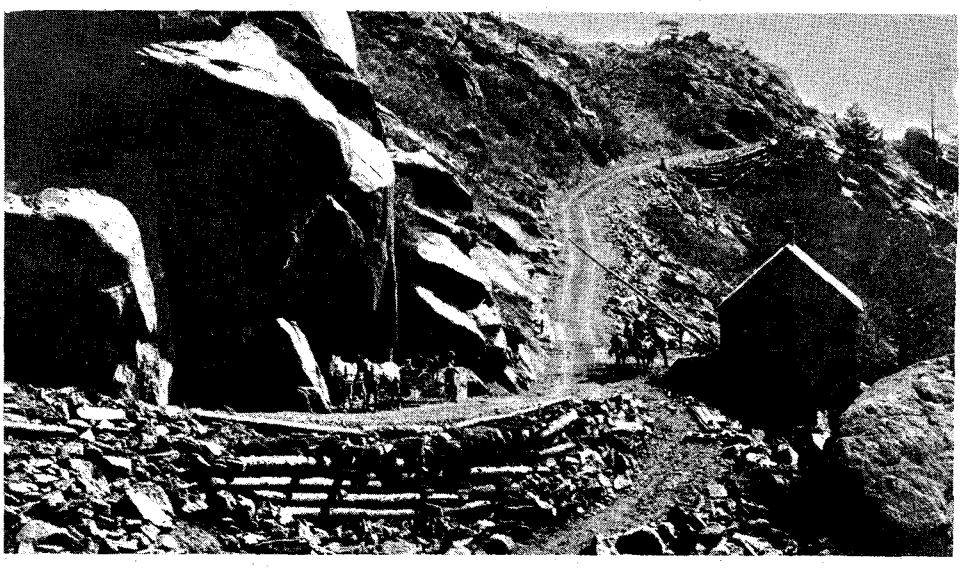
Colorado City had a brief hour of glory in 1861 when it was named territorial capital of Colorado, but its glory soon faded and the capital was moved permanently to Denver after a two-day meeting of the legislature beginning July 7, 1862. Denver was rapidly becoming a city with modern accommodations, and Colorado City had nothing better to offer the legislators than a log cabin wherein they slept (on the floor), cooked, legislated and washed their own laundry. The town remained an overnight stage stop, however, and a place where a traveler might find a drink, a card game or whatever he sought by way of entertainment.

It was typically "Western" and a horse thief was hanged without much ado. In fact, the first preacher in town, a Rev. Howbert, had to wait one Sunday morning until a Mexican horse thief had been hanged before he could conduct services. This was in 1860.

After Colorado Springs was founded, Colorado City took on new life, catering

Nick Sanborn, Sr. Photo

"On the way up" in 1915, the auto road still in progress.



Above, the original toll gate was about two miles above the present one, shown below.

Frank Sanborn Photos

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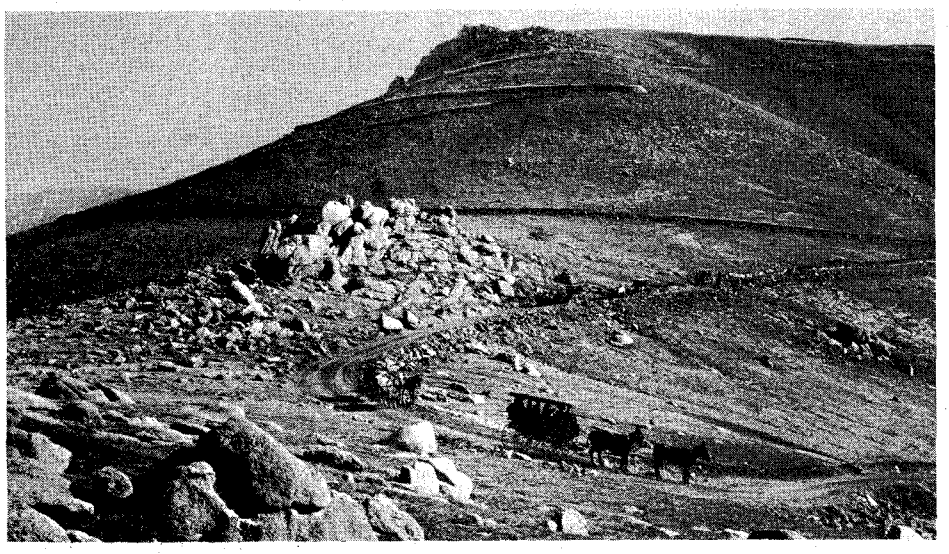
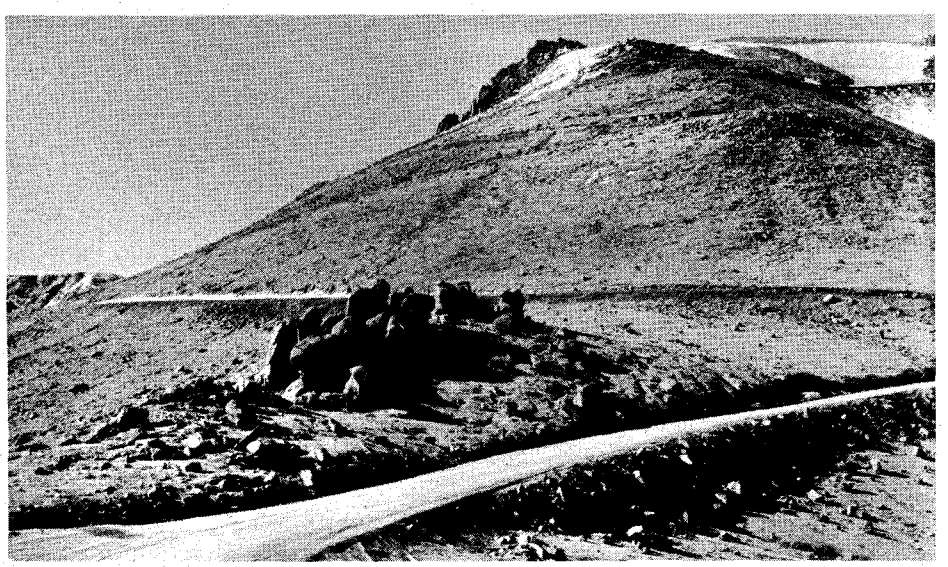


Above, the road as it looked when carriages were driven to the top. Below, the highway as it looks today. It follows the carriage road at higher elevations.

Frank Sanborn Photos



to the thirst and other worldly needs of the new city's residents because the newer town was totally dry and "clean." (By 1917, the two towns had grown together and Colorado City became West Side Colorado Springs. There is now a brand new Colorado City south of Pueblo.)

After the Indian troubles were finally settled in 1869, things became rather quiet at the foot of the great mountain and Pikes Peak was allowed to rest in comparative ease for a couple of years. A few adventuresome youths would climb it occasionally but mostly the Peak basked in the sun and was not disturbed.

This wasn't to last. One General William Jackson Palmer came in on a stagecoach, spent a night in Colorado City, and the next morning visited the Manitou springs. Palmer was a railroad builder and had just launched his own company. The purpose of his trip had been to take a look at the lay of the land. Palmer immediately decided that the medicinal springs would make a wonderful place for a health resort. And he was also heard to remark that there would certainly be a large city built on the plains, at the junction of Fountain and Monument Creeks three miles east of Colorado City. This was in 1869. He soon decided to build the city himself.

After Colorado Springs and Manitou were founded by General Palmer and his associates in 1871, many people moved into the area. Members of eastern and English society came west to General Palmer's dream city, built as a fitting tribute to his lovely, talented and cultured young bride appropriately named "Queen."

Palmer's railroad reached the Springs a few months after its founding. This made it easy for tourists to visit the scenic attractions of the region of which Pikes Peak was definitely first. Hundreds of residents and visitors climbed the Peak every year, but many were not up to such strenuous exercise in the high altitudes. Still they desperately wanted to say, "We've been up Pikes Peak."

This demand for an easier way up the Peak was soon solved by men who rented horses, burros and mules, complete with nosebags, to all who wanted to reach the summit "sitting down." These rides were started in the '70s and were popular until the turn of the century.

OCCASIONALLY some daring vacationer would take off alone—as did Albert McFarland in 1879—and be lucky enough to live to tell the tale.

"From Manitou on the 22nd day of May, 1879," McFarland recalled, "I innocently undertook to ascend Pike's Peak. It was two months too early for tourists who, with experienced guides, made the ascent on burros. But having read of the exciting charms of the trip and not dreaming of danger, I set out, dressed in light summer clothing and a palm-leaf hat. I secured a horse at the livery stable without informing anyone of my destination. Fortunately I strapped a heavy blanket on my saddle and it was worth more to me than a National Bank before I got through.

"The morning was charming, with soft piny breezes, cloudless sky and tuneful birds. Passing Ute Springs, I entered the cañon and followed the brawling stream. The trail up the cañon is just wide enough for a horse, and winds alternately along the stream, beneath fragrant spruces, and fantastic summits chafed and disintegrated by the storms and frosts of centuries. Great boulders, fifty feet high, lie piled upon each other clutched by the gnarled roots of aged trees.

"At two o'clock I reached the 'Half-way-house,' a log cabin where excursion parties were wont to remain overnight and then, with guides, proceed before day to the signal station on the top of the mountain to view the sunrise. But I was in no mood to stop. I could see Pike's Peak just ahead. So, storing a lunch in my coat-tail pocket, despite the host's earnest warning that it was too early in the season to make the trip with safety, I decided to push on. I could not believe that such a sky would be treacherous.

"I commenced the ascent. As I proceeded, the sky became flecked with clouds, through which the sun faintly struggled, while toward the plain all was lost in a smoky haze. In several places the trail led through snow that reached the stirrups, and the wind began to sigh mournfully through the dead leaves. The timber grew more gnarled, and every twisted, stunted tree told by its deformity the struggle it had had with the winds for life. Then the line was reached where vegetation gave up the contest and resigned the field to desolation. Here, expecting to return in a few hours, I dismounted and securely tied my horse to the branch of a spruce tree at the edge of the timber line.

"Now commenced the work in earnest. The wind was rising and the air betokened a change of weather. There were large patches of snow on the ground which I attempted to avoid by going around; but as the elevation increased, the snow and wind increased. The exertion in climbing warmed me up, and perspiration fairly poured off me. The trail, indistinct at best over the hard surface, was at last lost. The snow covered it—it covered everything. The air became full of snow wildly driven in gusty swirls by the cruel wind. The far mountains loomed gloomily through the storm, and the roar of the tempest became so terrible

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Albert McFarland

that I repeatedly sat down in the snow and pulled my blanket over my head to shut it out.

"The altitude was now over 11,000 feet, and the rarefied air made the least exertion tiresome. But the waning light showed the closing day and the only hope of safety was in struggling to the summit, which was always invisible. At this instant, I noticed the small poles of a telegraph line, and painfully floundered through the snow to find that the wire was low enough for me to reach, and had evidently been stretched over the most direct route to the top of the mountain, regardless of steepness or broken ground.

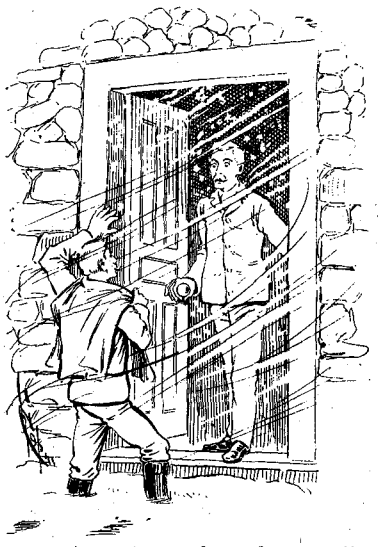
"I was no longer lost. I knew that the wire led directly to the Peak, and that my safety was simply a question of endurance. To try and follow the line down was impossible, for it doubtless spanned forests and chasms.

"As I looked up along the line, the low poles arose, one above the other, on a grade of forty to sixty feet; and four or five poles only were visible at a time —the farther one standing out alone against the sky as if it were the last. I followed the wire, thinking that when I reached the last pole in sight I should be on the summit. But the farther I advanced the farther reached the beckoning poles. There were always new poles in the distance.

"THE SNOW was soft and deep, and every step became painfully laborious and discouraging. The wire had been stretched over the ravines and acres of rough stone, covered by snow drifts through which I broke and over which I staggered, wrenching every muscle and straining every nerve. Finally the over-exertion brought on a chill. My boots were full of snow and my hat had been torn to shreds and carried away. Sick and exhausted I sank down in a drowsy stupor, and pulled my blanket over my head to muffle the screaming tempest. It required a struggle to keep from falling asleep.

"All around was utter desolation. I lay and counted the telegraph poles in sight stretching up the mountainside, and looking back over the route so painfully and slowly traveled, it seemed impossible that I could reach the crest ahead. Knowing the danger of going to sleep I determined to make one more struggle for life. I found that the poles were about fifty feet apart; and after a long rest by leaning against a pole, I would grasp the wire and plunge on to the next pole. Stepping into little ravines beneath the line, filled with snow, my hold would be broken and I would fall into the drifts and lie there until partially recovered, to rise and repeat the struggle over and over again. A nice dilemma for a man fifty-six years of age!

"Repeatedly hope and strength had given way. Beyond me still stretched the deluding wire up the mountainside, each



pole towering above the other until one alone stood out against the snowy sky. Could I reach the pole? And if so, would it be the last, the termination of the line where the stone signal station was, or would the dreary line still stretch on? If that was not the end of the journey I knew I was lost. I could go no farther. The suspense was dreadful.

"With lips swollen and bleeding, and heart fluttering, I frantically struggled on and fell, to rise and fall again. Nature must yield, pay its last debt, if from the top of that point no rescue were in sight. Slowly (oh, how slowly!) I clambered up to the telegraph pole!

"The sky was dark and wintry, and the wind still raged with fearful force. Night was coming on apace, and Nature seemed to be wrapping her chilly drapery around her and shutting out all hope and sympathy. Another step or two would decide my fate. If it disclosed a continuation of the telegraph line my doom was sealed, for I could not go on.

"Then came a strange noise like a watchman's rattle above the storm. Peering through the darkness, I saw something like a weathervane spinning and clattering in the wind. And there was the little stone hut, cold and cheerless to all appearance—but no human structure, however imposing, will ever seem so inviting to me. It stood over 14,000 feet above sea level, surrounded by perpetual ice and snow, and shaken and scourged by the winds, with no trees or bush in sight.

"Assured now of rescue I sat down and leaned against the long-sought 'last telegraph pole,' and took a rest before clambering over the rocks to the door. At my knock an amazed young man appeared, and kindly invited me to enter.

" 'Is it possible you came up by the telegraph line?' he asked.

" 'Yes,' I replied.

" 'Well,' he exclaimed, 'do you know it is a miracle you ever got here? The line is built over the most direct route, spanning the steepest ground and sharpest rocks; and, besides that, a storm has been blowing all afternoon. Right now the wind-gauge spinning on the roof registers a velocity of sixty-five miles an hour.' (This wind gauge spinning on the roof of the station was what had proclaimed my rescue.) 'The last man who came up through the snow was young and accustomed to the hardships of the trip. He had gone down to repair the line, and came near perishing. When I opened the door to let him in he fell in a swoon upon the floor, and was revived with difficulty.'

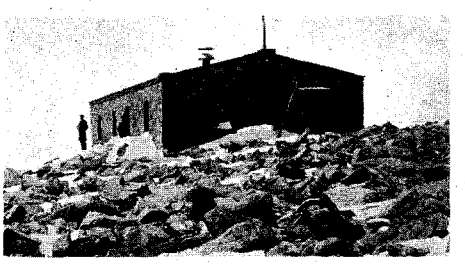
"MY HOST was Lieut. Wes Blake of the Signal Corps, U. S. Army; the sole occupant of the goverment station, and often left entirely alone for a month. In case of injury to the wire by falling trees or snow he was literally cut off from all communication with the world below. A comrade relieved him every four weeks. Besides keeping in order the delicate instruments used in the meteorological observations and making out detailed reports, he was compelled to be his own cook, cut up his firewood and do all the necessary drudgery. In case of sickness or accident he might die and no one know it for weeks. He told me that his predecessor had been found a raving maniac. The unintelligible telegrams the poor fellow sent to Washington led to the discovery.

"A roaring wood fire in a big stove, and a hot bowl of tea were good enough for me. Nothing had passed my lips since morning, but I did not hanker for a banquet. I worried about my horse tied to the tree away down the mountain; but as my host was the sole occupant of the station he thought the chances of getting up a rescuing party were rather poor.

" 'Not wishing to throw a chill over our cheerful surroundings,' he said, 'I would merely express the opinion that you will never see your horse again. Before now he has grown cold and restive and broken loose, and doubtless stumbled into the crater of one of the extinct volcanoes along the route over which you passed. There are several a thousand feet deep.'

"But nothing could have kept me from sleep, though my host sought to entertain me with graphic descriptions, and seeing an alluring cot and army blankets near-

McFarland made it to the station on the summit.



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Sgt. O'Keeffe's famous hoax.

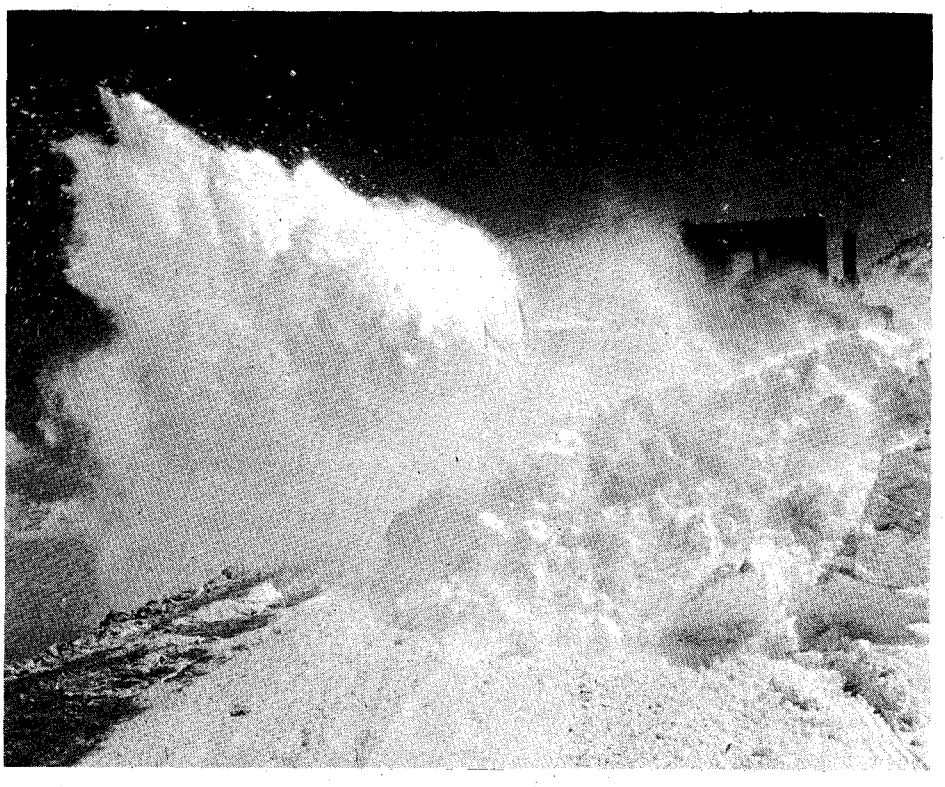
by, I tumbled into bed on the first invitation, wet boots and all. The storm raged all night, and the stone walls of the building, two feet thick, shook like a pasteboard box. The structure was one story high and heavily anchored to the rock by log chains, but it seemed at times as if the whole outfit would be torn loose and blown into some bottomless gulf.

"At four next morning I scrambled out to see the sunrise. The sky was clear and the snow had ceased falling, but it was torn from the surrounding peaks by the scurrying wind and tossed about in restless drifts. Far to the east, a few fleecy clouds were pierced by faint rays until the sun, like a great headlight, burst upon the vast expanse in a blaze of glory. It was too big a thing for me to handle, and I quietly went in again and crept under the bedclothes.

"At nine I was awakened by what sounded like someone chopping wood, but it proved to be my host, who had pulled a quarter of frozen beef out of the snow and was hacking off some chips for breakfast. His refrigerator comprised all outdoors. At ten o'clock the lieutenant thought the wind had subsided sufficiently to make it safe for my descent, but to guard against snow blindness he insisted upon painting my face with burnt cork. Then, wrapped in my blanket and bareheaded, and looking like the remnant of a stranded minstrel show, I bade my friend goodbye and started down the mountain. The snow was frozen hard, and with the telegraph posts as a guide I made rapid time—often sliding 500 feet without a break. My anxiety about my horse became very great as I approached the timber line; but I was suddenly delighted to hear his friendly whinny. I had fortunately tied him under a large tree that partly protected him from the storm, and he had patiently endured his vigil of twenty-four hours.

"At six in the evening I was at the dinner table of the Manitou House enjoying a square meal, and feeling that I had got well out of a bad scrape."

Clearing a way to the summit, a job usually done in April and often repeated in May!
Frank Sanborn Photo



EVEN A TRIP by horse or burro was a rough way to sight-see, and to make it easier for the softies a carriage road was built starting at Cascade, four miles up Ute Pass from Manitou, taking much the same course to the summit which was later taken by the auto highway. In fact, the right-of-way was purchased by the auto highway builders from the original owners. The carriage road was a toll road, even as the auto road is now, but it was a busy route from the moment it was finished in the 1880s.

The first automobile ever to reach the summit of Pikes Peak was a steam powered Locomobile, which was driven up the carriage road on August 12, 1901. A Buick and a six-cylinder Ford made it up a few years later. Ford experimented with a six-cylinder car but made very few of them. In 1914 I saw the one that climbed the carriage road up the Peak.

The carriage road was forced out of business after the turn of the century because most people took the P. P. Cog Railroad. And soon Stanley Steamers and White Steamers were making regular trips, hauling about twelve people at a time. My wife's brother-in-law, Jess Newcomb, was one of the drivers. The steamers made much better time than the horses and were quite popular.

Beginning in 1873, the federal government maintained a year-around weather station at the summit of the Peak. The most memorable incident connected with the weather station was probably weatherman John Timothy O'Keeffe's famous packrat hoax. O'Keeffe was a drinking man, but he was usually given a chance to sleep off his liquor in the calaboose when he went over to "dry" Colorado Springs after tanking up in "wet" Colorado City. He was also noted for his tall tales. For this reason, the public should have been a mite skeptical when he told the sad tale of the mountain rats eating his tiny daughter, Erin.

But the story caught on and spread across the nation and around the world and was believed by many, even after it had been proved a fabrication. In the first place, no man stationed on the Peak was permitted to bring his family up there to live. In the second place, Sgt. O'Keeffe was not, and never had been, married. But he went ahead and "buried" his "baby daughter" near the summit weather station, and sold pictures of the grave to tourists at fifty cents each. Sympathizers used to gather mountain flowers and place them tenderly on "the poor child's grave." O'Keeffe, after many years of service at the summit house, was finally given a dishonorable discharge for making a total nuisance of himself and staying drunk more often than he was sober.

After the weather station had closed in 1889, Dr. Albert G. Lewis, a Manitou physician, "claimed" the summit of Pikes Peak as a homestead. He hauled in a few

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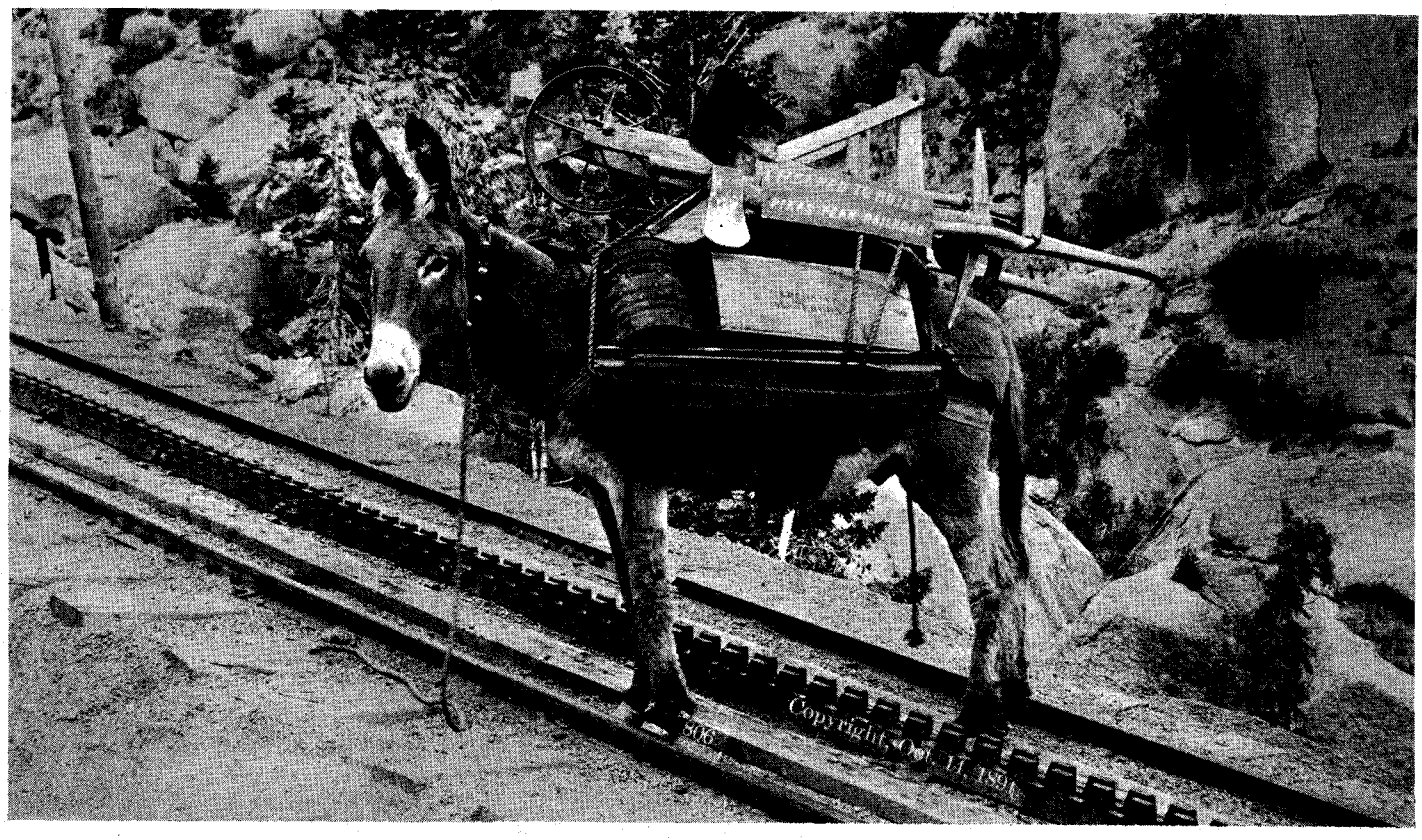

The sign on his back is all that needs to be said.

sacks of soil by horseback and spread it in two- or three-foot plots on the sunny side of big boulders, and according to Bill Crosby, who celebrated his 96th birthday October 23, 1969, the doctor was actually growing "crops." Bill saw potatoes, wheat and corn poking green shoots above the soil at 14,110 feet above sea level. Of course, at that altitude, nothing would survive long enough to mature—the season is too short. But Doc had other ideas. He intended to make his million off the tourists. The government finally declared the summit was in the military reservation, and the doctor was forced to give up.

IN 1890, after twelve years of prospecting, a lone cowpuncher-prospector, Bob Womack, discovered "The World's Greatest Gold Camp," the Cripple Creek-Victor mining district. This fabulous gold camp was barely seven miles from the summit of Pikes Peak. And thus, many years late, the Peak fulfilled its promise of great riches. But it waited until the right man came along at the right time.

The boom lasted from 1891 until 1918, and gold was still being mined on this southwest slope of Pikes Peak as late as 1962. The mines and the mill closed only because it was no longer profitable to mine gold at the pegged price of $35 an ounce.

Most of the more than fifty millionaires created by the new gold camp were Colorado Springs businessmen, professional men, tradesmen, and loafers. All their millions poured back into the Springs and sparked a boom which raised the population from 12,000 in 1890 to 33,500 by 1902. And there it remained, fluctuating by no more than a few hundred—up or down—for forty years.

The next thing to happen to Pikes Peak, which by now was getting used to having swarms of people scrambling all over it, was the cog railway from Manitou to the summit. The cog road, the world's highest, was conceived by Z. G. Simmons, the mattress king of Minneapolis, after he had ridden a mule he called Balaam's Ass to the summit. "There must be an easier way than this," he said, "and I'm going to find it!" And he did.

This fantastic railroad opened for business in 1891 and is still running every day from early May until October each year. Many thousands of people have "climbed" Pikes Peak sitting in the coach of Simmons' worthy substitute for a mule.

But by far the majority of visitors now drive their own cars to the summit. The auto highway was built by Spencer Penrose and some associates and was ready for business at the opening of the tourist season in 1916. "Spec" Penrose made his first million in Cripple Creek. The company had a twenty-five year grant from the U. S. Forest Service on whose land the road was built. This expired in 1941. The company asked for a renewal but the road was taken over by the State of Colorado, which ran it a few years and then offered it back to the builders. In 1948, the city of Colorado Springs took it over, and has operated it ever since.

With a highway to the clouds, and often above them, the next thing was, naturally, a race to the clouds. The Pikes Peak auto race has remained from the beginning one of the nation's great sporting events. Louie Unser, "The Old Man of the Mountain," my next door neighbor in Cascade, Colorado at the foot of Pikes Peak, has won the race nine times in the championship (race car) class. Now seventy-four, Louie gave up driving the Peak only last year. He has a nephew, Bobby Unser (of Albuquerque, New Mexico), who has won nine times in the race cars, twice in the stock car class and once in the sports cars (now discontinued). A few years ago, he won in one class, then rode a helicopter back down and won in another class.

The next "winningest" couple are the Sanborn twins, Nick, Jr. and Frank, of Cascade, Colorado.

THE FIRST RACE was run on Labor Day, 1916 and races have been held every year since except during the two World Wars. The road is a twisting, turning, tortuous snake with yawning chasms below to catch the unwary, but there have been no fatalities among the racing gentry.

Another race up Pikes Peak which is worthy of note and which attracts the best runners from several countries each summer is the Pikes Peak Annual Marathon which was inaugurated fifteen years ago by Rudy Fahl and others of Colorado Springs. The course is the same distance in miles and feet as the original marathon in ancient Greece, but with one difference—one half is straight up a mountain and the other half is straight down.

Steven Gachupin, an Indian from Jemez, M. S. Pueblo, New Mexico, has won the Pikes Peak Marathon the past four years and will be back this year to try for a fifth win. He broke the record on his first run, and has done so twice since. His fastest time up the Peak and back for the 24.8 miles was 3 hrs., 39 min., 47 sec., on October 4, 1968. He was

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then twenty-five years old. Rudy Fahl says he is a small man, 5 feet 3 inches, with a huge lung capacity. Gachupin is the only person ever to run all the way to the summit and back.

The marathon has become so popular that the eager runners are divided into age groups from twelve to seventy years. Ladies also run in their own class. Fastest time for a woman for the 13 miles to the summit was 3 hrs., 53 min., 15 sec. The 15th Annual Pikes Peak Marathon will be held in August 1970.

Sometime in the dim past, perhaps after gold was discovered in Cripple Creek so close by, or perhaps even before that, a mine was operating at the base of Pikes Peak, down at the bottom of "The Bottomless Pit." Called "The Oil Creek Tunnel," this mine was operated for a number of years and probably by several different groups of men. It now belongs to Mrs. Dorothy Conn of Green Mountain Falls, Colorado. The claims were surveyed and patented and she pays the taxes. She has "five or seven" claims; she can't be sure without looking it up. She holds them on a warranty deed acquired by her father years ago.

Somehow or other a huge boiler was moved in close to the tunnel mouth to furnish power for the drilling machines and other equipment. In 1901 an attempt was made to bring the boiler out, as the mine was being abandoned. The boiler proved to be of more value than the mine. But Pikes Peak wanted that boiler and he let loose one of his terrific blizzards and in order to save themselves, their horses and wagon, the men rolled the boiler off and left it. It has remained there to this day, and is now a part of Dorothy Conn's property. A trace of the old wagon road leading down into the Pit is still visible to the few (if any) who visit the spot.

OVER THE YEARS the Peak has claimed a few human lives—unintentionally, you may be sure. I have a feeling that the Peak likes people. How could it do otherwise when so many people adore it? A few foolhardy young men have been killed (the latest one not many years ago) trying to scale the mountain the hard way on the practically straight-up north slope, more than 2,000 feet below which is the bottom of the Bottomless Pit. A man and woman were frozen to death near the summit of the Peak shortly after the turn of the century. They were walking up and got caught in a rare August blizzard.

Nobody was killed on the Peak highway, either when it was a carriage road or after it was converted to cars, until a few years ago when the car of a man and his daughter from Indiana rolled down the side of the mountain. Both occupants were killed. Two years ago a busload of people was involved in a similar accident and three were killed. The edge of the road was wet from prolonged rain and the driver was forced to the shoulder, which sloughed off.

The mountain's biography would not be complete without mention of the AdAmAn Club, which adds a new member each year. These members make an annual hike to the summit on New Year's Eve to set off fireworks at midnight to usher in the New Year. The club was founded by Fred Morath, now a resident of Lisbon, Portugal, and three friends who made the first trip in 1921. The club now has many members.

The fireworks are sent up to the summit house on the last cog train to make the trip. On the rare occasions when an overcast threatens to obscure the brilliant display from the people in the Springs, the fireworks are saved for the following New Years when a double batch is used.

For a number of years a huge searchlight was perched atop the summit house and was turned on every night and rotated momentarily, lighting up the plains for miles around in its sweep. I believe it was operated from about 1910 to 1920. I know it was there in 1914 and it was still in business in 1920. It could be seen, it was said, for 100 miles out on the plains. "You could read a newspaper by it if it would stand still." I think it operated all night, for my wife and I saw it many times after midnight.

Several millions of people have now visited Pikes Peak's summit. In 1967, the top year to date, more than 320,000 paid the toll on the auto highway. And this number is exclusive of the thousands who took the cog road and the hundreds who walked. It is also possible to take the cog train one way and return by bus.

Now in the planning stage is a road down the other side of the Peak to relieve the traffic congestion! But the Peak stands as unruffled as ever, for it's a friendly mountain—an old man of a mountain—and welcomes you to the West.

The P.P. locomotive at Halfway House. The engine pushes the passenger car to the summit.

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EL DESECHO

By WALT COBURN
Illustrations by Ross Santee

Illustration from **Arizona: The Last Frontier**, Edited by Joseph Miller; Hastings House Publishers, 1956

Walt writes of a victim of Pancho Villa. Death by the rebel's firing squad was denied him—it was too quick for a Don who knew how to die. Why not let the heart beat on for many years in exile while his tortured brain recalled the past?

Ross Santee sketches on opposite page are reproduced from ARIZONA HIGHWAYS magazine; May, 1963

TIME WAS when Don Lorenzo Chavez had been the proud possessor of one of the old Spanish grants in Chihuahua, Mexico, handed down through many generations. The vast San Mateo acreage was well stocked with Mexican

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cattle and a fine remuda. There was an old rambling hacienda with three-foot-thick adobe walls and red tiled roof where the Chavez family lived, with separate quarters for the majordomo and his family, and for the fifty or more vaqueros and their families. It all made for a sizeable village that contained a church where a traveling padre came from the nearby mission to say Mass every Sunday.

Don Lorenzo had four grown sons and three beautiful teen-aged daughters who were all old enough to marry and raise children, as the two oldest sons had done. Don Lorenzo was a wealthy man according to Mexican standards. A tall, handsome, straight-backed, soldierly figure, a true Spaniard, descendant of a proud lineage of Conquistadores who had come in galleon ships from Spain.

Inside the hacienda was furniture imported from Spain. China and old silverware and fine linens and hand-woven tapestry, crystal goblets and silver and gold cups. Oil paintings by famous artists hung on the walls. Every room in the rambling old adobe was floored with Spanish tiles, and the tiles and marble statuary were kept gleaming by Mexican servants. Mexican cooks presided in the vast kitchens.

Don Lorenzo's hacienda during the years had entertained dignitaries from Mexico and the United States and Europe. On fiesta days luminarios (candles burning inside brown paper bags half-filled with sand) were placed on the high adobe walls which enclosed the grounds. Young people danced to the strumming of the guitars of a mariachi band, the girls garbed in gay fiesta dresses, the vaqueros in charro suits of soft leather jackets, tight-fitting trousers which flared at the bottom, and high-heeled boots. The older men sat on benches under old hackberry and giant pepper trees, drinking wine from wine sacks and rolling black tobacco in paper-thin cornhusks.

Don Lorenzo's children had been educated in high schools and universities in Mexico City and Guadalajara and in the United States. For Don Lorenzo, in spite of his kindly manner in the treatment of his children who worshipped him, was often a strict disciplinarian and he proudly ruled his family and the entire Mexican village with a mailed hand beneath the soft glove. From the majordomo down to the lowliest peon all had genuine love and respect for Don Lorenzo.

BEHIND the whitewashed chapel was the Campos Santo, a walled graveyard. Here were buried the ancestors of Lorenzo Chavez, with their names carved on marble headstones. On the feast of All Souls Day every grave held its decorations of flowers, and thick votive candles burned in red glass containers. Masses were held in the chapel where an ancient Spanish bell tolled in the bell tower. Prayers were chanted the night through by professional mourners dressed in black suits. Don Lorenzo and his entire family joined the villagers at the sacred Campo Santo. Wine skins were passed. Luminarios on the high-walled stockade shed flickering candlelight in the velvety darkness while the black-clad living moved

slowly among the graves. Thus Don Lorenzo Chavez, patron of the vast old San Mateo Grant, paid tribute to the dead.

The commemoration of All Souls Day was celebrated at Mass on November 2, following All Saints Day on November 1, and once that period of mourning ended the men and women once more reverted to their daily routine and things were back to normal. And as the days passed into weeks the people already were looking forward to the Christmas fiesta week, and in due time the long fast days of Lent and once more the celebration of Easter.

Then came the first of the revolutions when the Indian, Pancho Villa, amassed his vast armies in Chihuahua and Sonora in an attempt to overthrow the dictatorship of El Presidente Porfirio Diaz. For many weeks and months beforehand, rumors of the impending revolt had gathered like black thunderclouds. Then the distant lightning struck. Villages and border towns throughout the vast interior of Mexico were attacked.

Don Lorenzo, heeding the approaching danger, had sent his entire family of women and children to El Paso, Texas, across the international border. Don Lorenzo, his brothers, his grown sons, and the gray-haired majordomo chose to remain, along with some of the older vaqueros. The peons who favored the rebel cause, and the younger vaqueros were free to choose their future.

Then came the fateful day when Pancho Villa led his large assembled rebel army along the entire border, hitting every town. His generals led the cavalry in ruthless attacks on the large cattle ranches because Villa needed horses to mount his soldiers and meat to feed them. The famous old Terrazas ranch was struck, along with the Chavez San Mateo ranch.

Don Lorenzo's armed men defended the walled San Mateo hacienda against overwhelming rebel forces, but in the end Lorenzo Chavez was the sole survivor. The badly wounded old Don stood alone with empty gun until he was overpowered and taken captive. Villa's men swarmed through the hacienda in wanton destruction, drunk from the barrels of wine, aged tequila and mescal found in the cellar, and marijuana rolled in thin cornhusks. Don Lorenzo, bound hand and foot and bleeding from his wounds, was forced to watch the soldiers destroy his priceless heirlooms before his captors dragged him to his feet and forced him to stand with his back to the bullet-pocked walls of his home. Facing a drunken firing squad, the old Don stood erect and proud, his hands tied behind his back, refusing to be blindfolded, his soiled, blood-spattered shirt open at the throat.

"You know where my heart is, cabrons! Shoot straight! There is no fear in the heart of Lorenzo Chavez."

AT THAT MOMENT Pancho Villa had ridden up and stopped his horse directly in front of Don Lorenzo.

"You remember me?" Villa spoke harshly, a dark scowl on his black-stubbed, swarthy face.

"As a ragged, barefoot peon boy," answered Lorenzo. "An Indio boy of twelve or so, living in the remote hills in the colonia of the Yaquis among bandidos and ladrones who stole cattle and horses until the colonia was destroyed by Kosterlisky's Rurales. My majordomo and his vaqueros found you half starved and fetched you here. And after a year you rode off in the night to join the bandidos in the Yaqui hills." Don Lorenzo paused for a moment.

"Now you are a grown man—the notorious bandido Pancho Villa who brings

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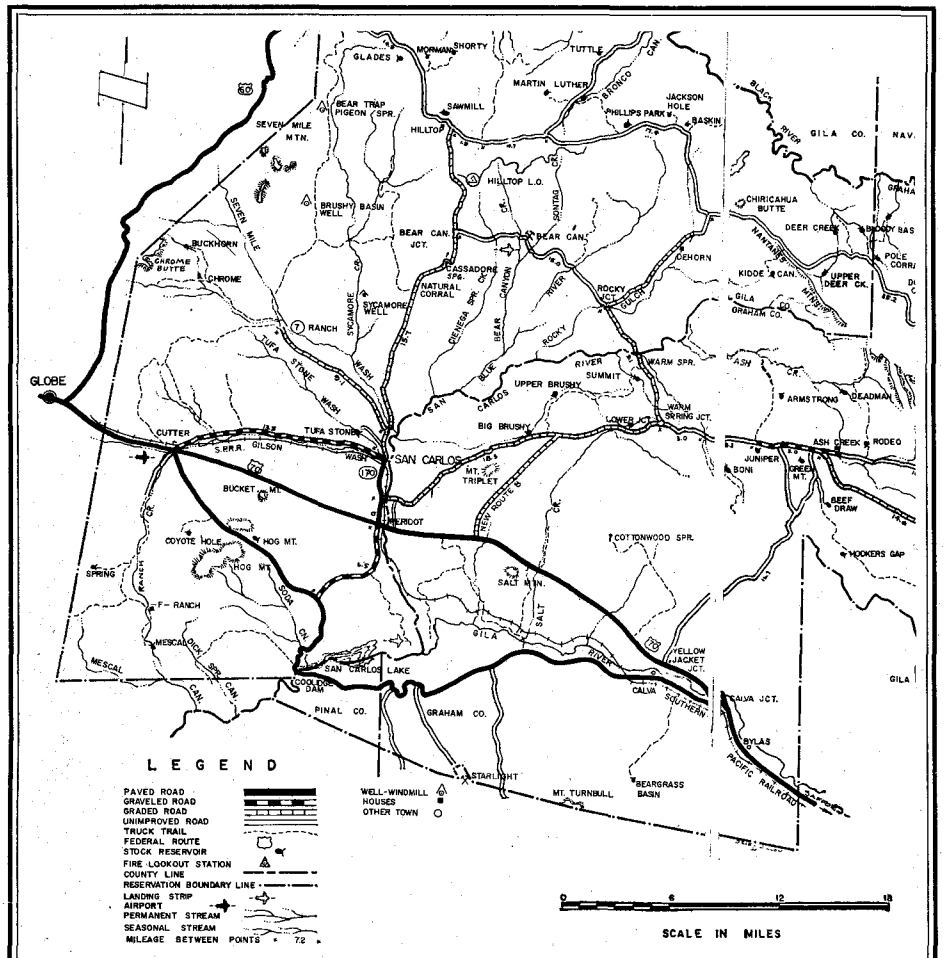

PORTION OF THE SAN CARLOS INDIAN RESERVATION

Map and sketch below reproduced from ARIZONA HIGHWAYS magazine; May, 1963

his army here to attack my peaceful hacienda, the home of my ancestors. Your rebels have killed my brothers and my four sons and the faithful vaqueros who were loyal to their patron. And I watched your drunken soldiers loot and wantonly destroy, like filthy buzzards." Again Don Lorenzo paused for a long moment.

"The great Pancho Villa! Leader of an army of buzzards! I spit on such ingratitude. I would urinate on such a man's grave!"

The tall old man with a shock of blood-spattered hair drew himself up to his full height. "Ride to one side. Give your commands to this motley firing squad. Witness the murder of Lorenzo Chavez. Behold how a brave man dies!"

With a sharp, guttural command Villa dismissed the firing squad and summoned a doctor. He gave orders for a span of mules to be hitched to the surrey and told his men to release the brown-cowled Franciscan padre they had taken captive, so that he could accompany Don Lorenzo on his journey to El Paso and, if necessary, administer the last rites of the Catholic Church should the old Don die along the route. He ordered an armed rebel escort to the border town of Juarez.

"The fortunes of war, Don Lorenzo," Pancho Villa told the wounded man. "You are a loyal friend to Porfirio Diaz. And during the past years the Mexican Cossack Kosterlisky and his rurales have been made welcome here at your hacienda. One of these days if you live that long, Don Lorenzo, you will read in the American newspapers that Pancho Villa is sitting in the chair of El Presidente, and has put an end to the poverty that rots all Mexico. There will be no more poor starving peons, no more poverty when the great Pancho Villa rules all of Mexico."

Villa, astride one of Don Lorenzo's famous golden horses of Spanish breeding, reined his horse abruptly and rode away without another word, leaving Don Lorenzo and the padre on the rear seat of the surrey as the driver of the mules headed northward along the wagon road to Juarez which was separated by a long bridge across the Rio Grande from the city of El Paso, Texas.

By the grace of God Lorenzo Chavez was destined to live, but after weeks of convalescence in the El Paso hospital he was a saddened, disillusioned old man who had lost all his worldly goods and the legendary San Mateo land grant which dated back to the time of the Conquistadores.

WHEN HE WAS recovered completely from his physical wounds, Lorenzo's only outward sign of his terrible ordeal was a scarred left hand where the tendons had been severed by a machete, leaving the fingers permanently bent to a claw-like appearance. But during his long recovery it was plain to his wife, his family and his doctor that there was a slight brain damage which the specialists attributed to some sort of shock over the loss of his brothers and grown sons and his walled hacienda which he had been forced to watch set afire by the rebels.

It was the consensus of the doctors that time alone would heal the brain damage—rest and quiet, preferably in some town remote from the violence sweeping Old Mexico. Since the Chavez family had been given the protection of the United States government as refugees, they were free to choose any place they wanted to live.

While Don Lorenzo's mind dwelt for the most part in the past, he was well aware of things pertaining to the present. During the years when he had sold his Mexican cattle to buyers in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, he had dealt with various and sundry banks in those border states, and had deposited money in them. His oldest daughter Barbara, who had taken a business college course at El Paso, had kept the books. Lorenzo Chavez possessed only a small understanding of the English language, and when he had dealings with American cattlemen he spoke Spanish and Barbara acted as interpreter.

A few days before Don Lorenzo was due to leave the hospital, Barbara and her mother visited him, and Barbara brought along a notebook in which was written the names of the banks where her father had accounts of sizeable amounts.

"You have $50,000 in the First National Bank at Globe, Arizona, Papa," Barbara said. "You remember the president of the bank, Mr. Newton Robinson, paid us a visit in Mexico, and he had his nephew with him. A tall young man—

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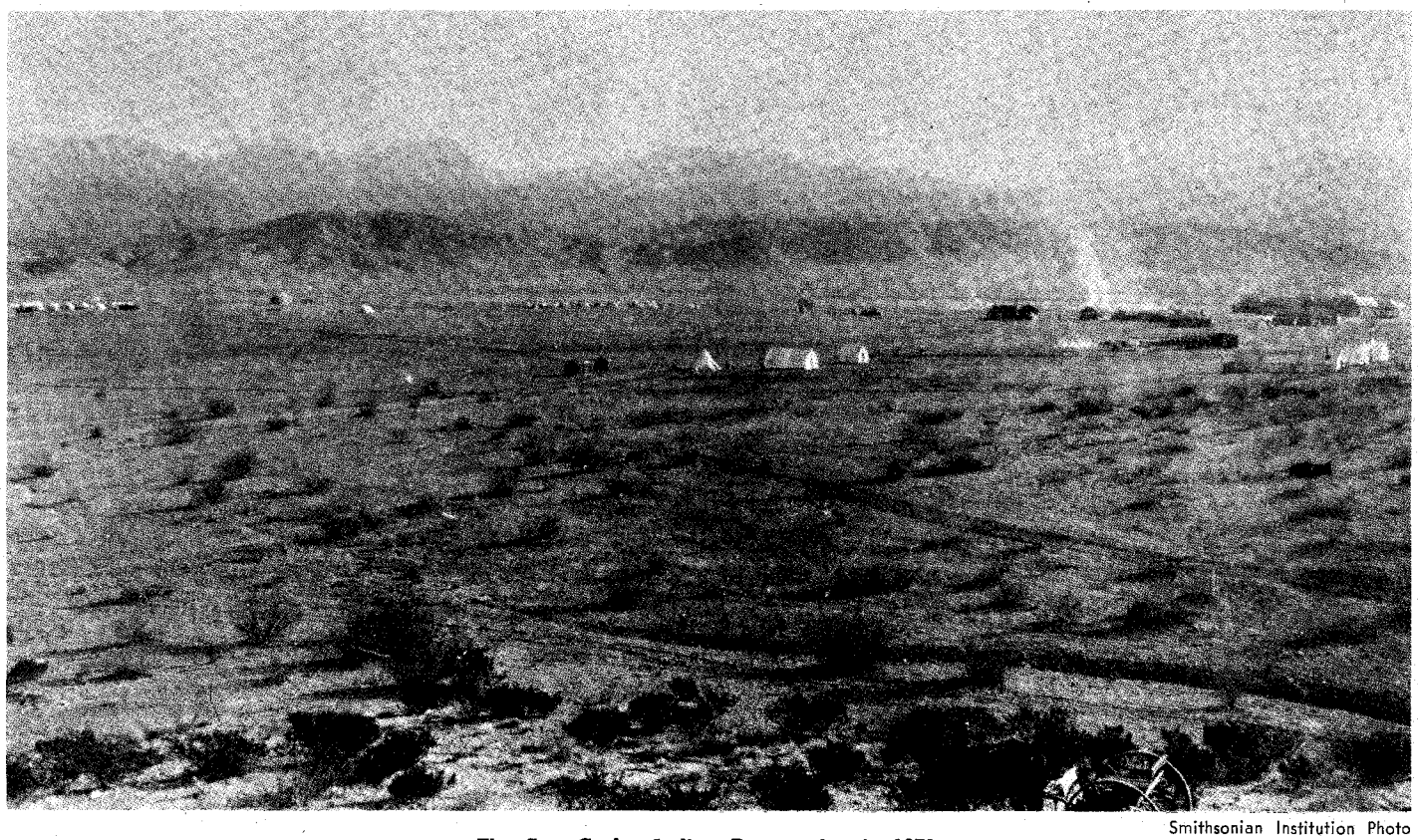

Smithsonian Institution Photo

The San Carlos Indian Reservation in 1873.

dressed like a cowboy—named Ross Santee, an artist who carried his sketch book with him. Remember, Papa, he drew a pen and ink sketch of you on horseback?"

"I well remember Señor Robinson and his nephew, Ross Santee," Don Lorenzo said with a smile. "You and Ross were constant companions during their visit and you taught him the sombrero dance." A spark of life came into the dark, brooding eyes when he added, "There was a time, Barbaracita, when I had that young gringo calculated as a future son-in-law."

"There was nothing serious with us, Papa," Barbara replied. "We carried on a casual correspondence and I have kept his letters, each one with a pen sketch. I wrote him that the doctors say you need a change of scenery and he tells me there is a large house on the outskirts of Globe that is owned by the bank and is available. It is an adobe house built on the order of old Spanish architecture, brought up to date with modern plumbing, and there's a large lawn and flower beds. Would you like to move to Globe, Papa?"

Don Lorenzo's decision was swift. "Tomorrow we will leave El Paso. I will buy this house from the bank and there our family will make our home in exile, never more to return to Mexico. This uprising of Pancho Villa is but the beginning of many revolutions and our country will be a war-torn, bloody battleground for many generations to come." Lorenzo pointed with his maimed hand across the Rio Grande toward Juarez. "I fully agree with my doctors that I should leave El Paso where I can hear the gunfire of Villa's rebels."

Don Lorenzo's voice had a leaden sound, the voice of a man who had lost his grip on life. For Lorenzo Chavez had lost more than the kingdom of the San Mateo Grant, lost more than his beloved sons and brothers. He had lost his pride and with it something of his belief in God. Far better if Pancho Villa had given the command to his firing squad to shoot. It would have been an act of mercy. Perhaps the peon Indian rebel was well aware of this. Uneducated though he was, he had a keen instinct for such delicate matters. 'Dobe-walling would have been welcome to such a man as Don Lorenzo. Far better to break that pride and let him live in his bitter sorrow.

Villa had made his final gesture of contempt when he ordered one of his capitans to place Lorenzo's silver-mounted, hand-carved Mexican saddle, with his coiled, plaited rawhide reata, his silver mounted bridle, large roweled spurs, and worn steerhide chaparajos in the rig that was to take him to Juarez.

"You are no longer welcome in Mexico, Don Lorenzo," Villa told him. "When I am El Presidente I will rid the Republic of Mexico of your kind. Perhaps some gringo cattleman will hire you as a horse wrangler in charge of his remuda. When I was a barefoot, ragged boy you gave me shelter and filled my empty belly. In return I have spared your life. I, Pancho Villa, have paid my debt." And he ordered the driver of the mule team to be gone. "Adios, Don Lorenzo. Confess your sins to the padre as you journey to the land of the gringo!"

THE FAMILY of Lorenzo Chavez during the following years adjusted themselves to their new life in Globe. But for Lorenzo himself it was a different matter. He was no longer the proud Don and although only in his sixties he was an old man, broken in spirit, a stranger in a strange and foreign land. His memory was hazy and at times bewildered, and for months on end he never left the house. On sunny days he would sit on the wide veranda in a big rawhide covered armchair, smoking black Mexican tobacco rolled into brown cigarette papers, or long thin black Mexican cigars, his brooding eyes lost in half-forgotten memories as he stared southward in the direction of the land of his ancestors.

Now and then Newt Robinson came to visit, but talking to the old man was always a difficult matter for the jovial Robinson, despite the fact that he always fetched a bottle of wine or good whiskey to ease the tension. Robinson had a fair-to-middling knowledge of the Mexican tongue, the sort of Spanish spoken along the border, sprinkled with spicy colloquial phrases, different in many ways from the pure Castilian Spanish old Lorenzo spoke.

Robinson had given Barbara Chavez a position as bookkeeper in his bank. Maria had a bookkeeping job at the courthouse, and Nina, the youngest, went to high school.

Robinson's nephew Ross Santee often visited at the Chavez home. Ross was an eastern dude who had his heart set on being a cowboy and western artist. A fun-loving man with a taste for liquor, always telling comical anecdotes about his good friend Shorty Caraway, ramrod of the Cross S outfit on the nearby San Carlos Apache Reservation. Or about the young Rummy Kid, a brush-popper cowboy who worked for the Cross S. And it was Ross Santee, with his artist's understanding of Don Lorenzo, who sensed the old Mexican's loneliness.

(Continued on page 83)

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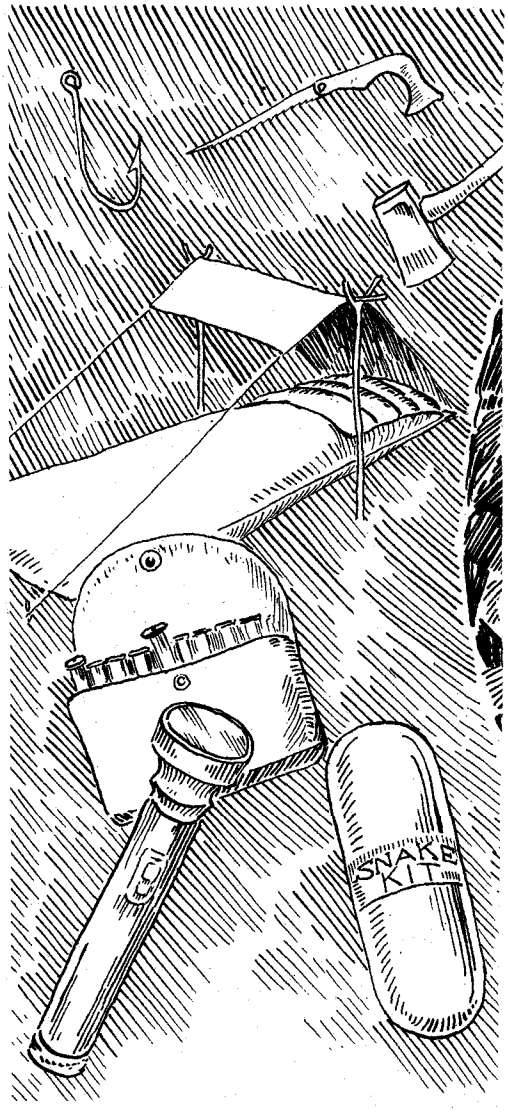
HOW TO SURVI

A VACATION

By BRADFORD ANGIER

If you plan to rough it and live off the land, here are a few items that can make the difference



Reprinted from *Living Off the Country*, by Bradford Angier; Stackpole Books, Harrisburg, Pa.

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THE PLEASURE to be derived from any excursion into the farther regions —and it is one of the peculiarities of human nature that the hardest and most disagreeable trips become the milestones by which outdoor careers are later most pleasantly measured—may be divided into three parts: The zest of getting ready, the enjoyment of remembering, and the journey itself.

Many contend that of these joys not the least is the anticipation, the thrill of planning, the excitement of thumbing books and catalogues, and the stimulus of adding occasionally and even subtracting from lists with stubby pencils kept handy for whenever inspiration fires.

As each of us observes the world from a different seat, it is only natural that points of view will vary on lesser and in some instances even on major items to be included in a personal survival kit. But there need be no reason for dissension, for as Colonel Townsend Whelen says, "I do not, for a minute, suppose my ways are the best ways, but at least it may be helpful to know the other fellow's points."

First Come Matches

Although fires may be lit by several primitive methods, this can be accomplished neither so surely nor so easily that many will care to go into the bush without a waterproof case filled with long wooden matches. Most of us will probably agree, too, in the advisability of carrying an unbreakable container that can be fastened to the clothing and of keeping a second filled case handy as a spare. In the outfit itself, we may also want one or more watertight receptacles holding a reserve supply.

Then the Compass

The second thing the majority of us will not want to be without, despite the numerous natural ways we know indicate direction, is a compass. Nor will we disagree that it is a conservative precaution both to wear a compass pinned or tied to the clothing and also to take along a spare, and that at least one of these should have a luminous dial that can be consulted in the dark.

Adhesive Bandages

These little gauze pads centered on brief strips of adhesive tape are useful in such a variety of ways that one always seems to be finding employment for them if a few are kept in the pocket whenever in the wilderness, and if this is so, an additional supply certainly belongs in the survival kit. These should be left in the sterile wrappings in which most arrive, especially as these coverings have a secondary value in preventing dust and lint from robbing the tape of sticking power.

Plain bandages are rated best. Those treated with Mercurochrome and other medicaments have no properties that make them superior to ordinary pads, many doctors and laboratories hold. These sources contend further that such medication may even be detrimental. Plastic tape is an improvement over fabric, however, adapting itself more easily and often more substantially to various surfaces.

Prompt use of an inexpensive adhesive bandage the moment part of the foot begins to feel tender will many times prevent formation of a blister and a subsequent dangerous infection. Inasmuch as air will reach the affected area insofar as the bandage is concerned if the latter is properly applied, the dressing may be left on a day or so until the skin toughens. Adhesive bandages also prove convenient for divers other uses in the bush such as temporarily repairing clothing, fishing gear, binoculars, and even ax handles.

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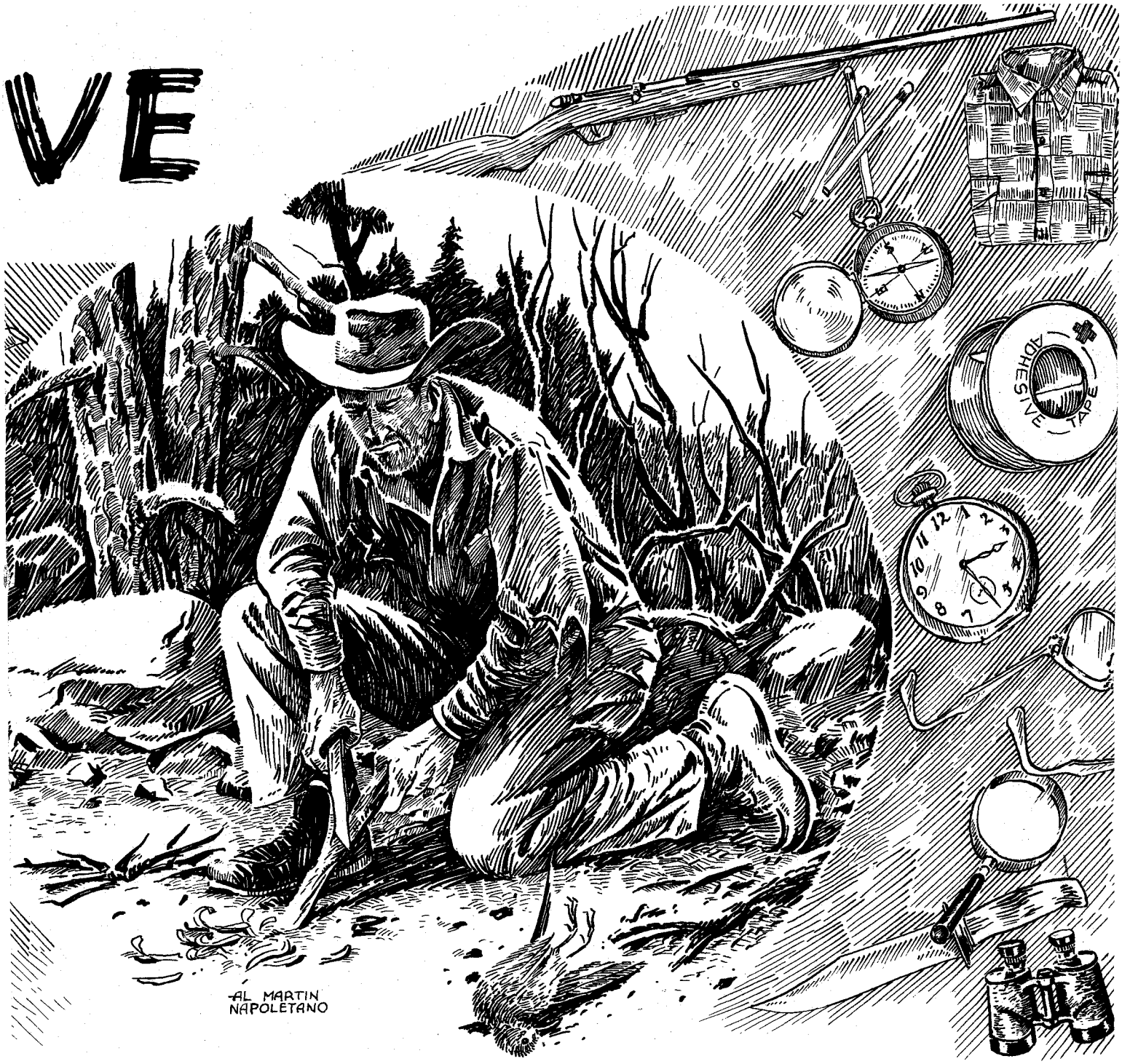

Glasses

Anyone who needs glasses will be prudent to carry an extra pair on his person and, advisedly, another pair in the survival outfit. In most country, it is also a good idea to have along at least one pair of optically correct and ruggedly constructed sunglasses in a protective case.

Watch

A watch we find useful both because distances back of beyond are measured more often by time than by miles, and because a timepiece can be used under proper conditions to tell direction.

Map

Maps, which come under the heading of necessities for intelligent wilderness travel, are inexpensive and under ordinary circumstances easily obtainable, many being securable merely for the asking.

Mirror

It is not uncommon to get foreign matter in the eyes if the bush is at all thick or if one is traveling, for example, along a river whose cut banks are almost constantly eroded by the wind. Under such conditions, one will have frequent use for a mirror, and there is the further fact that this mirror can be vital when it comes to attracting help in an emergency.

Magnifying Glass

A magnifying lens can be used during favorable weather to start a fire, either when no quicker means is available or when it may be desirable to conserve matches. One often comes in handy for odd functions, too, such as locating an embedded thorn or splinter.

Knives

While a pocket knife with a single thin blade will admittedly serve many purposes including the dressing out of the largest North American game animals, most will find it practical to add a sheath knife for the heavier tasks. A light blade five or six inches long works well for cutting boughs, blazing, preparing meat, securing some fuel, building shelters, and performing other tasks in the bush. A substantial and well riveted sheath should be added for safety.

Ax

Although for ordinary camping and hunting both the hatchet and belt ax have

(Continued on page 65)

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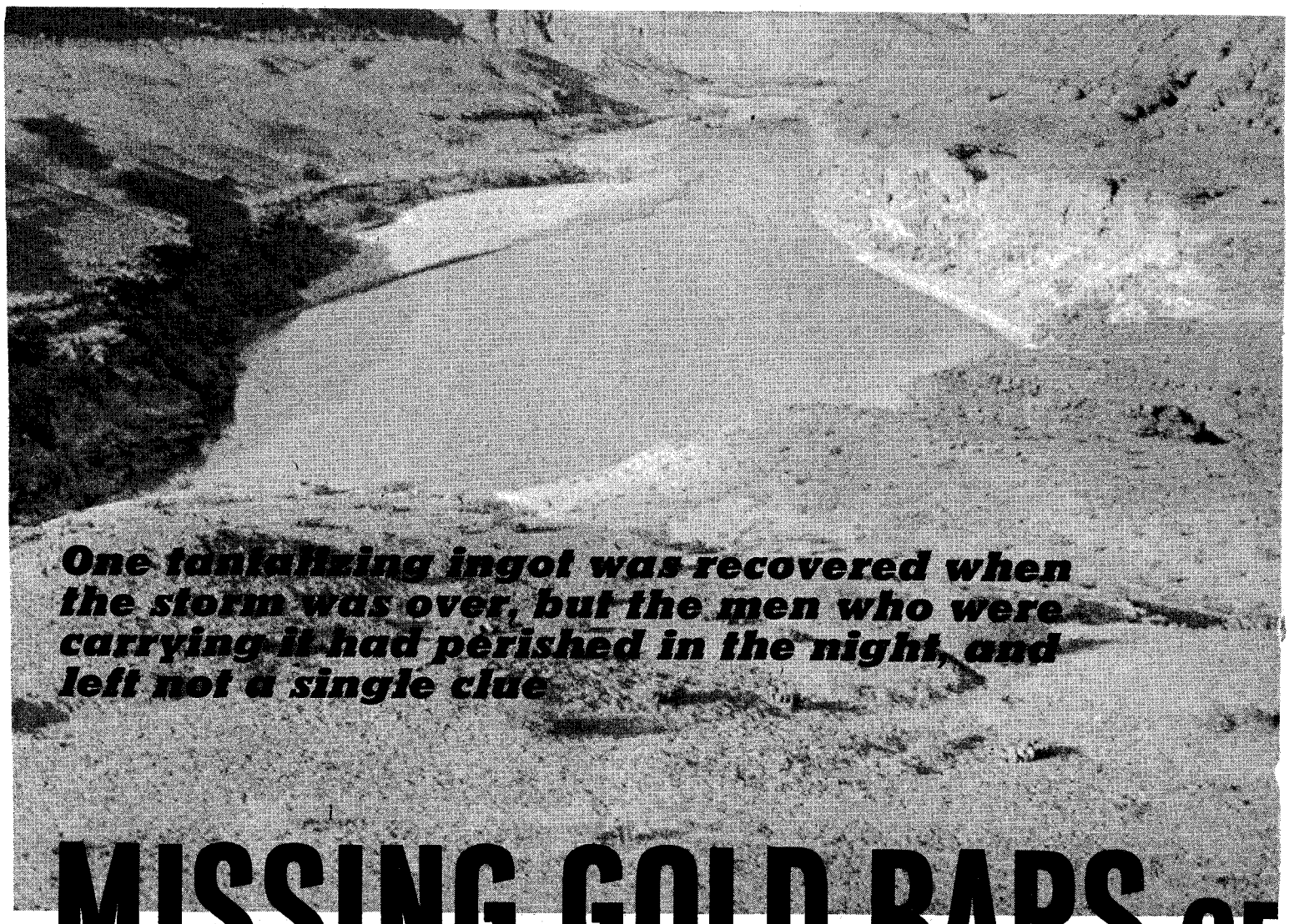

One tantalizing ingot was recovered when the storm was over, but the men who were carrying it had perished in the night, and left not a single clue

MISSING GOLD BARS OF

By MAURICE KILDARE
Photos Courtesy Author

TWO MEMBERS of New Mexico's Porter Stockton gang pulled a shooting scrape in Cimarron and immediately fled west toward their distant headquarters in Gallegos Canyon. But once in the Sangre de Cristos they slowed down, feeling safe from pursuit by a posse.

The next day (about August 10, 1880) while crossing the Rio Grande at sundown, showers of rain began falling. The men decided to speed up and make it through to the adobe village of Tres Piedras. Night came on blacker than Hades except for chain lightning flashing across the sky. The streaks silhouetted peaks to the north, and the showers turned to an uncomfortable drizzle. After the absence of lightning for some time, a thunderbolt revealed that the fleeing pair had inadvertently entered the mouth of a wide wash. By the time this was discovered the vertical banks were too high for exit.

Thinking there would be a break in the wall, they continued riding up the wash. Intermittent lightning revealed that the banks were becoming more and more like canyon walls. Moreover, the wash was beginning to trickle with running water and curved to the north instead of continuing west. That wouldn't do and since no break appeared in the walls, the men swung about.

Not two miles east while backtracking themselves and riding slowly, an extended flash of lightning revealed three riders pointing toward them inside the wash. They led two heavily packed mules.

The outlaws instantly concluded that pursuit had caught up, even though none had been expected west of the Sangre de Cristos. As one, the outlaws drew their guns from under their slicker coats and opened rapid fire, shooting wildly in the black night as the mounts of both parties collided.

The next flash of lightning showed the three riders and two of their horses down. Forthwith, the rest of the animals were wantonly killed. Then, riding on fast, the outlaws soon reached more shallow banks and scrambled up into open country on the plateau. As the rain increased they raced on west to Tres Piedras.

Above, the gold bars were lost in a wash very much like this one.

A heavier downpour beginning at midnight forced them to lay over the following day. They spent it drinking in a cantina, and proceeded on to headquarters in Gallegos Canyon. There they related to other members of the gang with great braggadocio how they had wiped out three lawmen who dared pursue them from Cimarron. However, the three dead men were not officers at all.

ON THE PLATEAU a short distance to the north two aged sheepherders huddled in a leaky shelter tent. The blasting gunfire had roused them, but they did not stir out for another hour.

Venturing through the sagebrush and

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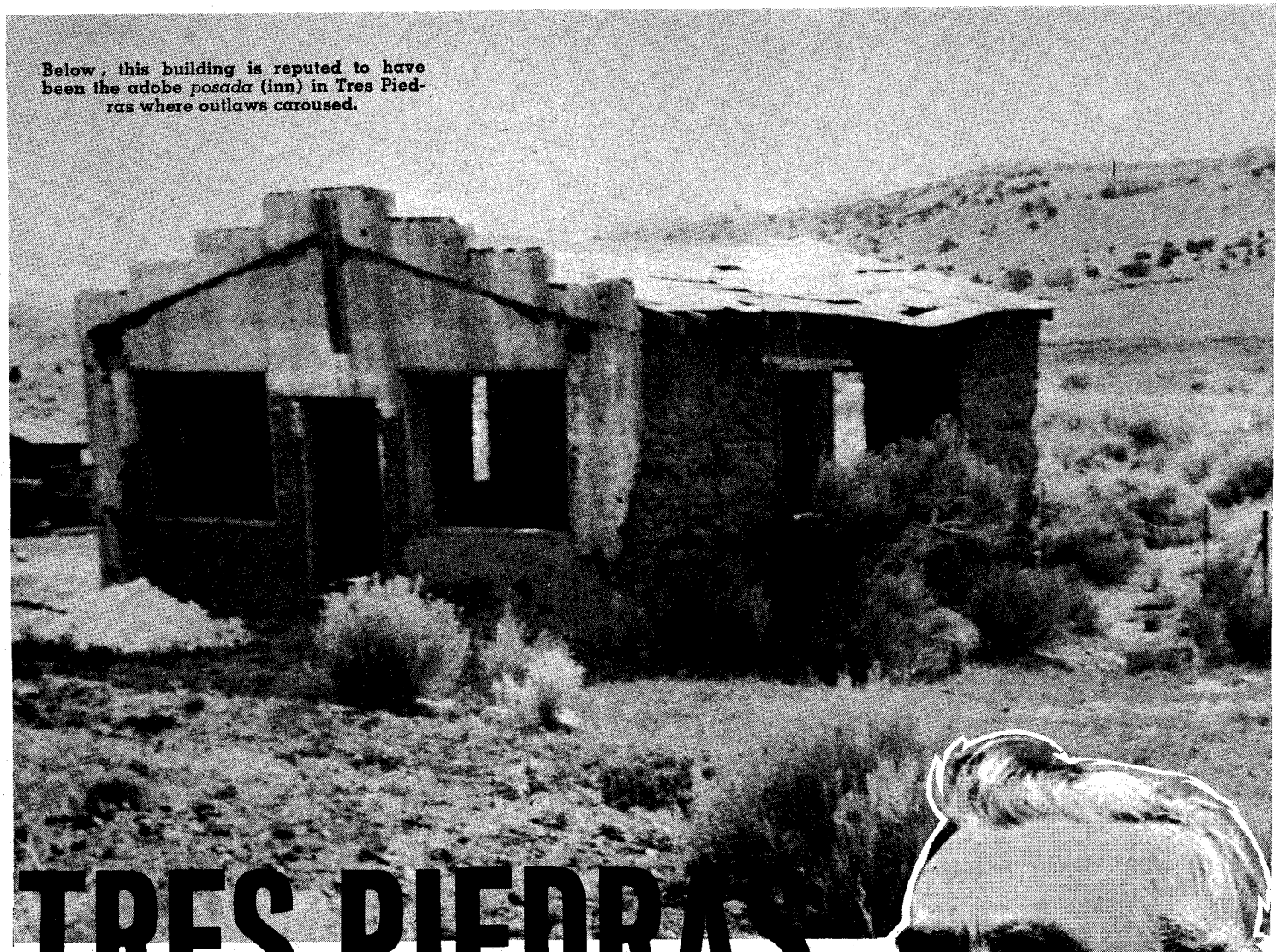
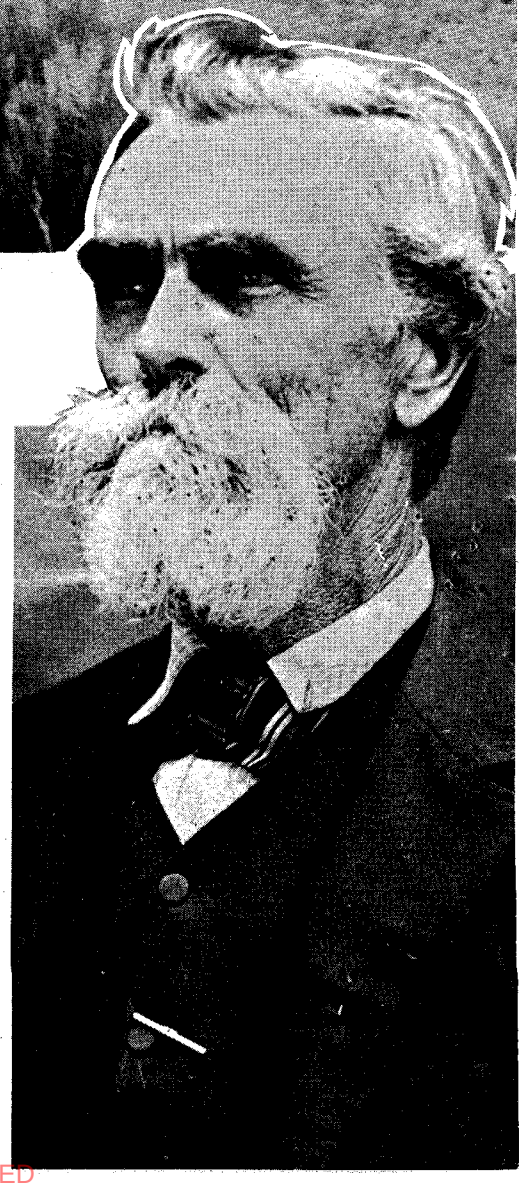


Below, this building is reputed to have been the adobe *posada* (inn) in Tres Piedras where outlaws caroused.

TRES PIEDRAS



At right is Steve Upholt, a veteran miner with first-hand knowledge of the wastelands where the treasure was lost.

rain, they waited on the wash rim until lightning revealed the gory scene below where water had started running about ten inches deep. They then climbed down to the bottom. All the riders were dead, lying between the mass of animal carcasses and the base of the wall. The sheepherders stood around discussing the incident in wonder. Opening panniers on the pack mules they found what they imagined were bars of iron. Securing one, the herders made their way back to camp through driving rain and the roar of thunder.

Before dawn the big wash was in a full flash flood. That day the sheep were kept close to bedground. The next, under clear skies, they were shifted to another camp four miles north. Eight days more elapsed before the flock owner, Dolores Cancino, showed up with a pack outfit bringing his herders another grub supply.

While being told the story he was shown the eight-inch-long metal bar. His pulse quickened as he realized it must be an old Spanish gold ingot. "Show me this place. The shooting must be reported to the authorities," he said to the herders, not revealing his excitement.

While one remained tending the sheep, the other led the way south to the wash rim. When they looked below, no bodies of men or carcasses of animals lay in sight. Searching for the place where the herders had climbed down on the rain-swept night was fruitless. The path had washed away.

Cancino grew thoughtfully doubtful. Old herders were often given to imagining things. Perhaps they had actually found the bar somewhere on the range and there were no more. Sending the man back to the sheep he issued instructions that the flock was to be moved farther north to better grazing.

Later Cancino, riding along the rim of the wash, finally reached a place where he could descend via a sloped cave-in to the boulder-strewn floor.

He searched for bodies but found only

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more places where the high banks had tumbled down. Cancino was about to abandon further investigation when he came onto the carcass of a red horse with saddle and bridle intact. Thereupon he reflected that there must be some truth in the herder's story. But a ride of another three or four miles produced nothing else.

Puzzled, he turned around and rode back down the wash. Half a mile from the first dead horse he came upon another carcass bloated in the hot sun. The third horse, also with riding gear intact, lay a hundred yards farther on. Wild animals had been eating on it. Further searching produced no more evidence.

Returning to the open grazing range studded with juniper and piñon timber, and patches of sagebrush saddle-skirt high, Cancino found his flock already moved. After gathering the loose pack stock, he returned to Tres Piedras.

In telling the *alcalde* the herders' story he did not mention the metal bar. Afterwards Cancino told an American friend that he had an odd hunch to keep quiet about the matter. The bar could well be from a cache. Knowledge of the find would send in many hunters.

Going to Santa Fe where his numerous family resided, Cancino turned the bar over to an assayer. To his surprise the report showed that the gold content ran better than 75%. This was most unusual, for Spanish-smelted gold varied from 10% to 60%. Although there were no identification marks or a date on the bar, the assayer told him that it was of Spanish smelting and casting. He had tested many such bars and his knowledge came from long experience.

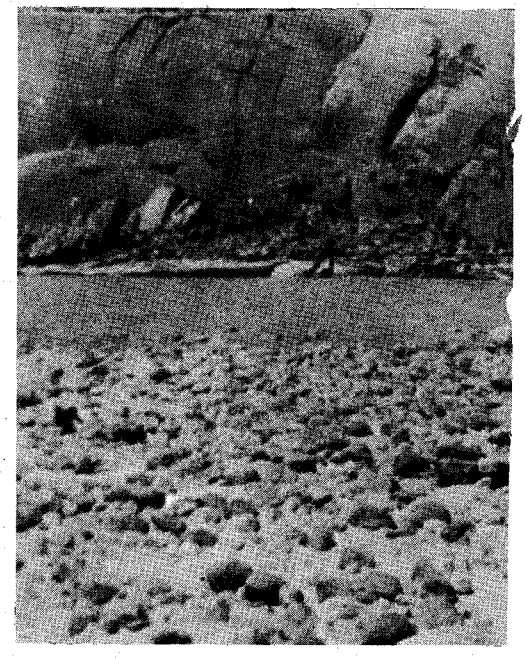
The bar was sold for a little over $4,000. With visions of becoming rich, Cancino returned at once to Tres Piedras. Taking an influential friend along, Emilio Diaz, he returned to the wash. They searched it thoroughly but were unable to locate more than the torn, rotting carcasses of the horses.

The herders, then near Cerrito Negro, were questioned closely. So great an interest was displayed in their original account they grew confused and uncertain. And perhaps the sternness in Cancino's manner alarmed them further. Cancino and Diaz both knew details of several legends of ancient Spanish mines along the Rio Grande and in the mountains to the west as well as in the Sangre de Cristos eastward. There were many stories among Indians of their ancestors' being forced to work as slaves. These mines without a name were simply referred to as "lost mines." Several of them had been found and a few worked in recent years.

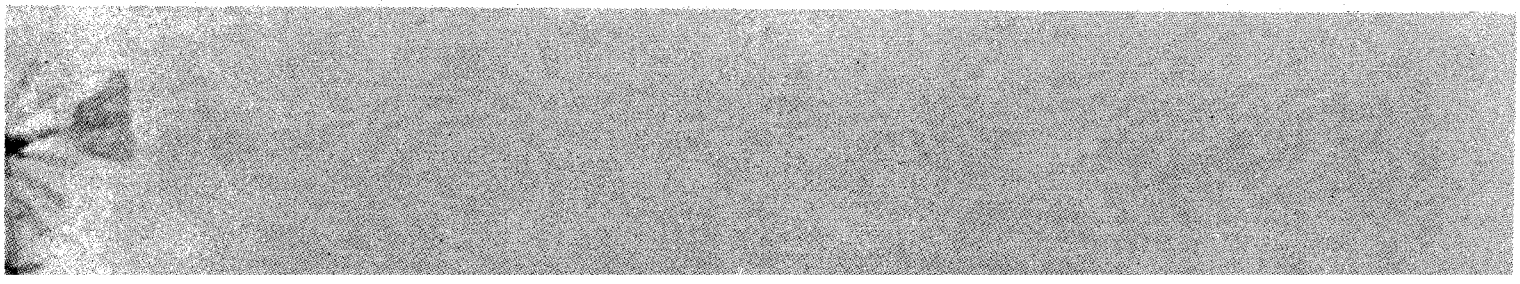
A cache of gold bars must have been discovered at one of the old mines by the men killed while bringing them out. If one of the bodies could be found and identified, that one could be traced back to the source.

The two friends spent the balance of that summer and fall in fruitless searching before Diaz went home, worn out. However, Cancino had come to believe that the herders' story was completely truthful. They were possibly mistaken only as to where they had heard gunfire and found the bodies of the dead men. It was aggravating that untold wealth was almost in his grasp.

UNHAPPY about it all, that winter Cancino consulted a prospector friend, Steve Upholt. Then fifty years old, Upholt was a seasoned miner and a wanderer of the wastelands. He had found a number of gold mines in Colfax County. A shrewd man, he never wasted time trying to mine them himself. It was too expensive for a poor man. His last placer brought $50,000. Banking this



Below, before 1882 these buildings in Gallegos Canyon were headquarters for the Porter (Port) Stockton gang.



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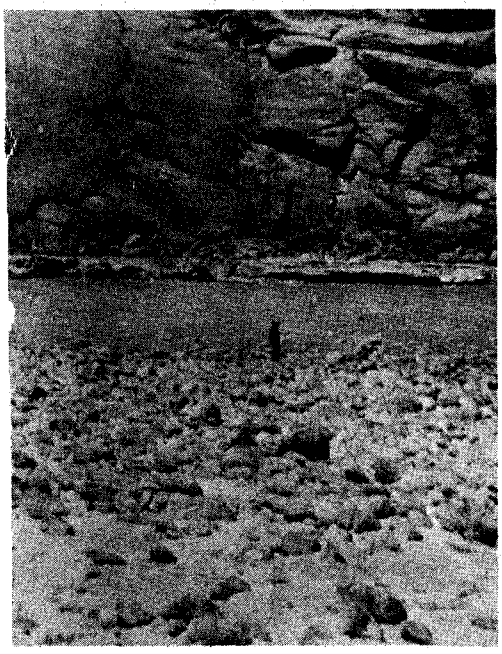
Courtesy Fred Lambert



Above, Cimarron, New Mexico, from where the outlaws who killed the three Mexicans fled west.

At left, the upper Rio Grande River.

money, he was never bothered about grubstakes in future years.

At that time he wasn't interested in Cancino's account. After all, Mexicans related a lot of wishful stories about Spanish wealth concealed or hidden for any number of reasons. Most such tales were purely imaginary, exaggerated by folklore additions.

A couple of years passed during which Cancino made further fruitless searches before he again encountered Upholt who had recently returned to Santa Fe from prospecting far south near Silver City. Having sold a silver lode for very little money (one which later produced more than a million dollars) he was footloose and free. This time he acceded to Cancino's wishes to try solving the mystery of the big wash.

By then fragments of the incident had leaked out. The two Stockton outlaws were known to have admitted killing three men thinking them to be lawmen. Their on-course collision had been merely an accident in the storm. Also a name, the Lost Bars of Tres Piedras, had become attached to the victims' supposed "treasure."

Upholt, who spoke Spanish fluently and knew his Spanish-Americans, also knew that the scores of washes in that area ran water only during spring thaw and after rare flash floods. Most years this run-off did not amount to much. Cancino's herders were not available, having left his employ and gone elsewhere.

Moving into the high country alone, Upholt surveyed four prominent peaks to the north which had considerable bearing on the search area. They were Cerro del Aire, Cerrito Negro, Cerro de la Olla and Cerro Chiflo. He scoured the country because Cancino himself might by then be mistaken as to the right wash. They all looked alike. But at least there existed one thing in Upholt's favor. South of the peaks and between Arroyo Aguoje near Tre Piedras and east to the Rio Grande, he had a distance of only fifteen miles to cover.

After a month of hunting he dropped farther south, just above Cerro Montosa. There he came onto a wash several miles in extent and containing a dozen side arms. It lay east of Tres Piedras and was on a direct line toward the Sangre de Cristos where the trail came through from distant Cimarron. It answered details of the account.

Riding down this wash having walls higher than his head (while mounted) he explored to a north branch which might have been a part of Cancino's story before returning to the main wash. Sections of it were layers of solid stone. But between them was material composed of conglomerate which could easily be undermined. There was surface evidence of several big cave-ins.

The previous run-offs down the usually dry wash bed revealed that most of the cave-in spills had been swept on down by swift running water. At the edge of one, late on a hot afternoon, he found the partly exposed skeleton of a man. The skull, shoulder and rib cage were bleached white by exposure to the elements.

(Continued on page 44)

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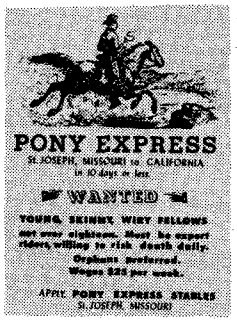

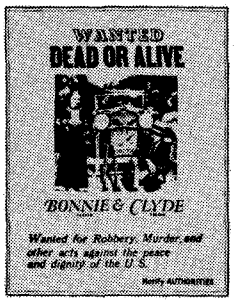

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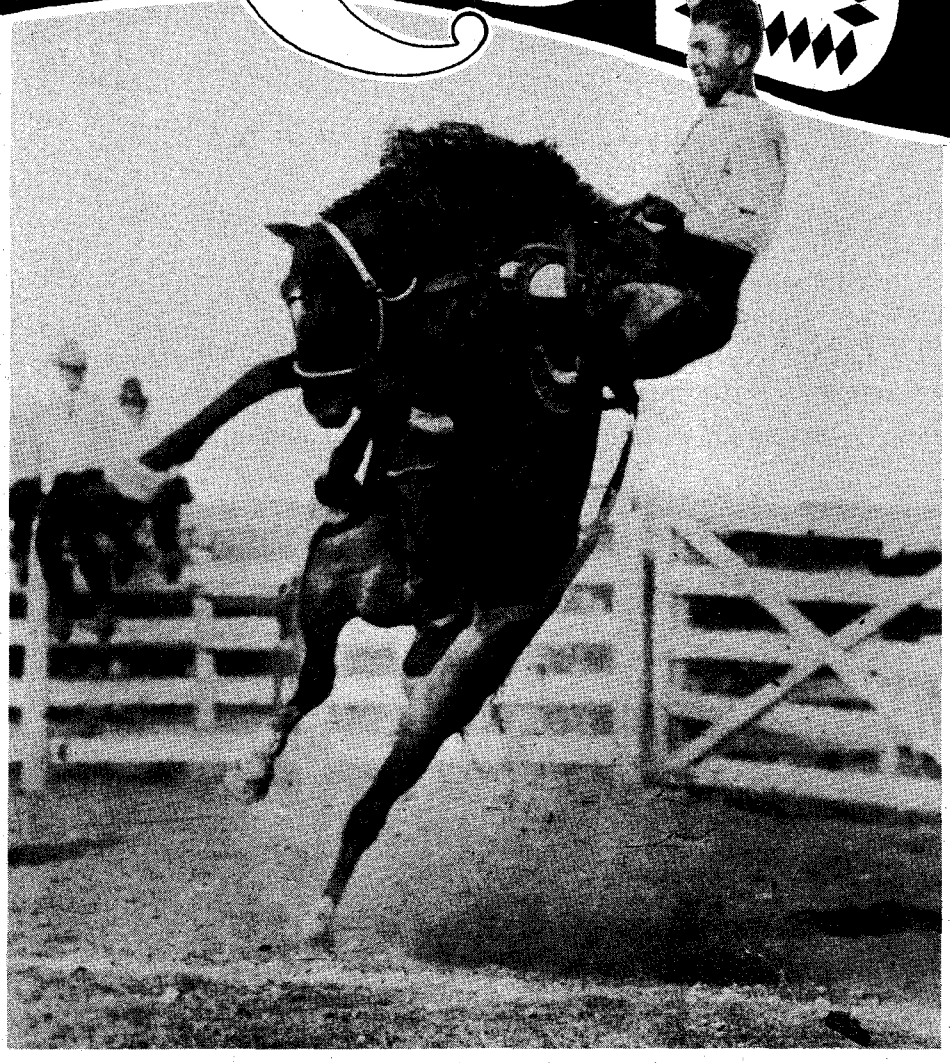

Above, a famous R. R. Doubleday rodeo photo, Smoky Branch riding Glasseye. Below, Wild Jim Lynch in action at the Aurora Rodeo, also a Doubleday photo.

By MILT HINKLE
Photos Courtesy Author

THE FIRST wild west show I was ever on as a bronc buster was Buffalo Bill's Wild West from 1896 to late October 1901. A young boy like I was was sure to fall for big hats, the bigger the better; chaps; big roweled spurs; large red or blue bandanas; beaded vest; leather cuffs; ladies' garters as arm bands; a forty-foot lariat; Fish brand slicker; a bedroll consisting of two good wool Navajo blankets and three good heavy quilts; heavy leather-seated, double-rigged saddle; Navajo saddle blanket; a good pocket knife; and last but not least a Colt pistol.

I preferred a .44-40 as my saddle rifle was a .44-40 caliber and used the same cartridge. I also had high-topped boots, 1½-inch heels—pegged soles. This was the regalia which I and other cowboys used on the ranch as well as wild west shows. I figured that I could ride anything that walked, crept or crawled, and I proved it by riding all the show's bad, hard-to-ride bucking horses. I got a big kick and thrill by doing so. This also helped me a lot with the girls which I liked very much.

I enjoyed traveling the U.S.A., Canada and part of Europe. And on the Buffalo Bill Wild West, I had the pleasure of working with the great Annie Oakley, Frank Butler, Buck Taylor, Chief Sitting Bull, and many other greats. But seven years of hustling and bustling from railroad to steamships made me crave the wide open spaces, the mountains, the cattle, the cry of the coyote, the lonesome howl of the lobo wolf, the strike of lightning, the loud clap of thunder, the roar of the wind. So I headed for the plains.

For a while the low bawl of the cattle and the click of hoofs was music to my ears. At the end of the trail—after the cattle had been loaded on the railroad stock cars from the stock loading pens—a big time was in store for all. Some would head for the saloons, the dance halls and the red-light section. After a

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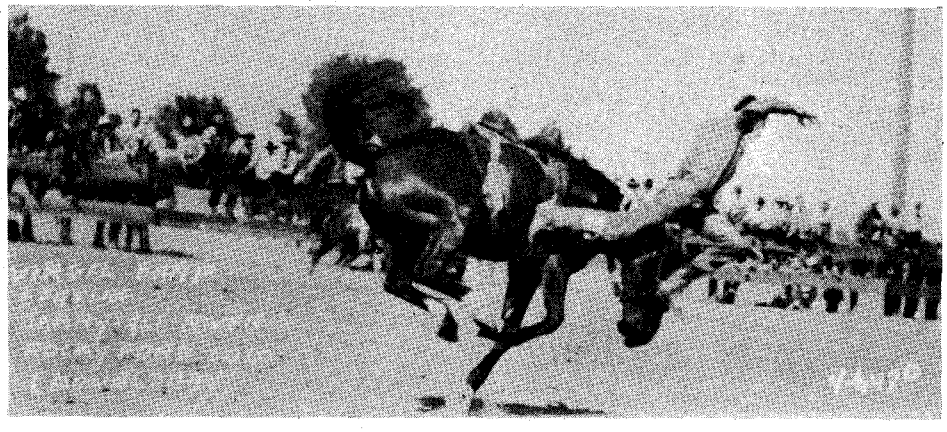
To the average fellow the "arena" is just a circular area bounded on the north, south, east and west by a grandstand. To Milt and the other contestants it was a little something more--it was a proving ground, a different sort of world . . .

RSONALITIES



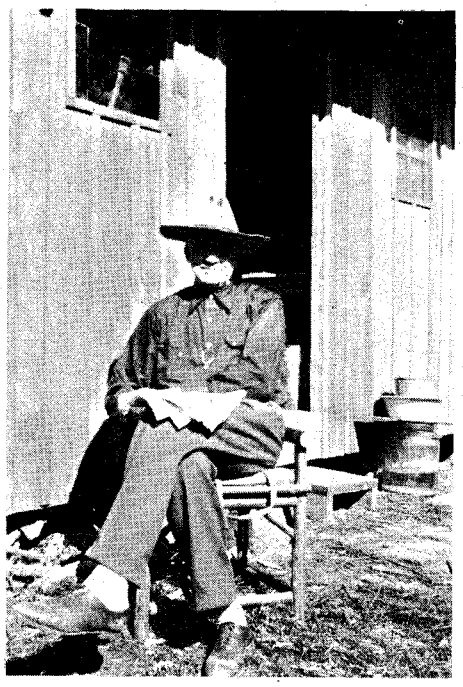
Above, Milt Hinkle, all-around cowboy. At left, a Doubleday shot of Virgil Earp leaving Tarry-All-River at Rocky Ford, Colorado.

day or so of this life, the wrangler and one or two cowboys driving the remuda headed back to the ranch headquarters. Then it was to the line camps or to the breaking camps. Some would ride and fix the fences. Some went to the windmill wagon to fix the windmills; some would plow fire guards; some would dig water tanks. But as a rule I was always sent to the breaking corrals as I was known as a rough-string rider.

SINCE I WAS kind of a roving cowboy, I left ranch work when I'd had my fill and headed again for the wild west shows. I landed on a little bronc show with all my equipment—you might say all my belongings—a show called Texas Bud Snell's. He had a pair of post hole diggers, about 30 ten-foot posts, about 300 feet of ten-foot canvas side wall, the poles to hold it up with, two big sledge hammers to drive the stakes in the ground for the side walls, six old-time oil lights we hung on poles in order to light up his 40 by 60-foot rope arena, and a small folding ticket box. He had eight or ten head of real hard-to-ride bucking horses. One wagon and work team pulled the side wall, poles and everything else over the road to the next town. One long wagon had a feed bed for the horses. He had two of the best snubbing horses I ever saw. You see, we rode from the snubbing horse and snubbing rope. He also had two good pick-up horses and a little bucking mule he called Tom Thumb. His right-hand man was John Henry.

Bud offered $25 for any outsider who could ride his prize horse, or $50 for any horse or mule that his riders could not ride. I followed Bud's show and his cook

At left is Ralph Russell Doubleday, the "ace" rodeo photographer. Below, Wild Jim Lynch bulldogging with his teeth at the Miles City, Montana Roundup in 1917.



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Above, left, Milt Hinkle and Little Hog Eyes. Claire and Jack Lohre and Hog Eyes are at right.

house most of one summer. Then I wanted to move on and I did.

I landed on Booger Red's Bronc Show. It was about the same size and caliber. He had some real bucking horses and was a real good rider himself. He was not good to look at but was a real man at heart.

I worked for the Rose Killen Wild West Show, M. L. Clark's Circus, Col. Cummings, and Col. Zack Mulhall who had the big wild west show at the St. Louis, Missouri, World's Fair in 1904. It was at the fair that Texas Bud rode his horse over the big ferris wheel as a publicity stunt. It was here, too, that I met the great Will Rogers.

From St. Louis it was back to the ranches in Texas for a spell, then to the 101 Ranch at old Bliss, Oklahoma in 1905. There I first met Tom Mix, who was also working for the 101 Ranch. Bill Pickett was there and many others. I was with the Miller Brothers—Joe, George and Zack many years—right or wrong, 1905 through 1908.

Then I went with the Young Buffalo Wild West, owned by Vernon C. Seavers of Peoria and Chicago, Illinois. The Young Buffalo Show took to the rails the spring of 1909. One-legged Major C. F. Rhodes was the Seavers' manager. I was not with the show in 1910, but as well as I recollect, it left Peoria in its own yellow and red train—thirty cars including twelve flats, ten stock cars and six sleeping cars. With two cars in advance, it carried parade equipment and paraded every stop. A side show was also carried. The program was typical wild west. Joe R. Smith took the part of Young Buffalo. He died in 1967 at his home in Montezuma, Kansas. We corresponded until his death.

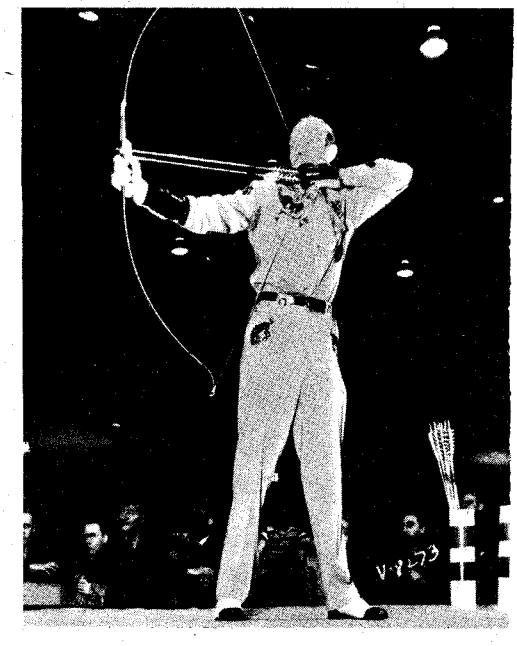
From 1911 through 1913 the headliners were Annie Oakley and her husband, Frank Butler. Colorado Cotton was Chief of Cowboys. Tom Mix was also on the show in 1913. Prairie Rose was one of the lady bronc riders. During 1912 I was also on W. A. Dickey's Circle D Wild West Show. We opened that spring at Forest Park, Kansas City, Missouri, and from there moved to Dominion Park, Montreal, Canada. John Mullens was Chief of Cowboys. Tom Mix left the Young Buffalo show at Buffalo, New York and joined the Dickey Show for about thirty or forty days. I worked for California Frank that fall after the Park closed.

During 1913 and 1914, I was back on the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, and the following year worked for Charlie Tompkins' Wild West and M. L. Clark's Wagon Circus. In 1916 and 1917 I worked at riding war horses for Charlie Tipton at the Hollis and Platte Horse and Mule Company. I played a few rodeos, contesting near Denver. Then I started making contestant, later owning my own wild west shows. For forty years I played the big ones as well as the small ones, winning and losing.

ONE OF THE MEN I remember best was known as the first international sports photographer. He also, it is said, was the man who invented the first air photograph, and I am sure he was the first rodeo photographer.

His name was Ralph R. Doubleday, and he was noted in his field, because in those days there were not many photographers who would risk camera and film, not to mention life and limb, trying to get action pictures. But Ralph Doubleday made a specialty of it and he traveled from one rodeo to another. He would take pictures one day, develop and print them at night, and have them for sale in the grandstands and elsewhere the next day. He carried a complete outfit, would darken his room or bathroom and use the bathtub for developing. Double-

Here's Jim Lynch, alias "King Archer," on the end of a bow this time.



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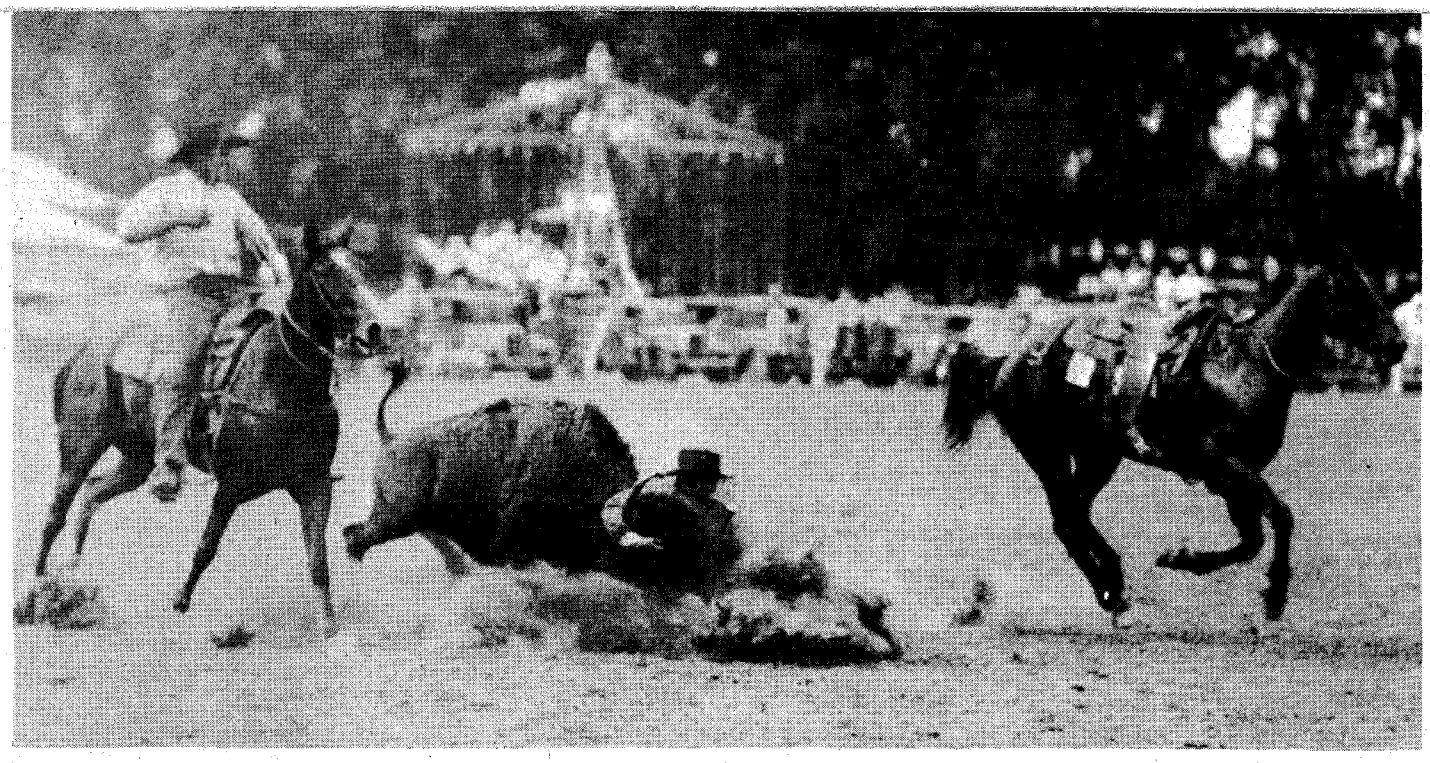

Dick Truitt plowing up the arena on the front end of a buffalo. Bob Crosby is right alongside, while little Hog Eyes lopes off.

day had a rack which held 250 postcard-size pictures for his dryer. I have helped on this many a time. I would buy a set of ten postcards from him at sixty cents per set and sell them for one dollar, and I have sold as many as 300 sets in one day where I contested and won. Winning helped me sell in a big way.

It took Doubleday ten years before he was able to get a shot of a cowboy in the mid-air after being bucked off a bronc. For more than forty-five years this great photographer traveled to rodeos all over the country and snapped thousands of pictures of rodeo action. His photographs have been a big factor in the development of the sport, because action pictures, like nothing else, can depict the thrill and excitement of the game. The result has clearly shown itself at the box office.

THREE of the most notable rodeo pictures ever snapped by Dob—that's what we always called him—were those of Smoky Branch or Glasseye at Garden City, Kansas in 1921. I saw the picture made. The next good one was taken of Leonard Stroud winning at Cheyenne, Wyoming in 1919 on the famous bucking horse Indian Tom. I also saw Dob snap this picture. Another picture was the one taken at Pendleton Roundup, Pendleton, Oregon of the famous black bucking bull. It is estimated that almost a million copies of this picture of Sharkey the bull have been sold in this country and abroad.

The late Will Rogers once stated in an article that Doubleday had made ninety percent of all the good rodeo pictures. Charles Thompson of the Cheyenne (Wyoming) *Tribune* stated that Dob had done more to popularize rodeo action than any other individual. Bill Abbott of the Tampa (Florida) *Morning Tribune* once called him the Ace Rodeo Photographer. How true these words were. Abbott said the name "Doubleday" on a rodeo picture was the same as "sterling"

(Continued on page 74)

Handpicked by Doubleday for this photo: Left to right: Top row—Johnnie Mullens, Curly Griffith, Rube Roberts, Vick Swartz. Center row: Hugo Strickland, Buck Stewart, Tommy Kernan, Howard Tegland, Lee Robison, Dave White, Slim Caskey, Shorty Kelso, Mike "Chew Tobacco" Hastings, Ben Johnson. Seated bottom row: Jim Massey, Pinky Gist, Bryant Roach, Buck Lucas, Eddie McCarty, Oklahoma Curly Roberts and Fred Beason.

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When the Last

Wide World Photo

Above, General Pershing and Col. Harry N. Coors reviewing a machine-gun unit of the Tenth Cavalry at Fort Myers in 1932.

Below, Pershing and Pancho Villa seemed friendly enough when this picture was taken at the Mexican border during the early stages of the "watchful waiting" period. A little later came the raid on Columbus, New Mexico.

Courtesy the Rocky Mt. News

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photos Courtesy Author

JOHN J. PERSHING always was proud to call himself a "son of the West." And because he had married Frances Warren, one of the most gracious, vivacious and charming young women in Cheyenne, Wyoming, the local folks have always claimed "Black Jack" Pershing as their own. During World War I, a service flag hung in the window of the home of Senator Francis E. Warren in honor of his son-in-law.

My first glimpse of Black Jack was "under fire," so to speak. I had left Laramie, Wyoming to go to work in the state library in Cheyenne. It was my first time in a "city"—a city which only a few years before had been dubbed "Hell-on-wheels" because of some of its boisterous and unsavory characters. My employer during my four years in the University of Wyoming was Librarian Grace Raymond Hebard, a maiden lady who, fearing for my safety, had quietly slipped a book on white slavery to me as I entrained for my new job.

I read the book. How I later managed to wangle a hand-gun from my landlady, Mrs. Frank Jones, in Cheyenne, I do not now recall. But I obtained one, and I carried it in my right-hand sweater pocket on all of my trips downtown.

One late afternoon as I approached Senator Warren's home on Seventeenth Street, I suddenly saw a tall, broad-shouldered man in uniform on the porch. There were two or three other persons with him. Could it be General Pershing himself? It was! In my excitement, just as I came opposite the porch group, I

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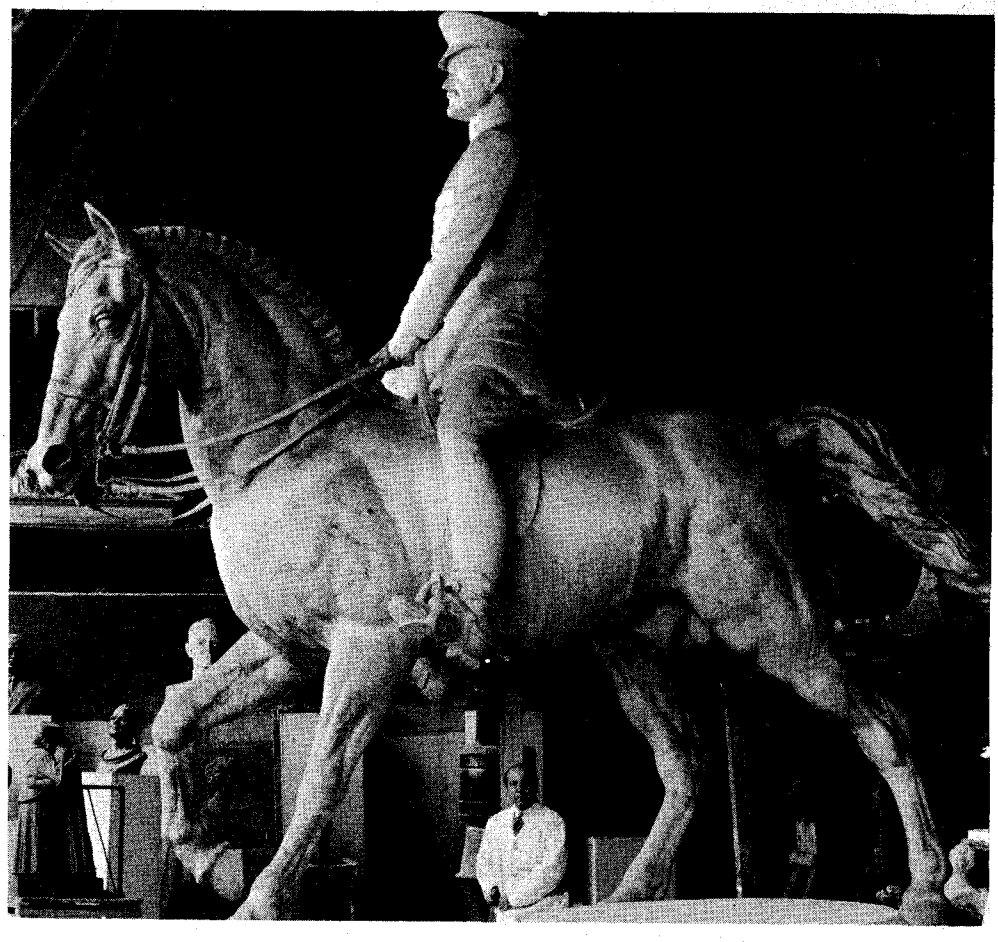
Trumpet Sounds

"—I want to stand up with my men."—Black Jack Pershing

At right, the General John J. Pershing equestrian statue which is to be cast in bronze and erected in Paris near the Arc de Triomphe. Created by Felix de Weldon, sculptor, it was commissioned in 1968.

Below, First Sergeant Charley Wycoff of Carswell Air Force Base, Fort Worth, Texas. He sounded "Taps" for Pershing as the General had requested.



Wide World Photo

pulled the trigger of the hand-gun and shot a hole in my sweater pocket!

I didn't stop to see where the bullet went. I did not change my gait! Nor did I look to left or right. I just kept going! That was the last time I ever packed a pistol in the so-called Rowdy West.

At that time everyone in Cheyenne referred to the general as Black Jack. Recent research at the United States Military Academy has failed to reveal the exact origin of the general's nickname. It is agreed that he received the name while he was assigned as a tactical officer at West Point, 1897-1898. One source leaned toward the idea that the nickname was the result of Pershing's strictness as a disciplinarian. According to other sources the name Black Jack was the natural result of his association with the colored troops in the 10th Cavalry, his "home" regiment. He was always a strong defender of the Negro soldier.

Born in Laclede, Missouri on September 13, 1860, John Joseph Pershing, son of a railway section foreman, grew up in a rural community with a predominantly Negro population. He understood and liked black people. When John Pershing was just seventeen, the teacher of the local Negro school left suddenly. Pershing was asked to take the job. There were a number of fairly unruly students in the school, some almost his age, but the young teacher took over the work and was successful. As a teacher he had the ability, even at that young age, to enforce discipline without disruption.

Pershing graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1886. He was always extremely loyal to and very proud of West Point. He took its motto as his code of life—"Duty, honor, country."

As a second lieutenant Pershing was assigned to the 6th Cavalry in the Southwest where he did commendable work under General Nelson A. Miles in subduing the Apaches. His work in locating and protecting a line of heliostat stations between Forts Bayard and Stan-

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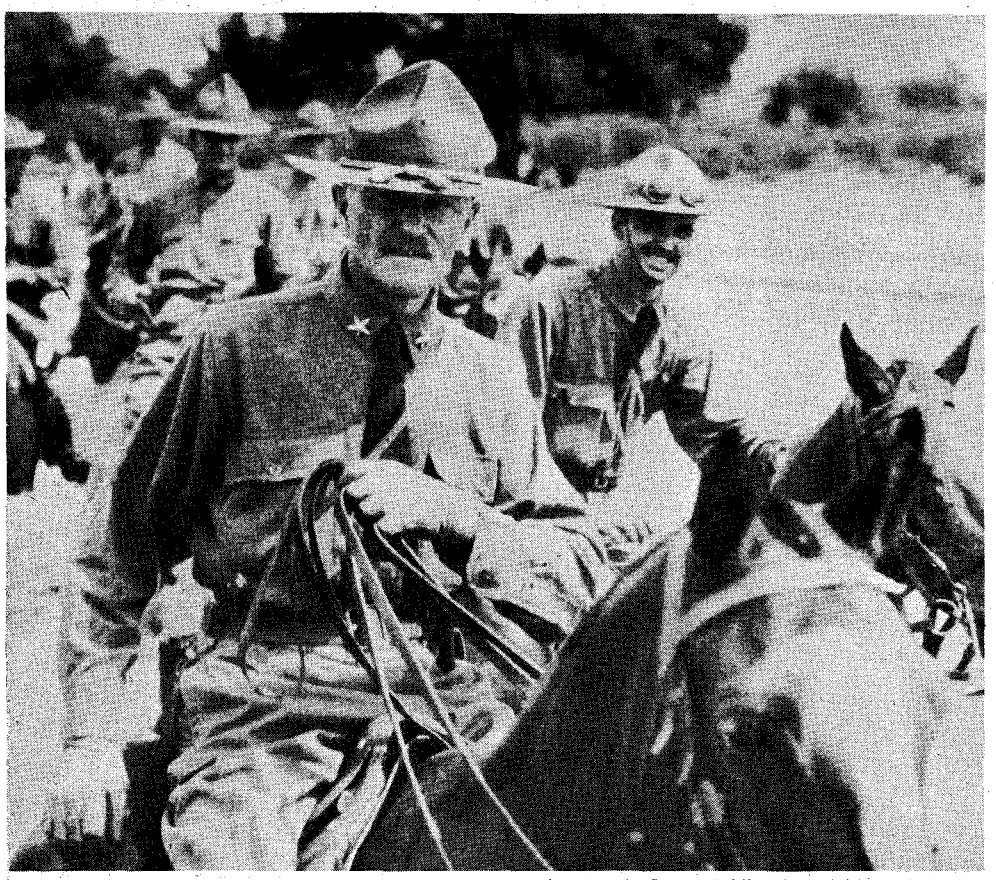
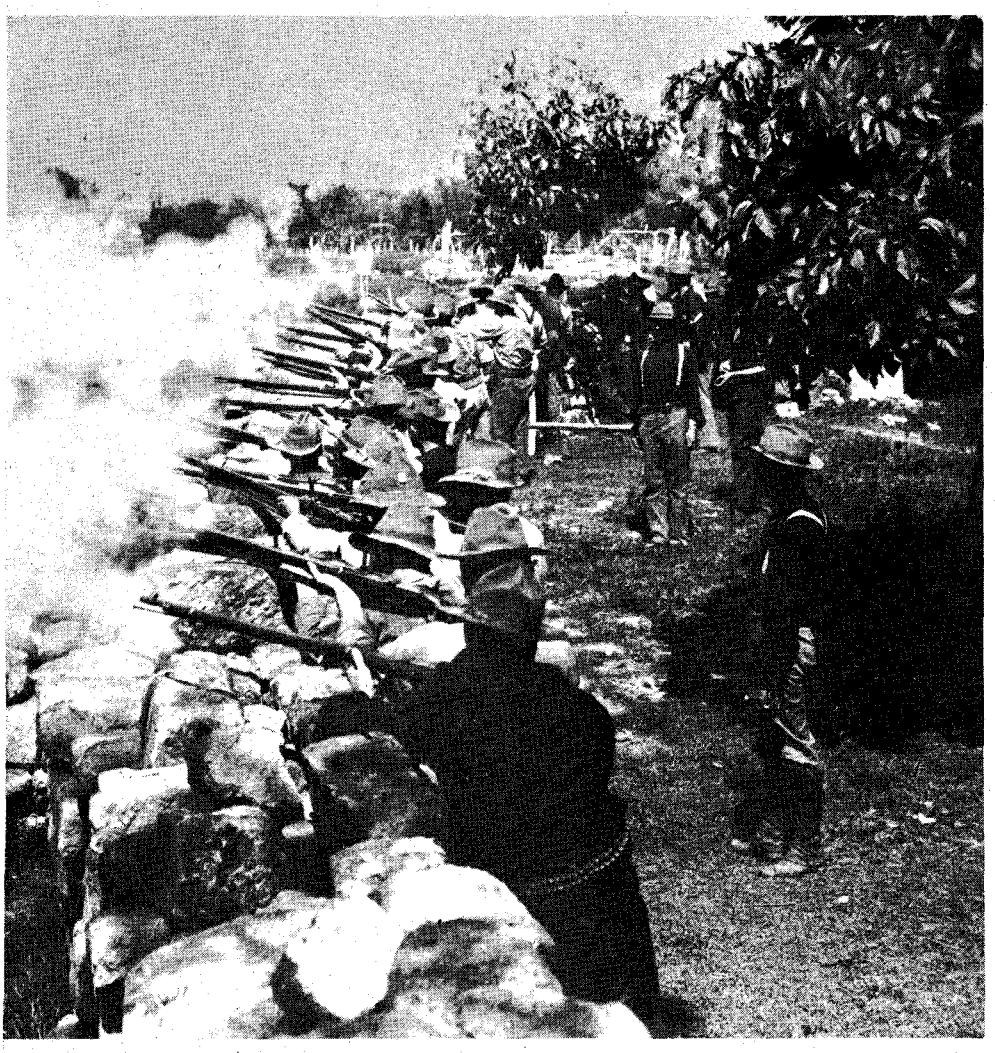


Courtesy the Denver Public Library Western Collection



At left, Pershing and his men going into Mexico in 1914.

Below, left, Washington Volunteers fighting from stone wall defenses in the Philippines in 1899.

ton was extremely dangerous, but he was fearless. On one occasion the young officer led a detail which rescued some horse thieves and cowboys who were surrounded by 100 Zunis. The white men had killed three Zunis and fellow tribesmen were bent on revenge.

Pershing, as a boy, was taught how to ride by his mother, an excellent equestrienne. His horsemanship at West Point was said to be the best since the days of U. S. Grant. He was called a born cavalryman and to him riding was a lifelong pleasure.

Briefly in February 1891, Pershing was sent to the Pine Ridge Indian Agency in South Dakota to take charge of some Sioux scouts. While on duty in the vicinity he participated in two skirmishes with the Indians during the ghost-dance troubles.

As an instructor of military science and tactics at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln in the early 1890s, Pershing became very popular with the students, as well as the faculty. He was strict and exacting, expecting a person to give his best efforts, but he always was fair. During his tour of duty at the university, Pershing was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. In 1892 he was assigned to the 10th U. S. Cavalry, a crack regiment of colored troops, experienced in frontier duty.

While teaching at the university, John Pershing studied law and was admitted to the bar. He thought that with promotions being so slow in the army, he might want to practice law. But on October 11, 1895, he joined his home regiment for active military duty and spent almost a year with the 10th Cavalry at Fort Assiniboine near Havre, Montana. While there he assisted in rounding up and escorting 600 renegade Cree Indians across the Canadian border.

These colored troops still bore the sobriquet of "Buffalo Soldiers," given to them some time earlier by Plains Indians. And later, when a crest was designed for the regiment, a buffalo was chosen for the basic figure.

From Montana, Lieut. Pershing was assigned to duty at the Headquarters of the Army at Washington, D.C., in late 1896. In June of the following year, he went to West Point as instructor of tactics.

When war was declared against Spain April 21, 1898, Pershing asked for active duty with the 10th Cavalry, despite the War Department's ruling that no officer be detached from the academy's faculty for war duty. Pershing begged to go with his men. Permission was granted just in time for him to help his Negro troopers land on Cuban shores. The story of the battle before Santiago has been told many times. Usually, however, the limelight plays on Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. In the San Juan Hill charge white regiments, black regiments, regu-

(Continued on page 56)

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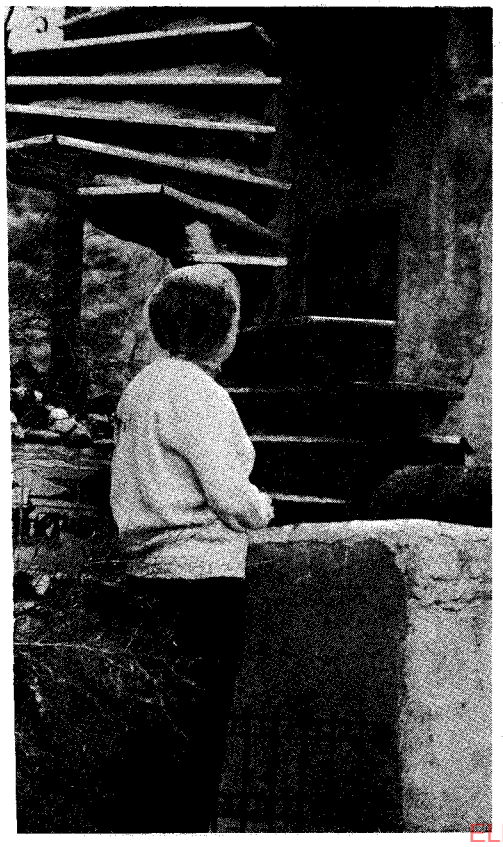
ARIZONA'S MYSTERY CASTLE

Sometimes—maybe—a man thinks he's merely building a shelter for his body when really he's building a shelter for his soul . . .

Above, the mystery castle near Phoenix, Arizona; a sprawling 18-room wonder built by hand by a man with lots of imagination and little money.

Below, left, the author inspects the "flying staircase," a separate mystery in itself!

At right, decorative tiles, a cat molded from concrete, and the wishing well are located on the patio.



By AGNES M. PHARO

Photos Courtesy Author

STANDING IN the shadow of old South Mountain, only seven miles from present-day downtown Phoenix, is a fantasy-like structure of turrets, balconies and wrought-iron stair railings which is as much an object of wonder today as it was when Boyce Luther Gulley began building it in 1929.

That was the year when, in Seattle, Washington, Gulley had learned he was a victim of tuberculosis. What better place to seek a return to health than in the desert country of the great Southwest? Leaving his wife and daughter behind, he left for Arizona. No one knows just how or when he first conceived the idea of building a castle. Maybe it was because he remembered that his daughter Mary Lou had often asked him to build one for her. Whatever the reason, it's pretty sure he knew that the building of it would keep him out in the sunshine, and that would be a big factor in his favor.

Boyce Gulley had had two years of

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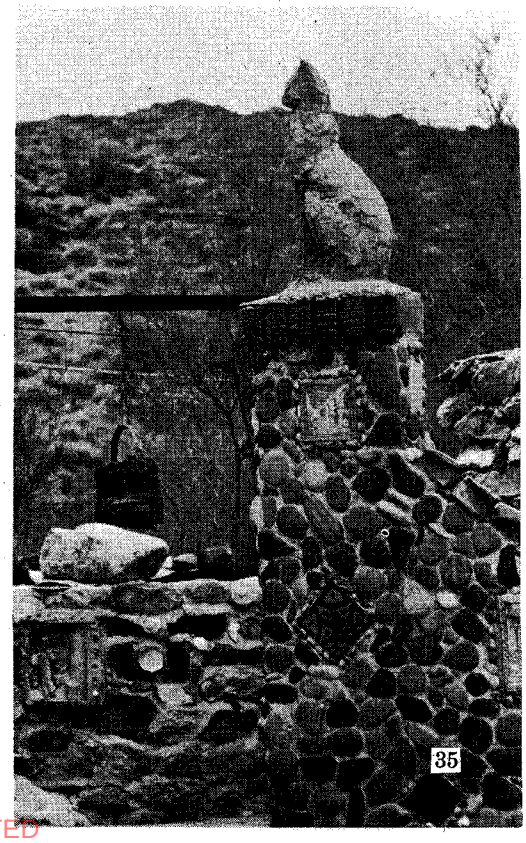

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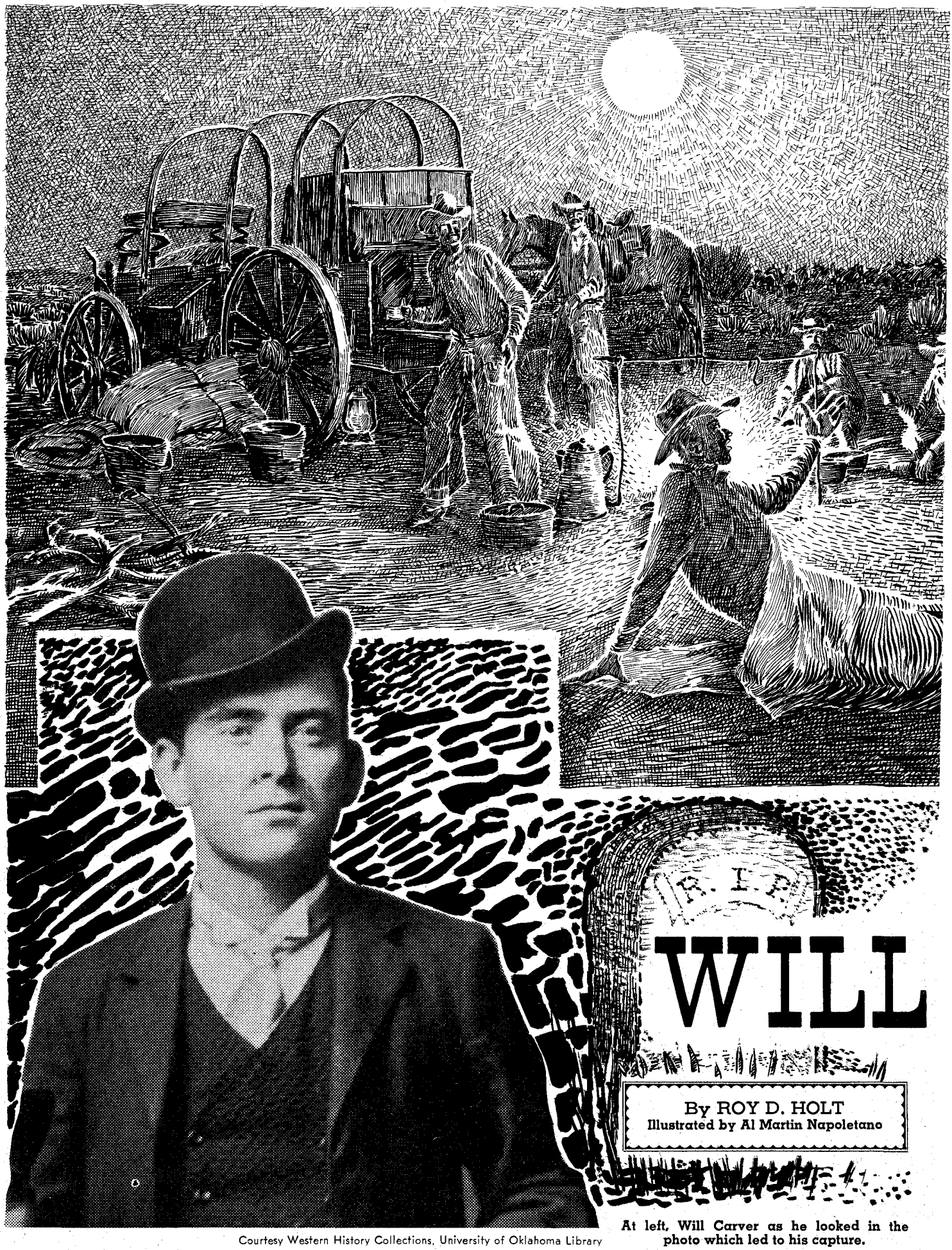

WILL

By ROY D. HOLT
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

At left, Will Carver as he looked in the photo which led to his capture.

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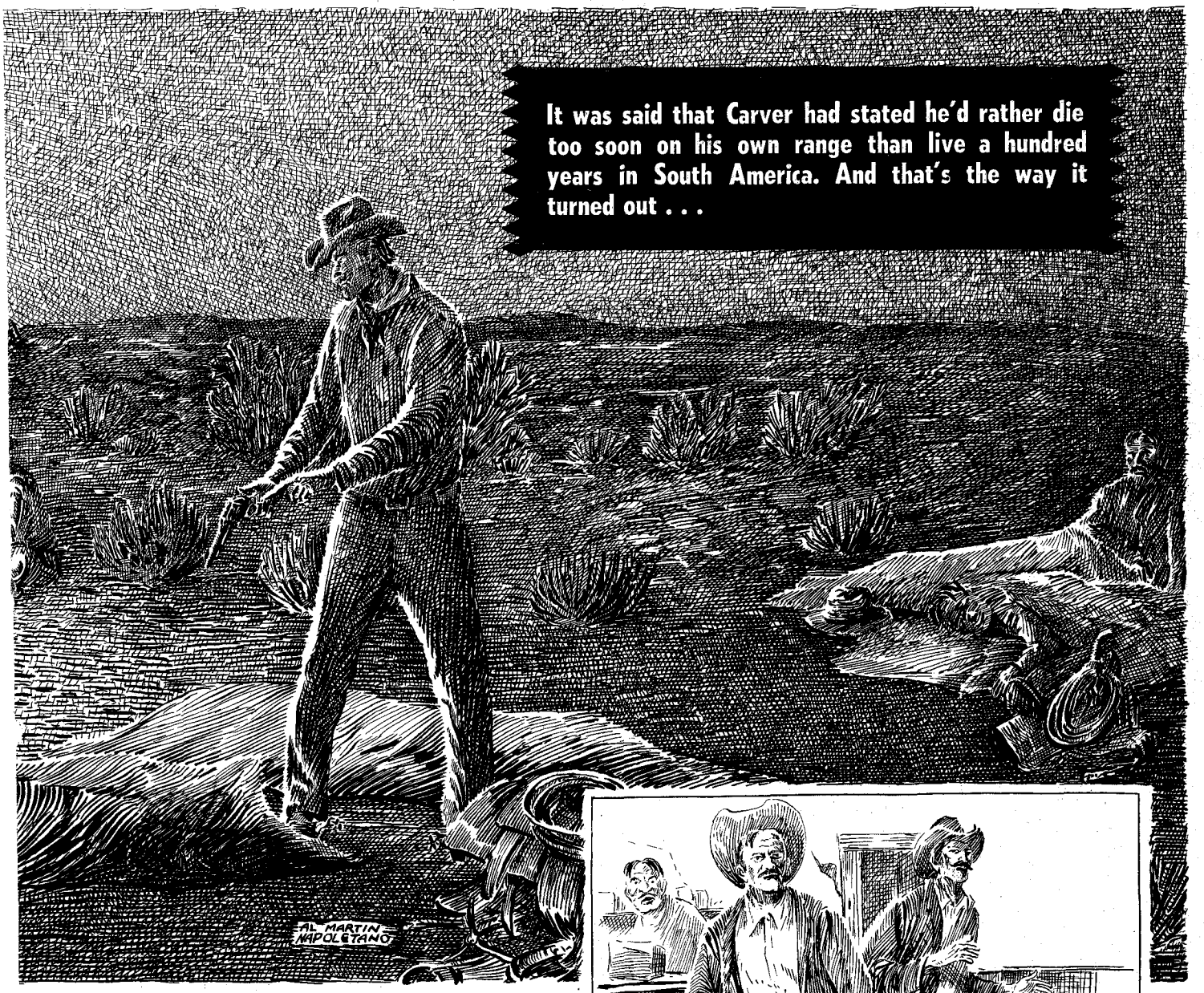
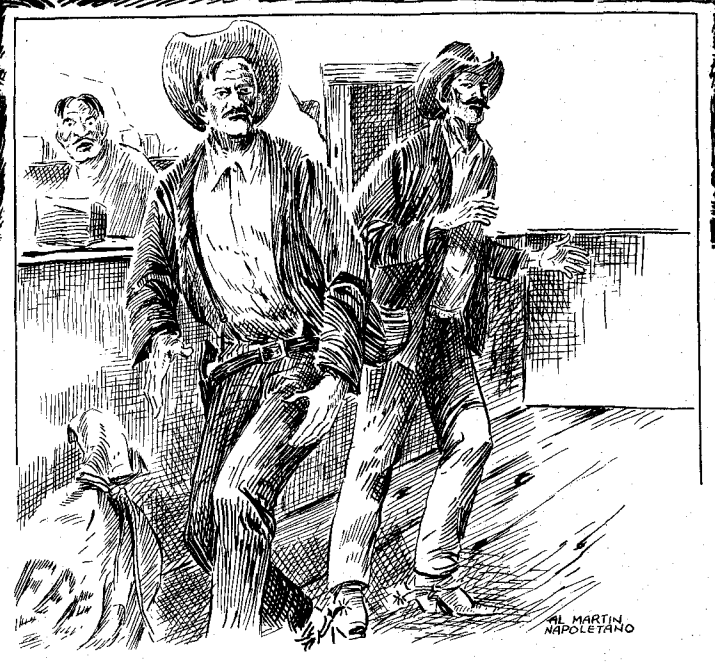
It was said that Carver had stated he'd rather die too soon on his own range than live a hundred years in South America. And that's the way it turned out . . .



The End of CARVER



"WELL, BOYS, when you see me again I'll be wearing diamonds—or a ball and chain!" This was the farewell statement of likable Will Carver to his old *compadres* who had ridden with him for the "Half-Circle Six" cattle outfit for the past several seasons. He was leaving the Six headquarters near Knickerbocker on Dove Creek in Tom Green County, Texas, to take charge of the outfit's cattle in Indian Territory. He had graduated from his $30 a month cowboy job, and was looking for adventure on a wider range. Some of his pals had already found such on the Owl Hoot Trail.

After a few years and numerous daring train, bank, store and post office holdups over the Southwest, Will Carver came back to his old Texas range. He was wearing diamonds, a city dude's rigging, and he had a price on his head. His time was getting short. He rode boldly into the little ranch town of Sonora, in April 1901. There his luck, which had kept him unscathed in countless other western towns, played out. A fatal bullet from a gun of a Texas sheriff had his number.

WILL CARVER was born and spent his boyhood in Bandera County, a short distance west of San Antonio. He

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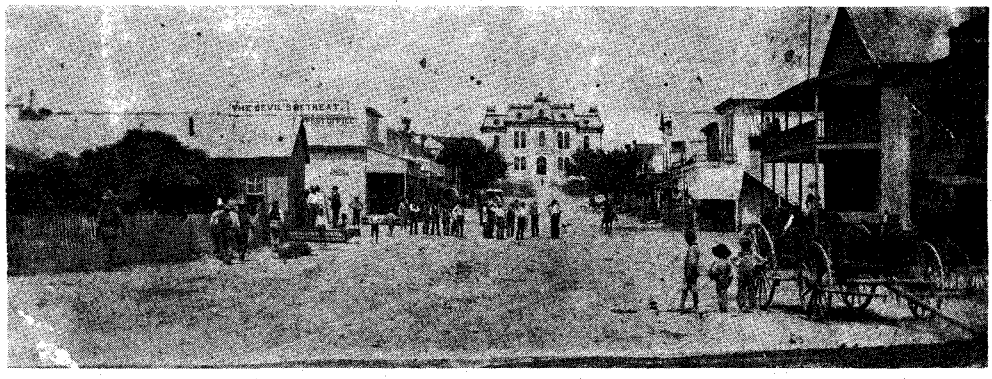


Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library
Sonora, Texas in 1897, four years before Carver's death.

learned to ride a horse, use a rope, and shoot a gun. He learned self-reliance. But his country was fenced in. Like most boys of his time, he dreamed of riding west and getting a job on a big open-range spread. At last, he made his desire come true—and showed up at the Dove Creek headquarters of the Half-Circle Six (6), said to be the largest outfit south of the State of Colorado. Will possessed a horse and saddle, a six-gun, a bed-roll and a craving for excitement. He was hired for the spring roundup.

This boy was far from being a badman at the time. Old-timers affirm his family was highly respected and the son's training the very best. Bill was not a tough or a rowdy. He was described as mild-mannered—even quiet and shy. There was nothing about him to suggest the reckless, daredevil spirit often found in the rough environment of that day.

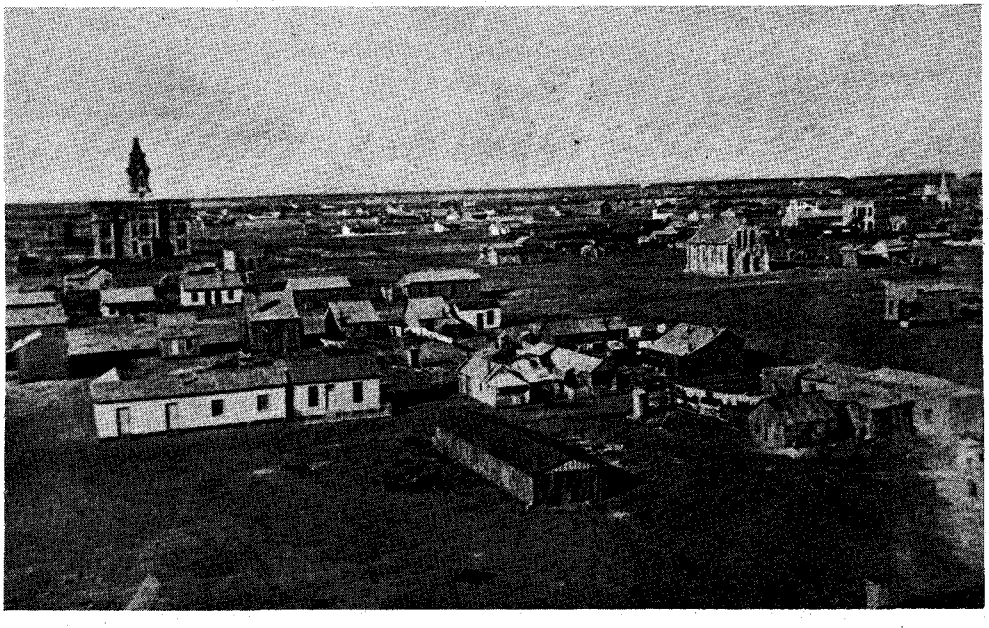
J. J. Arthur, who pioneered in irrigated farming on Dove Creek near Knickerbocker, told me about Carver's initiation on the roundup. Naturally a "green" hand would become the victim of some good-natured pranks. The first night out, as the hungry cowboys ate supper around the chuckwagon, Carver realized he was the butt of a lot of joshing but said nothing. When the boys spread their bed-rolls on the ground in the moonlight, it "just happened" that the bully of the crowd bedded down alongside Carver, with the other beds scattered about.

All became quiet. Carver noticed that his bedfellow hadn't even pulled off his boots or spurs. The big cowboy raised himself on his elbow and drawled, so that all could hear, "Podner, guess I oughter tell you that if you feel me bitin' er kickin' ye durin' the night, don't think nuthin' 'bout it. Oncet I woke up astraddle uv a feller sleepin' by me, a-hittin' and spurrin' 'im somethin' awful. Ye see, I can't help it but I have fits some nights!"

Without haste, Carver took his six-shooter in his right hand and settled down on his blanket. "I guess I ought to tell you that when anything touches me sudden in my sleep, I wake up shooting. Jest can't help it!"

The big bully, who was none other than Tom Ketchum, didn't have any fits that night. Here began the association of Carver with Black Jack Ketchum, who was to rob and terrorize the West for the next ten years and who was said to have killed fourteen men. Other recruits in the Ketchum gang from the Knickerbocker area and the ranks of the Six riders were Sam Ketchum, brother of Black Jack; Dave Adkins, who killed a man at Sherwood and went on the dodge; Ed Bullion, whose sister, Laura, was also to make a name for herself; and big Ben Kilpatrick, who came from his home near Paint Rock to break horses for the Six outfit.

San Angelo, Texas in 1885. Sheriff Briant died here in 1932.
Santa Fe Railway Photo



R. A. (BOB) EVANS, who died at his home in Eldorado, Texas in 1950, once related to me something of his experiences during his own years as a rider for the Six outfit. W. L. Aldwell and Ed R. Jackson were the owners and Gus Thomas was wagon boss. During the winter blizzards, cattle from the Plains and the San Angelo country drifted southward to the Devil's and the Pecos Rivers, and to the Rio Grande. The spring roundups kept the men in the saddle day and night for months at a time. It was a hard grueling life, with the men usually dead for sleep. Even at that, some of the men gambled every night. One man, later a prosperous rancher and race horse owner, followed the wagon after paydays, relieving the boys of their wages and other possessions.

Evans rode, worked and slept with Carver, Sam Ketchum and Dave Adkins. At the time he did not class any of them as bad, and found it hard to understand how they could later become hardened outlaws. Tom Ketchum was already a wanted man, and Evans knew him to be cruel and mean, even as a boy. His influence had much to do with causing his brother Sam, Will Carver, Dave Adkins and other Dove Creek boys to step over the line into banditry.

Evans liked and respected Will Carver when he worked with him. Carver was a good hand but, of course, had to let off steam once in a while at the saloon. He was popular with the other men—generous and easy-going; he was also a good man with a gun. Evans saw him ride along one day, his horse on a dead run, and kill a blue quail at every shot with his handgun.

Once a young cowboy met death on the roundup when his horse fell on him. The wagon boss saw that the body was taken to town and given a decent burial. Carver helped with this. The boy's mother was informed of the tragedy by letter and his personal possessions sent home. The woman wrote the boss requesting her boy's two horses be sold to pay his funeral expenses. The cowboys rolled dice to see who bought the horses. Evans won and got a fine grey animal. Will Carver wanted the horse and offered Evans what he had paid. The transaction was made but Carver lacked $20 of having the total amount. Later he sent Evans $50 to retire the debt, the $30 being what he called "interest."

A young lad came to the Six chuckwagon and was hired although he was suffering from tuberculosis. His string of horses had some salty buckers which the boy could not handle, weakened as he was. Carver took a liking to the boy, topped the bad horses, and the two became close friends.

WHY DID CARVER turn outlaw? Nobody knows for certain, and theories vary widely. The late J. Marvin Hunter, publisher of *Frontier Times* at Bandera, Texas, for many years, stated that Carver was a poor boy who went from Ban-

(Continued on page 86)

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THROTTLED by a HAIR WATCH CHAIN

From "*When the Trail was New in Mountraille*"
By LUTIE TAYLOR BREELING
submitted by
MRS. MURRAY CLARK
with photos from the book

A regrettable tragedy and a singular conclusion: Both the chain and the woman who tightened it were instruments of God

George Grinnel

THE LAND known to the North Dakota rancher and homesteader as Grinnel Flats extended from Charlie Davis' old ranch on Sec. 21, Twp. 154, R 94, northwest up the river past Tom Ward's where a ridge of land separates the Grinnel from the Nesson Flats. On the Old River Log this was known as Strawberry Butte Bottoms.

Out on the flat, south of where Tom Ward later lived (Mr. Ward told me that he had located on his ranch August 9, 1898) across Beaver Creek, lived George Grinnel, for whom the flats were named, with his wife Josephine and four children, three boys and a girl: John, George Jr., Charley and Allen.

Mrs. Grinnel was born Josephine Malnoure; her mother was a Gros Ventre and her father French. She was brought up farther west on Nesson Flats. When young she was considered very pretty. After completing the government schools of the state she was sent to college in Hampton, Virginia, where she finished with honors. She with others were entertained by President Garfield. After finishing school Josephine came back to live with her parents in an Indian village. A mistake that the government made in those days—positions were not open for the graduates. They had received an education but where could they put it to use? It was back to the blanket.

George Grinnel was from Iowa. During the Civil War he enlisted in an Iowa regiment. He became tired of this and deserted, but by the time the United States Government caught up with him he had enlisted in the First Minnesota Regiment. According to the roster in "Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars" I find George W. Grinnel as twenty-one years of age; mustered in May 24, 1861; transferred to U. S. Cavalry October 24, 1862. With this transfer he was sent into Dakota Territory for Indian Warfare, the one thing he had longed for. When Grinnel got out of the service he remained in the West for adventure and to make his fortune.

In stature he was a short heavy-set man, weighing about 165. Jordan, Leighton & Heddrick considered him a good risk and staked him to a start. Grinnel selected the bottomland of the Missouri River to farm. He had a contract with the government to raise oats, and was given the use of all the land he could get water on; the oats were taken up the river to Fort Buford to feed goverment horses held there.

Grinnel farmed 1,200 acres. This land was usually flooded by the Missouri when the river was up in the spring, but to be sure of water he dammed Beaver Creek and flooded his fields of heavy black

(Continued on page 73)

At left, 1. John Grinnel; 2. George, Jr.; 3. Allen (daughter); 4. Charley; 5. Josephine.

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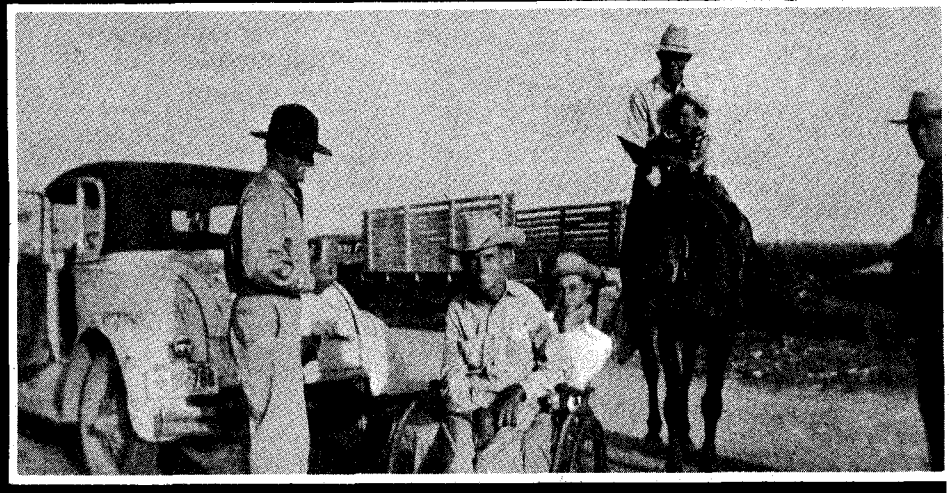
The old Peacemaker was credited with putting one man on a par with another. Alfred Goad found that a horse was

ANOTHER KIND OF "EQUALIZER"

By HENRY SCHIPMAN, JR.
Photos Courtesy Author



ALFRED GOAD of Las Cruces, New Mexico, was a working cowboy for about thirty years, and by his own estimate has ridden at least a thousand different horses in his time. He has put in countless hours in the saddle, done his share of roping, some bronc busting, has swum herds across full rivers, run mustangs, done a little brush popping where there were cattle to be gathered in thick mesquite groves, and has driven fairly large herds long distances. It would be a colorful and spectacular life for anyone but is especially so considering that Alfred Goad had polio at the age of eight months and has never walked a step in his life.

His people were an old Texas ranch family and the boy grew up with horses all around him. When only three years old he began taking daily horseback rides. His folks lifted him on and he rode longer and longer distances. By the time he reached his teens he was quite at home on horseback. He was in the saddle all day every day.

"I've probably spent more time on horseback than any other man my age. Plenty of other men have done lots of long hard riding but they spent at least part of their time traveling on their own two legs. I didn't have any legs or feet to carry me except my horse's and as long as I wanted to go I had to stay on my horse."

When Alfred was twenty, his family moved to Las Cruces, New Mexico. One day while riding down the road he met a man who struck up a conversation.

"Are you working?" the man asked.

"I can't work," said Alfred. "I can't walk."

"That don't make no difference," the man answered. "You ride that horse pretty good. I have some cattle and I know a good place to pasture them. I'll pay you to keep my cattle in that pasture."

That was the beginning. Alfred Goad became a working man. Every morning just about sun-up his father saddled a horse and lifted his son on, and Alfred rode off to get the cattle, take them to pasture, and guard them until sundown. The word spread rapidly. Soon others were hiring Alfred to keep their cattle. Gradually he built up a small herd of his own which he kept with the rest. He pastured stock for ranchers, farmers, and dairymen so the herd usually consisted of a mixture of beef and dairy cattle. Soon he was making $200 a month and supplementing that amount from time to time by the sale of a horse or cow. But he did much more trading than selling.

Top, left, is Alfred Goad on Slocum, a five-gaited Morgan which he says was not so good as a cow horse but a very good traveler.

Below, Alfred's old friend Rambler has two passengers in this photo. So does Alfred's wheelchair!

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Above, Alfred on Rambler. At left, a class picture from Alfred's early schooldays.

Every day with few exceptions, all through the year, in every kind of weather, Alfred was in the saddle all day long. In an average day he spent about twelve hours on horseback. Sixteen hours wasn't at all uncommon. His longest time on the same horse without once dismounting was eighteen hours. Alfred and the horse were both pretty tired at the end of that ride. When the saddle was removed, a good amount of hair came with it and the horse's back didn't look good. A few sores had started. They began doctoring right away and there were no serious consequences, but Alfred promised himself he would never ride so long again without changing horses.

Alfred liked to get started as early as possible so usually didn't take time for much breakfast—a glass of milk with an egg beaten in it, and he was on his way. Sometimes he had a helper but most of the time he worked alone. Ordinarily Alfred didn't come home for a noon meal but stayed out with the cattle until dusk and didn't take a lunch with him. He ate a good meal at home at night. The light eating, the constant outdoor life and exercise which is a natural part of horseback riding, kept the boy in the best possible physical condition and he was seldom sick.

ONE SUMMER Alfred noticed there was better grazing across the river from where he pastured the cattle. There was no bridge anywhere near so he swam the cattle across. Nearly every day that summer he crossed that river twice; once early in the morning to give his herd the best grazing and again in the evening to take them home for the night. Sometimes they could wade but often the water was so deep the cattle and the horse had to swim. Of course his saddle and clothing got wet but that doesn't bother a cowpuncher. It's all a part of the day's riding.

Alfred couldn't use his arms well enough to compete in any professional roping contest but he did learn to rope well enough to do any roping necessary to his job. At roundup time when all the cowmen got together to gather and brand calves, Alfred often went along to do the roping. He stayed on his horse all day, dropping his loop on one calf after another and dragging them up to the branding fire while others did the flanking, branding, and various ground chores.

He used a twenty-foot rope and was usually able to get up beside the animal. That sounds easy but it takes plenty of skill if you have to do it on the run which he sometimes did. "I never tried to rope from a distance. I always had a good horse that could put me right up alongside anything I wanted to rope no matter how wild it was or how fast it was running. A running horse is the easiest to rope from. A lope bounces you too much and a gallop is choppy, but get into a dead run and he smooths out and you can make your throw."

The fact that Alfred also became a bronc rider was due entirely to his determination. It was his life's ambition, an ambition which amounted to an obsession. As soon as he had learned to master a gentle horse he began begging his dad to let him try a green, unbroken horse that would buck. "I've always wished I could walk," Alfred said, "I've wished for a lot of things, but I never wanted any of them like I wanted to ride broncs. For years that was all I lived for. I thought about it all the time, lived it, ate it, drank it, slept it. I pestered my dad day after day for months to put me on a bronc. He thought I'd be killed, but no matter how often he said 'no,' no matter how mad he got, I kept pestering. Finally he gave in and put me on a bronc."

Alfred rode broncs from then on at every opportunity. When thrown he asked to be put back on. If the horse had never been ridden before, he waited until someone else saddled and rode him two or three times because such a horse has trouble keeping his balance under a man's weight and is likely to fall. After

Out hunting rabbits, Alfred is riding the fender on the left, his Dad right behind him. The youngun with the rifle "shouldered" is Alfred's cousin, Calvin Waldrop.

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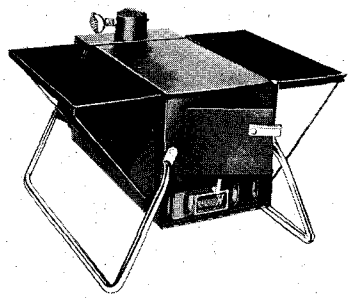

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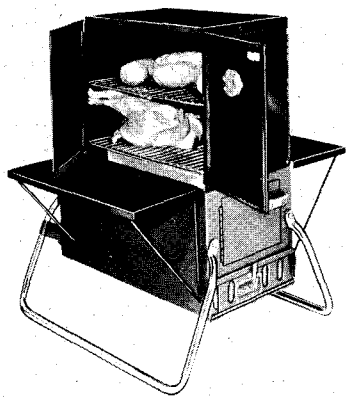

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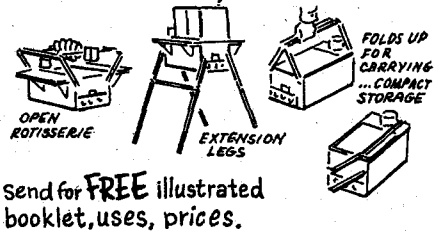

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about three saddlings the average horse learns to balance a rider. He may buck plenty after that but is unlikely to fall.

Alfred, of course, never hired out to anyone; he just broke his own horses but he was often able to sell a well-broke horse later for a higher price than he would have brought otherwise. Forty or fifty seconds is as long as any bronc will buck at one time without stopping. At the end of that time he may break into a run or just stand still and maybe start bucking again a few seconds later. Alfred rode some to a standstill. The longest session he put in at one time was sixty jumps if the count was right. A man watching started counting the jumps when the bronc exploded and told him there were sixty. Alfred took his word for it. He was much too busy at the time to do any counting himself.

On the other hand there were times when he hit the dust on the very first jump. One of the last horses he rode was a big black mare which stood 16 hands and weighed 1,200 pounds. Alfred was riding her one day and she was carrying her head and ears as if bucking were the farthest thing from her thoughts. Then very suddenly, for no apparent reason, she lowered her head and made just one big, bucking jump that sent Alfred sailing through the air.

OCCASIONALLY Alfred and a few other cowboys got together to chase mustangs. In these sessions probably each man hoped to snare a good one for his own personal mount. "I never did much of it," he said, "because I always got too excited. I was determined they wouldn't get away and just kept riding faster and faster over the roughest ground and followed wherever they went. I'd forget about the danger and just go crazy and would be as likely to ride over a cliff as not. If you know you're that way you're foolish to chase wild horses because you're bound to get killed, so I quit."

Alfred learned to be a pretty good trainer. He taught horses to do the single foot, fox trot, and running walk, the latter especially valuable for any cow horse, and he got extra good prices for some of his horses because they knew these gaits. "The best way to teach a horse these gaits is to make him afraid to trot. Push him out of a walk and when he starts to trot jerk him up suddenly. It doesn't take much."

Alfred's father had been a blacksmith and sometimes made bits and spurs for use on his own horses. He also made hackamores. "I never made anything used on a horse," Alfred said. "I just rode the horses and used the things on them and left the making to somebody else."

Because he couldn't use his feet Alfred seldom wore boots and never tried to use spurs, but he was never without his quirt and always used it when necessary. "I liked to be as good to my horses as I could but I soon learned I'd never get anywhere with them if I wasn't willing to hurt them when they needed it. The time comes when you have to punish every horse, really hurt him, to show him who's boss."

One of Alfred's favorite horses, which because of his long, close association with him must have become his very favorite in the end, was named Rambler. He stood 14½ hands and weighed 940 pounds. Alfred described Rambler as the toughest horse he ever rode. His sire was a Thoroughbred and his mother a common range mare. Alfred rode Rambler from 1938 to 1951, longer than any other horse he ever had. During all that time hardly a week passed that Alfred didn't ride Rambler at least once. Most of these rides lasted all day. A man and a horse can get mighty close when they spend that much time together for that many years.

"We got so we could read each other's minds most of the time. I knew what Rambler was thinking; I knew what he wanted and he knew what I wanted."

Alfred couldn't grip his reins as well as the average rider. He usually kept them tied together but sometimes the tied ends slipped out of his hand and slid down the horse's neck out of his reach. If he were riding Rambler when that happened, all he had to do was say, "Pick 'em up, Rambler," and the horse would lift his head and turn it back until the bit shank was within easy reach and Alfred could take hold there and slide his hand back to the ends of the reins.

Practically every cow horse bucked sometimes, and for many reasons, but only one thing made Rambler buck—anger. "Rambler was the only horse I ever saw with a temper just like a man's. He was tame and gentle and usually good-natured, but sometimes he disagreed with me on how to do a job or he wanted to go one way when I wanted to go another or I'd try to get him to do something at the end of the day when he thought it was quitting time. He'd get mad about it and go to bucking. He kept

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Goad, with their camera-shy dog, Taffy. Alfred is in his new electric wheelchair.

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trying to have his own way. I don't think he ever wanted to hurt me. I don't think he even wanted to throw me. He just bucked because he was mad."

Once Alfred was riding Rambler in company with another rider when Rambler jerked his head back and up until his neck was practically at right angles with his withers and began shaking it from side to side.

"Look out for that horse!" Alfred's companion warned. "He's about to cause some trouble."

"He just wants me to scratch his ear," laughed Alfred.

"How do you know what he wants?"

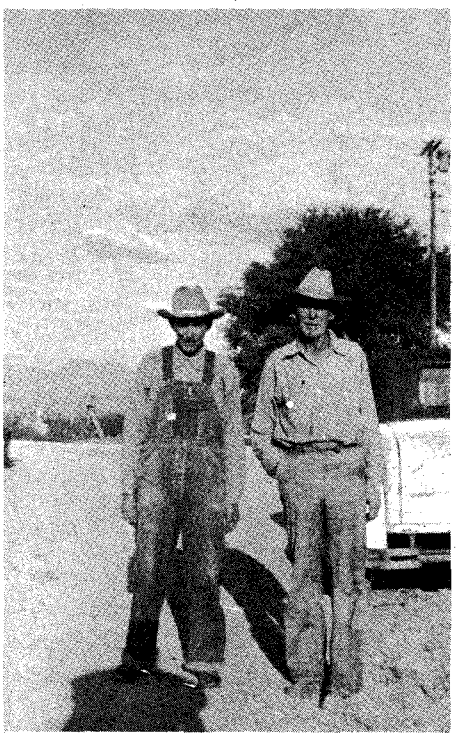
In answer Alfred reached out and scratched the horse's ear and Rambler immediately relaxed and lowered his head. That's how well the man and his horse understood each other.

Sometimes to get where he was going, Alfred had to cross rickety old bridges which he was afraid wouldn't hold up under his horse's weight. If he were riding Rambler the horse knew he was afraid and that made him afraid too and he wouldn't take the bridge. "The only thing I could do was to ride off somewhere and get it completely out of my mind. Then I'd come back concentrating on something else as hard as I could, not giving that bridge a thought. When Rambler sensed I wasn't scared anymore he'd walk right over the bridge with no trouble."

After thirteen years together Rambler began to stumble occasionally and sometimes when Alfred was riding hard the horse fell with him. At last it happened so often it became necessary to get rid of him. Alfred sold his horse to a man who put him to lighter use where falling wouldn't be a problem.

For a year or more Alfred didn't see Rambler at all. Then he stopped by one day to see the horse's new owner and there was Rambler, eating hay in the corral. Alfred went to the fence and called to him. At the sound of the familiar voice speaking his name the old horse immediately left the feed rack, came over to the fence, and put his head over the top rail to say "howdy." It was a happy reunion but a sad one too because these two would take no more rides together. Their long years of partnership were over. After a few minutes "conversation" with Rambler, Alfred went his way and the last he saw of his partner of many trails, he was still standing at the fence watching him go. Alfred says he's sure the old fellow was disappointed that he didn't saddle him up for another ride.

Alfred Goad's father, on right, with his cousin Rufus.



EXPERT ROPERS and bronc riders were needed on most ranches in the early days and still have their place, but they weren't always the best cowboys. The best cowboys were the men who knew and understood the nature of cattle and horses.

Such a man could calm and soothe a herd just by his presence where another, trying to do the same thing, would just get them all excited. He could ride a horse much farther and get much more work out of him than anyone else and at the same time tire him less. Such a man was Alfred Goad.

"I could go alone to a herd of twenty-five or thirty cattle and in a few minutes have them all lined out in a single file, the best way for cattle to travel. I could start them off the way I wanted them to go and keep them going just as long as necessary. I can't tell you how I did it. I just knew I could do it whenever it had to be done. I rode back and forth a few times but there was more to it than that. Others watched me and tried to do it but couldn't. It's just a matter of constant practice."

In 1948 Alfred went to work for an old rancher named Will Tipton. He moved out to the ranch and spent a year there. Some of Tipton's stock were wild and Alfred did some pretty dangerous riding. Every time Tipton saw him do it he was scared stiff and got a dozen new gray hairs. "You're gonna get killed, boy! As sure as the world, you're gonna get killed!" he would shout. At the end of the year he let Alfred go. He was satisfied with his work but just too worried about his being killed on the job. Alfred went back to keeping cattle in a pasture for several others.

Of course, Alfred was sometimes thrown from his horse and on occasion it happened when he was out on the range alone. What then? It was a too serious predicament not to prepare for. Alfred always carried a loaded gun and extra ammunition and when he left in the morning someone at home always knew approximately where he would spend the day. If Alfred got thrown, he made himself as comfortable as possible and fired his gun at regular intervals to attract searchers. Nine times out of ten when a horse throws his rider he heads straight back to the home corral, and all early-day ranch people were pretty good trackers.

(Continued on page 92)

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Missing Gold Bars of Tres Piedras

(Continued from page 27)

Dismounting, Upholt got a shovel from the pack mule and started digging. Within minutes all of the skeleton was cleared; rotted fragments of clothing, a cartridge belt and a rusted .45 caliber sixgun were with it.

As night was at hand Upholt went out of the wash to camp. The next morning he was forced to go to a spring for water. On his return he began excavating the gravel, boulders and dirt. A little to the east he found a second skeleton, with rotting clothing intact. In the pockets were several pieces of shredded paper no longer readable. The first remains revealed no evidence as to the cause of death. In the second, a bullet had splintered the left ribs and passed out through the shoulder bones.

Three days later Upholt uncovered the third skeleton. This definitely proved the site to be where the herders had seen the bodies. During that same night or the following day, swift rushing waters had spilled the wall over to conceal them. Upholt found nothing of the pack mules.

RETURNING to Tres Piedras he contacted Cancino. The two men went back to the place with ten workmen who shovelled out the entire cave-in, but found nothing else. The skeletal remains and material fragments were gathered up for reburial at Tres Piedras. Metal and bone buttons, belt buckles and boots were collected. The boots were flat-soled, square-heeled and made of crudely tanned leather such as Mexicans wore. Cancino was convinced the three dead men were Spanish-Americans.

Upholt returned to Tres Piedras with the party. Cancino was more hopeful than before. If the identity of the dead could be ascertained, he would soon have clues as to the source of the gold bars. He urged Upholt to continue searching in the meantime.

Agreeing, Upholt went all the way east to where the wash emptied into the Rio Grande. Well back from the river the banks widened and fell away completely. The wash emptied onto beds of gravel, boulders and sand. The water spread out widely as it flowed into the stream. Where the current lost its force and among the driftwood he found a large number of horse and mule bones. If from the dead men's stock, the bones had been carried downstream about eight miles. Such a thing was easily possible during successive floods.

Two days later Upholt located a mule head and other bones caught in a bed of boulders and partly covered. Upstream other finds were made—a skull and six leg bones. Next a pack saddle with one rotted leather pannier in place was found buried almost completely in sand and gravel.

There could be no doubt now of the night shooting and its site. But what happened to the additional gold bars, if any? They could not have floated away. And they surely could not have rolled far downstream despite the rush of water which had carried along boulders and debris. It was then that Upholt had a hunch that downstream a little distance they had been buried deep in gravel and sandy mud. If caught in a pothole, there might be a ton of fill over them.

Animal bones, being swept all the way to the river was easily figured out. The carcasses had been closer to the center of the wash than the bodies of the men had been and, therefore, covered shallowly. Successive floods carried the bones, stripped of flesh by wild animals, toward the river.

Camping beside the wash over the shooting site, Upholt cut a trail down to the floor. Thereafter he trenched tests to locate deep holes which had been filled. Two hundred yards down the wash he dug into one fifteen feet deep before reaching bedrock.

After two weeks of digging, Upholt was about ready to abandon the hard work when Cancino rode joyously into camp. His first words were, "I have found one of those who got the gold from an old Spanish mine!"

Calming his intense excitement over coffee and frijoles, Cancino related his new information which turned out to be not too promising despite his enthusiasm. Some of his information was mere guessing.

Hoping to gain some clue about the outlaws he had gone west into Gallegos Canyon. It long had been deserted by the gang. The buildings were then in the hands of an Indian trader, Dick Simpson, who had just opened a store. Porter Stockton had been killed in a gunfight back in 1881. The whereabouts of surviving mambers of his outlaw crew were unknown.

Because the three riders were traveling west when killed, Cancino deduced that they were making for some village on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Therefore he concentrated on extended investigation south to and including Santa Fe. But the lapse of years was against him and he had almost given up hope when a friend making inquiries in his behalf learned that a young man of twenty-four, Jose Terrero, had gone off somewhere with two companions hunting a lost gold mine. From that day on Terrero was never seen or heard of again. Terrero had no relatives in Santa Fe. Indeed, no one knew where he came from. He was around the town three or four years. The family he lived with last, reported that he had two lower front gold teeth. That convinced Cancino, for one of the skulls had such teeth.

Terrero told the family that two of his friends, not naming them, had found clues to a wealth in gold. It was at an old mine and they were going after it. After considerable thought the head of the family told Cancino that he felt certain the three men were going to Guadalupe Mountain.

The golden wealth, Terrero had also revealed, had been cached because of raiding Utes who claimed all that country and had tried to drive the Spaniards out. The people at the mine supposedly buried the gold and fled south. For some reason none of them ever returned.

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The chances were likely that the three men took the trail towards Arroyo Seco. Traveling it, Cancino and his Santa Fe friend found that the three paused long enough in the village of Arroyo Hondo to replenish their supplies. Known slightly there, Terrero bragged that on their return they would be wealthy men.

"If they went to Guadalupe Mountain, they were seen!" declared Cancino to Upholt. "Let us go find out, for it may be they could not carry all the gold bars on two mules!"

CANCINO went back to Tres Piedras, returning with three Mexicans. Packing up, Upholt joined them. Crossing the Rio Grande below Guadalupe Mountain the party moved into its foothills where they found a sheep camp. The oldest herder said he knew the mountain well. He knew where two or three mine shafts had been put down, and took them there. All had been filled up. No surface evidence existed that they had been opened in recent years.

Disappointed, Cancino insisted on going to the village of San Antonio del Rio Colorado (Questa). The adobe town stood in the northwest angle where Cabestro Creek joined Red River. Almost at once they learned that Terrero was known there and remembered. From an acquaintance Cancino and Upholt received details of a specific peak about which Terrero and his companions had asked. The party immediately went there.

After three days of searching it was Upholt who found the ruins of two stone cabins. Around a shoulder of the peak from them they came onto a partly filled shaft. A deep hole yawned over to one side. It had been excavated and cleaned out. Upholt, however, was not satisfied until they had shoveled out the rubble. Right in the bottom they came upon three bars of the same size Cancino's herders had taken from the pack of a dead mule.

All set to work eagerly, widening the hole from which a cache obviously had been removed. Failing to uncover more, Cancino took his party back across the Rio Grande to Tres Piedras.

One of the bars was given Upholt for his long work searching the wash for the missing gold. He was ready to go his way elsewhere.

"Perhaps you can come back some day and look again?" Cancino asked in parting.

"Maybe so."

But Upholt never returned. In later years he was to hear wildly exaggerated stories of the missing bars from several men who hunted for them. Cancino sold his sheep and retired to Santa Fe, running a small grocery store in Old Town. Upholt saw him there once more and they discussed all the possibilities of what could have happened to the lost bars.

The account has circulated afar over southern Colorado and north-central New Mexico. Growing out of all proportion to the facts, the value increased enormously. People in every village today tell different stories about the bars.

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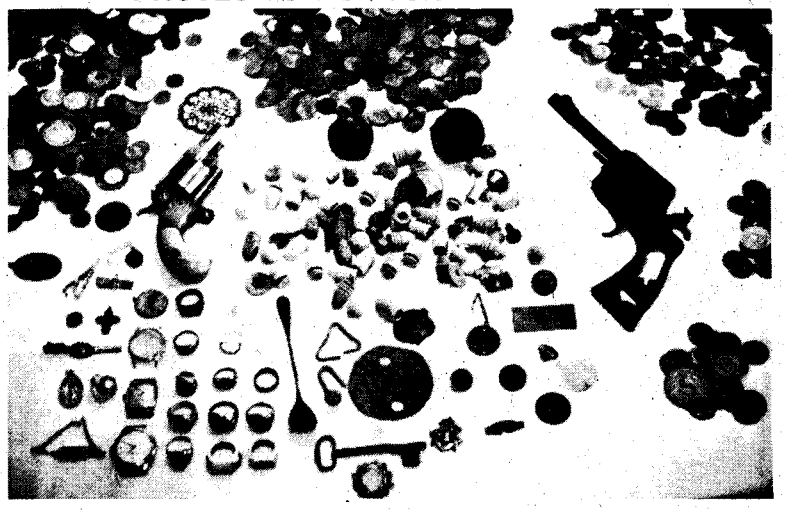

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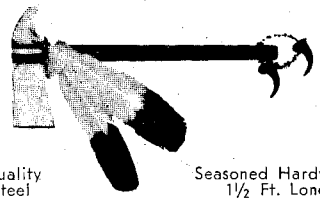

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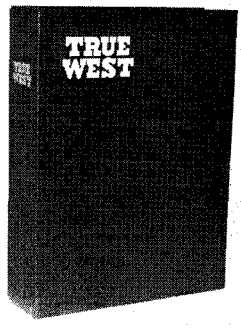

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There was always one spot in a frontier town where most of the action took place. In Ardmore it was a street called

"BLOODY CADDO"

By LOUISE RIOTTE

Photos Courtesy Author

DR. HARDY was used to performing hasty operations anywhere, anytime, anyplace. He was accustomed to mending broken heads, bodies cut with glass from broken whiskey bottles, to digging out bullets and buckshot, to tending the losers in gun battles and fist fights. He had learned in this rough environment not to shrink from performing any service necessary to save a life but the specimen they had just brought him to work on—this was almost unreasonable. Moreover the doctor had had a long day and was dead tired, and his punctured patient was full of holes and bleeding from every one of them!

The frontier medic set to work. Much later he straightened up and looked the still-conscious man straight in the face. He had just finished taking 32 buckshot out of Wobblin' Willie Beleau. Weak from shock and loss of blood, Willie's chances were not very good.

"Willie," said Dr. Hardy, "you had better say your prayers. You're played out and you may not get over this."

"Doctor," replied Willie, "I'll not die and I'll get every one of those damned Fourches before I go!"

THE LITTLE Indian Territory town of Ardmore grew up around the railroad tracks, which was the usual pattern for inland towns, and its main artery was called Caddo Street.

Ardmore had more than its share of bootleggers, cattle thieves, gamblers and men who wanted to hide out for reasons best known—and usually kept—to themselves. These were the men who frequented the establishments of entertainment and refreshment which were located on Caddo Street, and their endless fist fights and shoot-outs soon earned for these few blocks the sobriquet of "Bloody Caddo." And with good reason the name stuck.

"We had some peculiar characters around in those days—some mighty tough men." The gentle-voiced old man who was telling me this story was a former Carter County jailer and he was reminiscing about the years when it had been his duty to look after the less law-abiding citizens of the community who had a careless way of getting themselves into trouble.

"Ardmore," he continued, "wasn't very big, but it was the largest town that Indian Territory could boast of and even then, nobody could boast very much. Especially after the ruinous fire in 1895. When that happened a lot of buildings on Caddo Street had to be boarded up until repairs could be made. But it was soon rebuilt and things went on as usual. And more people came to the town and times, if anything, got rougher.

"The spot around which most of the action centered was the Dewdrop Inn, down in the basement of the old rock building at 125 Main Street which had been built back in 1890. The fire hadn't hurt the building much and the Ramsey Drug Store was soon back in business in the part that fronted on Main. Entrance to the Inn was from the side of the building on Caddo Street where the old wooden stairway, still standing, had steps leading down to the Inn and more steps

Main street revelry in Ardmore. Building at far right (arrow) housed Dr. Walter Hardy's "Ardmore Sanitarium" on the second floor (sign above upper windows) and the Dewdrop Inn in the basement.

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Interior of the Dewdrop Inn, the only known photo in existence, made by Howard Fonville, an Ardmore commercial photographer. Excess light from the flash material caused the "burned-out" appearance of faces. Man in dark vest at the bar has been identified as Irb Fourche.

leading up to the rooms above where Dr. Walter Hardy had conveniently located his first hospital called the Ardmore Sanitarium.

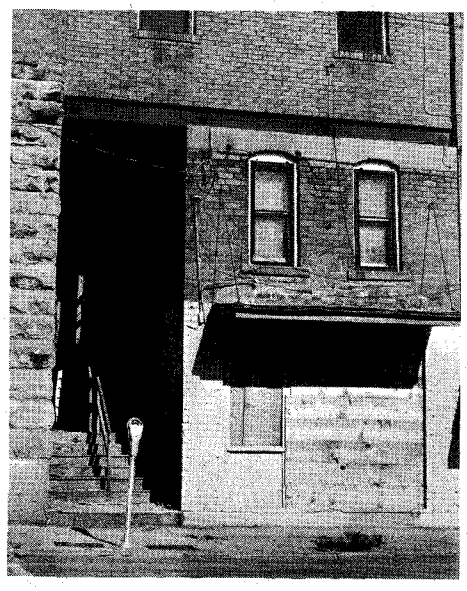
"The Inn was a sort of a gambling hall and bootlegging joint combined, and usually the toughest characters of the town congregated there, by turns scrapping and fighting, or taking their ease with a glass of whiskey or relaxing over a game of cards. A blue haze of smoke always hung over the place and the smell of liquor was always in the air. Just about the most colorful character who found his way into this den of sin was Wobblin' Willie Beleau, a cowhand who worked—when he worked at all—on the Johnny Washington ranch.

"Willie really deserved his nickname of 'Wobblin'' but, although drink often caused him to wobble more noticeably, that wasn't the real reason for the name. That uneasy walk of his had resulted from a bullet wound in his leg, acquired at an early date and which had partially paralyzed him. Maybe that had something to do with his embittered disposition. For Wobblin' Willie was tough and mean, and he had a physical description to match.

"Willie had little black, intensely bright, shoe-button eyes, deep set and always squinting. If he had been able to stand upright he would probably have been about six feet tall, but he was very thin, almost to the point of emaciation, and seemed physically delicate. In dress he was careless and none too clean. His appearance was always unsavory and his manner argumentative. Drunk, as he nearly always was in some degree, he was even more difficult and trigger happy but, drunk or sober, nothing ever seemed to affect his aim. Willie was a dead shot. Not being able to fight with fists, I guess you might say he compensated by being extremely quick with that gun and he was just about the nerviest man I ever saw. He wouldn't back down before anybody and the stories they told about him had it that he had killed at least seven people, two of them reportedly women.

"But the gunfight and killing of Irb Fourche was what really made him famous and started a feud between Willie and the Fourches which was not to end until Willie himself was dead.

Entrance to the Dewdrop Inn as it appears today on Caddo Street.



"THE FOURCHES ran a place on the east side of Caddo Street. Possibly the Dewdrop Inn got most of its supplies from them for Irb was in and out of their joint a lot and the only picture we have of the interior of the Inn shows Irb standing at the bar with his foot on the brass rail. Irb didn't get along too well with Willie. But then nobody did. However, as time went on the bad feeling between them began to grow worse.

"Whatever started the fight that day has been obscured by time—or maybe nobody ever really knew, least of all the principals. It might have been over a game of cards, a woman they both fancied—or maybe they were drinking and just anything would have set them off. At any rate Wobblin' Willie and Irb Fourche came busting out of the Inn with guns blazing and tempers flaring. Irb was a bigger and stronger man than Willie but he never really had a chance. Willie was by far the best shot and when the smoke cleared away it was Irb who lay crumpled up on the pavement, spilling his blood on Caddo Street.

"The really sad thing about this gunfight was that a little boy about eight years old, a member of the Ford family, who happened to be passing by the street at the time of the fight, stopped a stray bullet and was killed too. And a harmless little apple peddler who had his pushcart stationed on Caddo was shot in the jaw and painfully injured.

(Continued on page 48)

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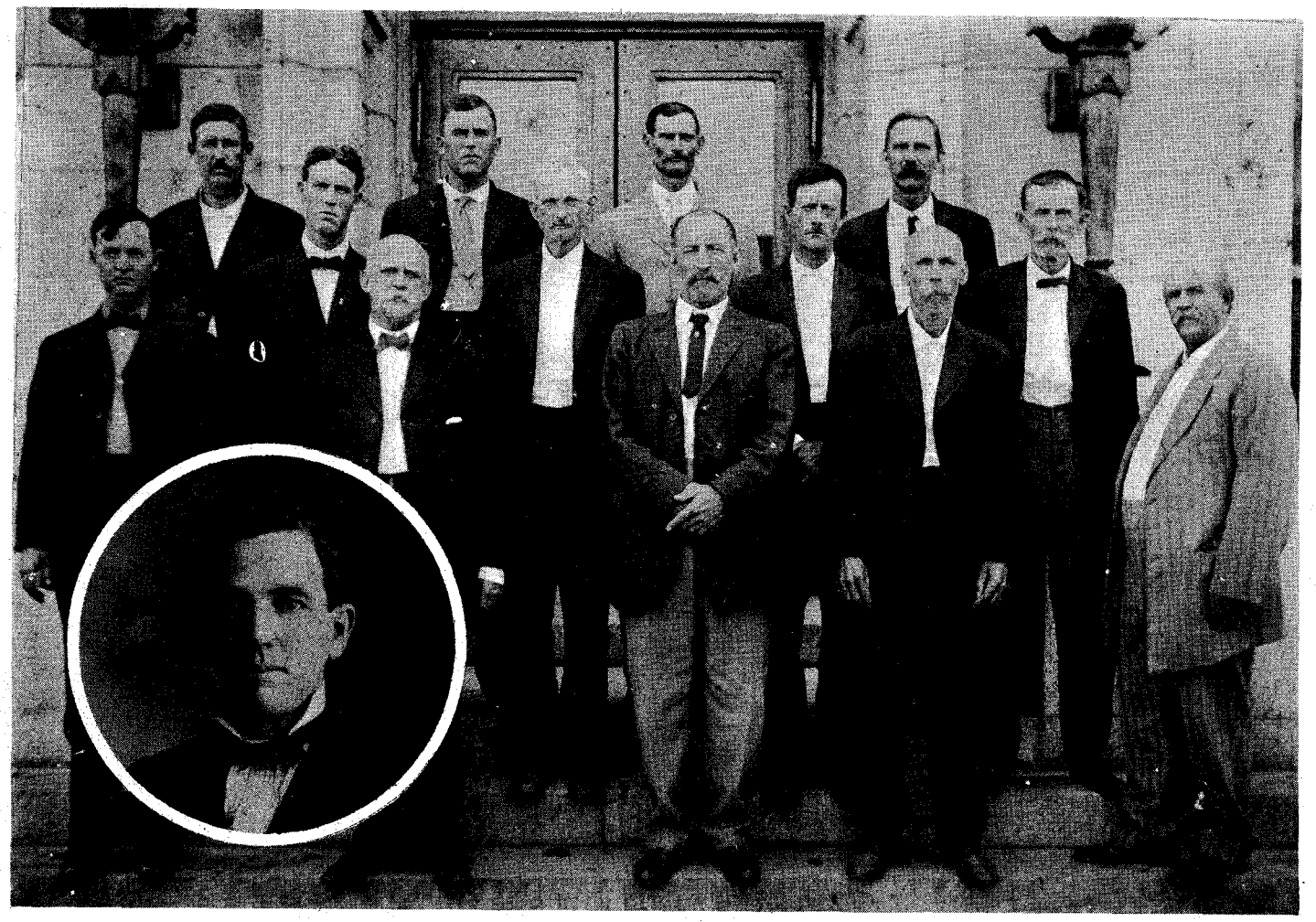

Photos Courtesy Dan Collins

Shortly after Willie Beleau's death, Judge Mathers (inset) stood trial before the jury shown above. Members are (back row from left) F. A. Robinson, D. H. Blackburn, J. W. Eaves, G. W. Gaines; (middle row from left) F. A. Tendyall, W. F. Whitehurst, Tom Sloan, W. W. Baber; (front row from left) —— Frasher, —— Trask, —— H. Stony, D. W. Dunn, and Capt. Payne (?), the bailiff. The back of the photo is inscribed in longhand by Mathers, who listed the names of the members and then added, "To my good friend: This is the jury that tried me Sept. 22, 1911, returning a verdict of 'not guilty' within six minutes.—Your friend, James H. Mathers, Ardmore, Ok."

"Communications weren't very good and when the news of the gun battle came over the telephone to Woodford, where the Fourche family lived, it was garbled and confused and the family was told that it was Irb who killed Willie instead of the other way around. Irb's mother was so excited by the news that she got in her buggy and drove up and down the streets telling everybody that Irb had killed Willie.

"Her relief was short-lived for before long a correction came through and then, of course, she was terribly upset and started screaming, 'My God, Willie's killed my boy! Willie's killed Irb!' and they had a difficult time quieting her. Her reaction was shared by the other members of the Fourche family and they lost no time taking the matter into court.

"Courts were not so jammed then as they are now and decisions were more quickly handed down. Willie claimed self-defense—said Irb had reached for his gun first, and a witness corroborated this. Willie got off and went free.

"The Fourche family, like many in those days, was a big one and they seemed to have had quite a few members in it who were more than just casually concerned over the shooting of their kin. Not long after Willie got out of jail Irb's two handsome sisters, Babe and Net Fourche, a couple of large, good-looking women of strong character and iron will, fearless as any man, got in their buggy and drove into Ardmore and down Caddo Street to seek out and confront Willie. The girls were accompanied by their brothers, John and Jonah Fourche, who were equally determined to mete out some justice of their own.

"The party stopped near the Dewdrop Inn and, through friends, made sure Willie was inside. Then they sent word to him to come outside and meet them. Willie wasn't one to disregard a challenge, no matter how the cards were stacked, and out he came—losing no time and his gun spitting bullets. The Fourches let loose with their guns as soon as they saw Willie and bullets began flying in all directions. So many people were shooting at one time that it never was really clear just which one of the family had the dubious honor of hitting Willie. Apparently one of the Fourches was using buckshot, for that was what landed in his face.

"Temporarily blinded by blood and pain Willie retreated, staggering back down the steps, after getting in a few licks of his own, none of which was fatal to the Fourches. By now somebody had called the law and when Sheriff Buck Garrett arrived everybody scattered. In the meantime Willie had collapsed on the stairs trying to get back down into the Inn and hole up. Someone dragged him the rest of the way down and they tried to clean him up while the police were busy outside. He was indeed a sorry mess.

"When things on the street finally quieted down the sheriff shouted down the stairway, 'Willie, don't shoot, I'm coming down after you!'

"Willie was probably in no condition to shoot anybody by then, or at any rate he didn't, and Garrett came on down and told Willie he was under arrest, and had to come with him to jail.

"'I won't go out,' declared Willie, 'there's too many of them. They'll shoot me if I do.'

"'No, they won't,' said Garrett, 'not if I'm with you!' But the sheriff took a good long look at Willie who was bleeding all over the place and decided the law could wait and he had better get a doctor before he tried to move Willie anywhere.

"Someone was sent for Dr. Hardy who had been out seeing a patient when the fracas started. When Dr. Hardy came and examined Willie he told the sheriff they had better carry his patient upstairs to the hospital for immediate attention or he would surely bleed to death. So they took Willie up and it was then that the tired doctor proceeded to dig out the thirty-two buckshot and then tell Willie the sad news that he had best prepare to

(Continued on page 71)

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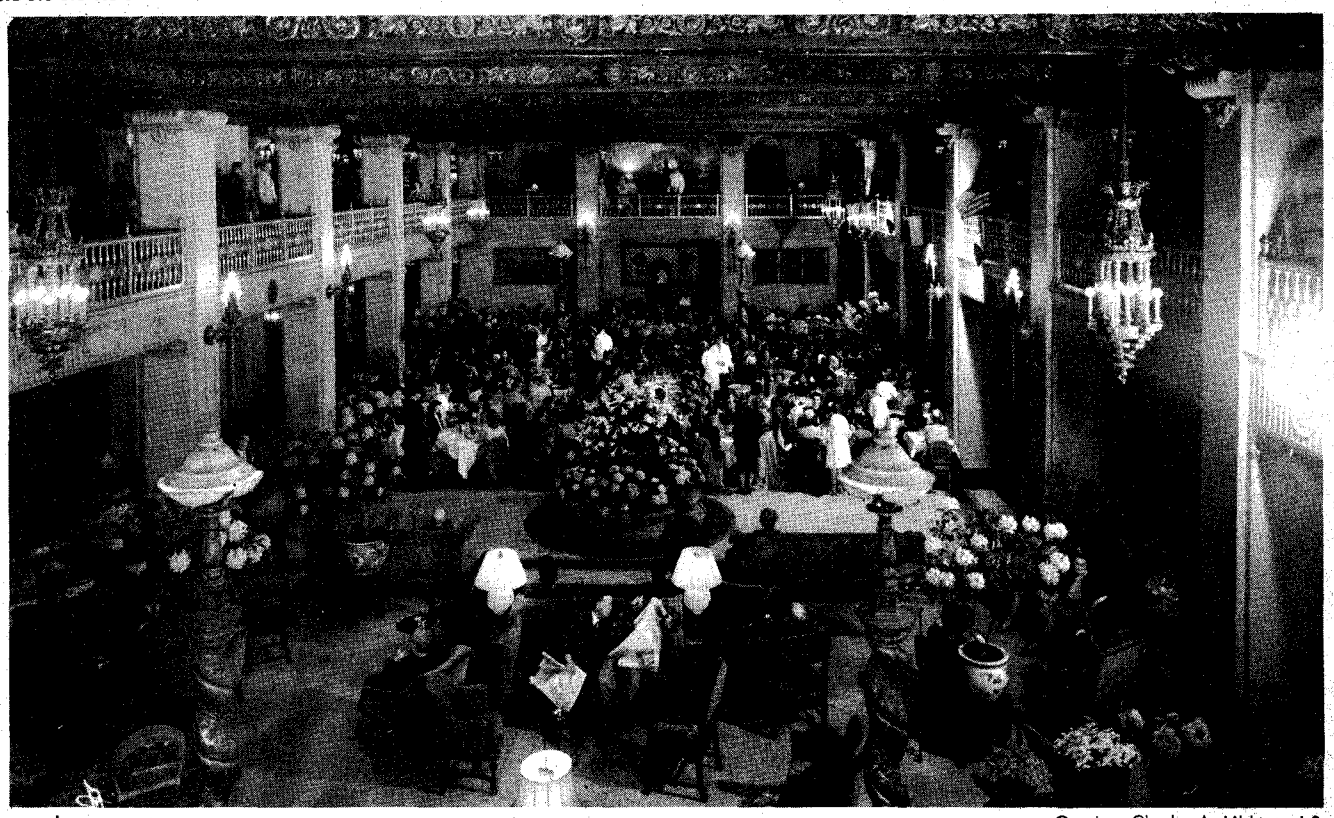

Courtesy Charles A. Libby and Son

Easter Festival at the Davenport Hotel in Spokane Falls, Washington.

OPULENCE ON AN INDIAN CAMPSITE

By MARY E. LASHBROOK

Photo Courtesy Author

SURPLUS OATS traded for a team of horses; the horses traded for a lot in the middle of a downtown Spokane Falls, Washington, block; then in 1914 the lot sold to Louis M. Davenport—such was the humble beginning of the famous Davenport Hotel.

Louis Davenport was born in Pawnee City, Nebraska, in 1868 and was reared in San Francisco, California. In 1888 he decided to go back east but when he reached Kansas City he changed his mind and came west again. En route to Seattle, he had bought a Union Pacific railroad ticket as far as Rockford, Washington. There, his money almost gone, he again changed his mind and caught a stage going to the little town of Spokane Falls, twenty-five miles away. The stage was overloaded so he had to sit beside the driver.

Davenport arrived to see the town's first sidewalks being built along Riverside Avenue. He decided that he had found the town with which he wanted to grow. At the time he had exactly $1.25. After a restaurant job which terminated when the restaurant went up in flames during the big 1889 fire, he swung a pick and shovel as a member of the bridge gang which cleared away the debris. Soon Davenport had increased his capital to $125.00. The young man bought a tent and a waffle iron, and then spending some of his hard earned money on a large sign painted with the words, "Davenport's Famous Waffle Foundry," he set up business on the corner of Post and Sprague. A few months later he bought a lot in the block across the street on which the hotel now stands. Eventually the entire block was purchased and in 1890 Davenport built a restaurant called the Italian Gardens. When in 1914, with the cooperation of one hundred stockholders, the present hotel was built it surrounded the restaurant.

The $3,000,000 hotel operated its own electric light plant and its own 500-foot artesian well. The first 300 feet were drilled through solid rock. The hotel had twelve stories in addition to a lower floor and sub-basement and was air-conditioned at a time when air conditioning was virtually unknown.

At the grand opening September 14, 1914, the hundreds of guests were amazed to see Indians in full regalia of white buckskin and feathered headdress wan-

Louis Davenport disliked the ordinary. It didn't matter that he started out with a waffle stand; some day his guests would have angel cake and velvet, music and roses...

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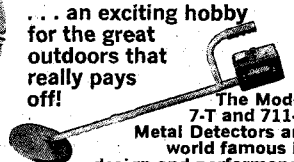

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dering through the public rooms. They were members of the Blackfoot tribe from Glacier National Park and were guests of the hotel. The president of the Great Northern Railroad, who was a life-long friend of Davenport, had brought the Indians over from the park in a special train to celebrate the opening.

Still another surprise greeted the guests when they danced in the Marie Antoinette ballroom—an Indian band from Browning, Montana played the music! The Indians lived in tepees pitched on the roof. Oddly enough, the land on which the hotel was built had been a favorite camping spot earlier for Indians when they visited Spokane Falls.

THE DAVENPORT became world famous. Hotel men from America and foreign lands paid visits in an effort to discover the secret of its success. The Waldorf Astoria's famed Oscar spent two weeks there making a study. These men at last agreed that it was Davenport's hospitable nature and his genius to do the unusual, combined with his passion for beauty and an insistence on perfection of service. His motto was, "Do more than the customer expects."

In winter cold, guests entered the lobby to find summer glow; and in summer heat they were greeted by cool, quiet restfulness. The treatment followed the style of the Spanish Renaissance with a patio effect dominating. Transverse beams and a skylight of mellow, opalescent glass were used to create the illusion. The ornate carvings on beams and pilasters; the subdued old reds, grayish blues and dull gold of the woodwork and the light tan of the Caen stone in the pillars and pilasters gave one an impression of elegance and satisfying ease which was attuned to the spirit of hospitality shown in the hotel's accommodations and service.

The walnut furniture was of exquisite design and material. Plain and uncut velvets, figured velours and silk damask were used in the upholstery. Four large handtufted, Austrian rugs covered the lobby. An Italian marble fountain featured an exquisitely wrought figure of a child holding a dolphin, from whose mouth poured a stream of ice-cold artesian water. Its iridescent spray fell on the goldfish darting among the stones at the fountain's base.

Around the pillared gallery were hanging gardens of flowers and ferns set off by birds trilling and caroling back and forth—finches, canaries, larks and warblers.

A traveler who was staying at the hotel said, "I have seen groups of Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls come romping in, all talking at once, when suddenly the noise stopped and the children stood gazing in open-mouthed awe at the birds and fish. Guests seated on the big, leather lounges smiled for they had felt the same way."

The same atmosphere of graciousness and ease pervaded the dining rooms. Waiters and waitresses were often dressed in the velvet tunics of Switzerland or the pure white linen of Poland. Fish played in large, crystal columns and a garden of greenery and flowers was banked in front of the columns. A fountain was flooded with constantly changing waves of mellowed lights. Here, too, bird songs delighted the guests.

Although the ornamentation of the Isabella Room was after the style of the Spanish Renaissance, as was the lobby, it lacked the Moorish influence shown in the latter. This was especially true of the ornamentation in which the likenesses of boys, birds, rabbits, foxes and turtles were introduced. The color treatment was in old ivory, soft colors being used in the running design on the ceiling beams and in the Arabesque ornamentation of pilasters—the shading blending from French gray to a pale yellow. The draperies at the doors and windows were of rose velvet, trimmed with galloon and carrying the crest of Queen Isabella.

DAVENPORT'S passion for beauty caused him to spare no expense in decorating the hotel for holidays. People from far-distant points came each year to enjoy the Easter Flower Festival. The lobby and dining rooms were filled, literally, with thousands of blossoms. Great tubs of rhododendrons, laden with blooms twelve inches across, were nurtured from year to year in greenhouses and put on display at Easter. Every year at Christmas, the fountain was banked with flowers and topped with an enormous red candle which burned throughout the season.

Flames in the great fireplace were never allowed to die from the time the first fire was kindled early in 1914 until 1943—and the grandfather clock has never been allowed to run down.

Often people abroad knew the name of the hotel but not the name of the town in which it was located, and letters were received addressed merely to the Davenport Hotel, U. S. A. The guest book of the State Suite makes fabulous reading. Its first guests were James Hill, the white-bearded old empire builder, and John F. Stevens, the famous engineer who discovered Stevens Pass in the Cascade Mountains.

It was in the State Suite that the Grand Coulee dam and Columbia River Basin project was born. That was when Roy Gill, Basin enthusiast, and General George W. Goethals, army engineer and builder of the Panama Canal, labored with the idea which later grew into one of the greatest undertakings in the world.

Other distinguished guests were Presidents Taft, Coolidge, Harding, Teddy Roosevelt and Hoover, Queen Marie of Roumania, Madame Schumann-Heink, Sarah Bernhardt, Pavlova, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Admiral R. E. Peary, General John J. Pershing and Col. Charles Lindbergh. Will Rogers called the hotel "the best place to stay outside my Oklahoma home," and the great band leader, Sousa, played a concert on the hotel roof under the stars one summer evening.

During World War I Mr. Davenport extended his hospitality to the military. On weekends the hotel utilized every inch of space in accommodating service men. At night every chair and davenport in

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the lobby was occupied, and several hundred soldiers slept on the floor of the mezzanine. Stories of the hotel's great cooperation reached Paris, where the *Stars and Stripes*, army newspaper, commended Louis Davenport for his generosity to servicemen.

When Marshal Ferdinand Foch visited Spokane on his triumphal tour of the United States after World War I, Davenport had the Marie Antoinette ballroom transformed into an apple orchard for a banquet given in the Marshal's honor. As the great soldier dined, he merely had to reach into the branches above him and pick an apple.

Louis M. Davenport bought out his stockholders in 1928 and operated the hotel alone until he sold it in 1945. He died in 1951 at the age of eighty-three.

Down through the years changes have been made in the hotel. It has been redecorated several times. Gone are the birds, but plans to restore the hotel to its former grandeur and bring back the songsters are underway. In the meantime the grandfather clock still ticks away the hours and people gather around the great fireplace to rest awhile, or join friends in one of the banquet rooms.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 6)

Buck Garrett or for any candidate he is running." Mr. Johnson then asked, "How many years have you lived here?" Wilson said, "Four." Then Mr. Johnson said, "If you had been here as long as I have there would be no mystery, for if you start at one end of the business district of this town and consider every businessman up one side of the street to the other end and then go back on the opposite side of the street, you would find that at some time in the past forty years Buck Garrett has done each of those businessmen a big favor when they needed it, and he did not wait to be asked. So they cuss him for his laxity in enforcing the liquor and gambling laws, but when voting time comes they remember favors. They also know that if their place of business is robbed or they are held up, that Buck will apprehend the ones who did it."

Later that year I walked into a cafe in the booming town of Wynona in Osage County and found an oil field character I knew working as a hasher. He was known as Indian Jack and several years before he had been tried for the holdup murder of a picture show owner in Ragtown, Carter County. He was acquitted because a number of witnesses testified that at the time of the holdup Jack was dealing blackjack in a local gambling joint. I asked Jack how long it had been since he was in Carter County and he told me two weeks. He said he was discharged after serving his third term in the Federal prison at Leavenworth for violation of the Mann Act. He had been furnished transportation back to Ardmore, arrived there about daylight and immediately caught a ride out to Willard which was then on a boom. About 9:00 a.m. Buck Garrett and Bud Ballew drove in and parked across the street from where he was standing. Buck crossed the street and shook hands with him and asked, "Jack, how long have you been here?" When told it had been only two or three hours, Buck told him that was too long and that it was very unhealthy for characters like him in Carter County. Jack said he then asked, "Well, Uncle Buck, how do you think would be the quickest way for a character like me who is flat broke to get out of Carter County?" Buck told him if he would walk about a mile south to the highway he would have no trouble catching a ride in an oil field truck to Wichita Falls, and then gave him a dollar to eat on. Jack said he was in Wichita Falls by mid-afternoon.

I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Buck Garrett from 1904 until his death and feel that he was an outstanding lawman for his day and time. I do not believe there are many people living who know that Buck and his father-in-law were both members of the crew Frank Canton recruited and took to Wyoming to take part in the Johnson County War. Buck was the youngest man in that group.—Charles L. Roff, Route 2, Durant, Oklahoma 74701

River Trip

I thought your February issue of TRUE WEST was the greatest yet, especially Mr. Winslowe's "Camps of The Nut Pickers." It really made me want to get back to nature. Speaking of nature, some friends and I are going to take a boat trip the full length of the Mississippi River. Anyone who has any "do's or don'ts" on this proposed trip are invited to write.—Charles Minchew, 2214 - 13th Avenue North, Birmingham, Alabama 35234

For Treasure Hunters

The third annual World Championship Treasure Hunt will be held at Territory Town, U. S. A. on May 31, 1970. This is five miles west of Okemah, Oklahoma on Interstate 40 at Highway 48. This year's hunt will be for one day, allowing more traveling time and time for visiting with old friends. There'll be free campsites, a free trading and selling area, Old West Gunfight Shows, fair rules and judging. There are motels and restaurants in the vicinity, and I'll be glad to furnish entry information.—Tom William, Contest Director, P. O. Box 468, Holdenville, Oklahoma 74848

Alamo Hueco's Lazy Susan

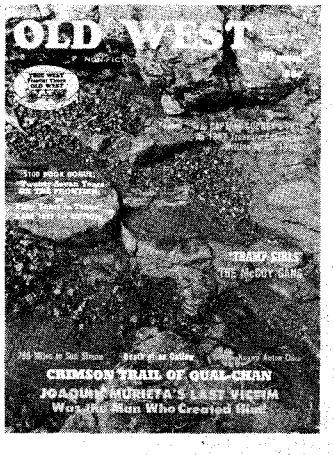
Dear Sirs:

In the February 1969 TRUE WEST John Hoffman wrote in "Truly Western" that his friend Al Luxton built the lazy susan dining table used by the cowboys at the Alamo Hueco ranch. I had often wondered where the old table came from. They were used quite extensively in the South in big kitchens where the help ate and I was always curious about that one being so far west. My mother was a southern girl before coming west and marrying my dad.

I've been trying with the help of my husband to date the old table, which disappeared about the time Will Drace took over as foreman and Bob Moorehead left (for Muleshoe, Texas, I be-

(Continued on page 96)

CRIMSON TRAIL OF QUAL-CHAN



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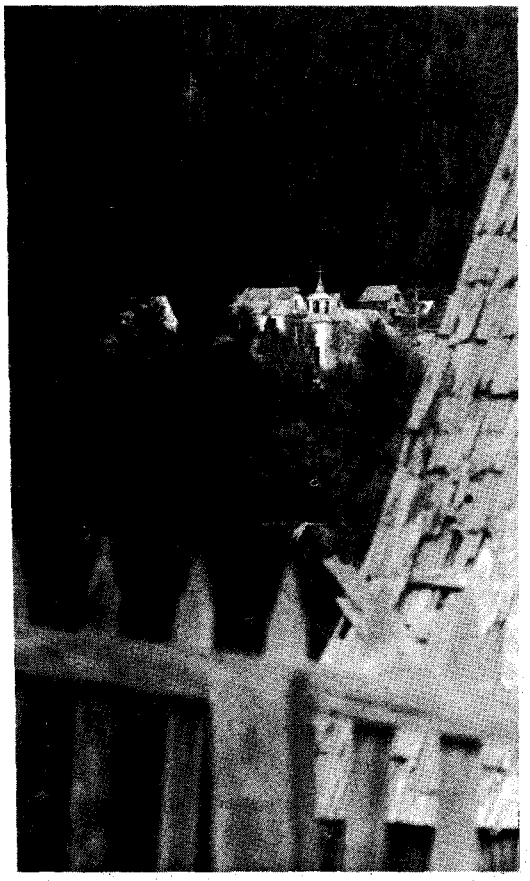

Forest's old cemetery atop a low hill (below right) offers visitors a fleeting glance at the lonely town (above). Plaque (below) honoring William Bull Meek stands in the shambles that once were Camptonville.

Part I in a series: Downieville, Forest and Camptonville

THE CRUMBLING remains of the longest—and perhaps the oldest—"Main Street" in America meanders along the sinuous backbone of California's High Sierra for 200 miles. From Downieville to Mariposa—from the deep shady gorge of the Yuba's north fork to the rich grasslands sweeping up from the Merced—dead husks of gold camps often dot the spurs and canyons with such adjacency that they merge, one into the next, with no discernible metes between them.

The frenzied activity in that jumble of towns and camps—transitory though it was—became the first chapter in the history of our Far West. Hordes of gold seekers rushed from every corner of the land to fill their pockets from the fertile diggings along the Feather River, the American and the San Joaquin. True, other chapters followed as the rich float pinched out, causing a mass migration to the great fields of Nevada and Arizona, but those were postclimactic. It all *really* began along the rugged dorsal of the Sierra Nevadas.

My odyssey through this storied region began at Downieville, northernmost of the gold rush towns and one with a quiet charm which belies its rousing, and sometimes violent, past. Today serenity prevails in the quaint little village. Houses a century old and older, decked with gingerbread, turreted, displaying wide and shady verandas, stare out over the twisting old streets from high on the canyon walls. And below, the picturesque business district hugs the river on both sides, with two narrow bridges connecting the banks. The stores—many of schist construction, and nearly all moldering with age—date from the 1850s.

Downieville's story is as elusive as those of most dead mining camps, for during the excitement of gold discovery and the following race for riches, nobody was inclined to pause and record daily events. But I heard the highlights of the town's history from a third generation native when I chatted with Ansel S------ on a crooked little sidestreet one bright

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By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

October morning.

Ansel will always be one of my most remembered characters. When first he hailed me, I couldn't locate the origin of his voice. I had slowed my walk to admire the completely flowered front yard when a cheery: "Good morning, friend. Beautiful day!" caused me to look beyond at the tiny, leaning house set well back from the street. Even then it required some seconds to spot my unexpected greeter—barely visible through the tangle of branches and vines—peering at me from an old-fashioned chain swing on the front porch.

"Come up 'n' sit a spell," he called. I opened the sagging wooden gate, walked up the narrow passage between flowers and shrubs to the bottom step, then stopped to study my host.

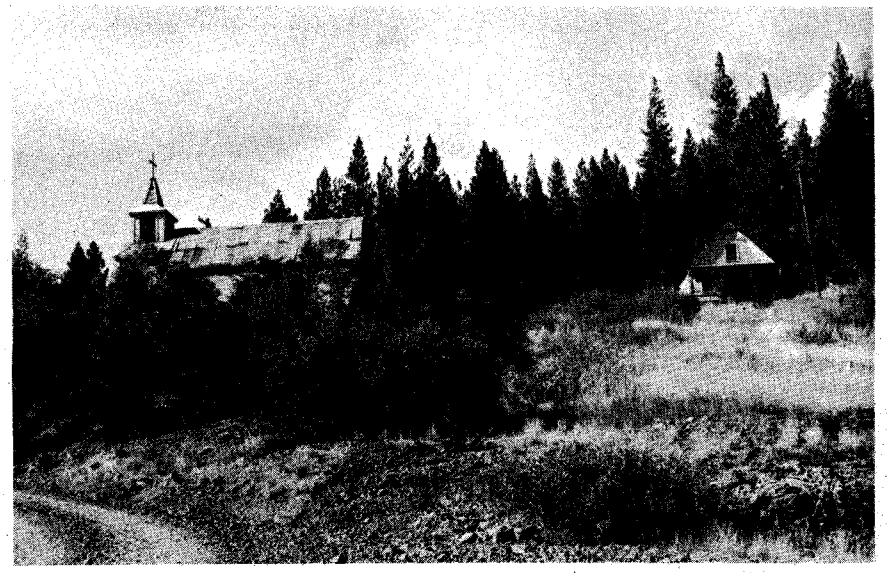
Merry dark eyes studied me from under bushy eyebrows which crossed his face in a straight line and were snow-white, matching his shock of curly hair and Salvador Dali mustache. "Pull up a stump 'n' rest," he invited, patting the slatted seat beside him. His hand, I noticed, was as rough and brown as an oak knurl—a hand which had known many years of hard work. When I'd settled beside him he introduced himself, adding that he'd been a miner. "But not for twenty, twenty-five years now."

"You must be an old-timer here," I ventured.

"Born in this house—over eighty years ago," he answered, then continued with obvious pride, "My papa built 'er in '86."

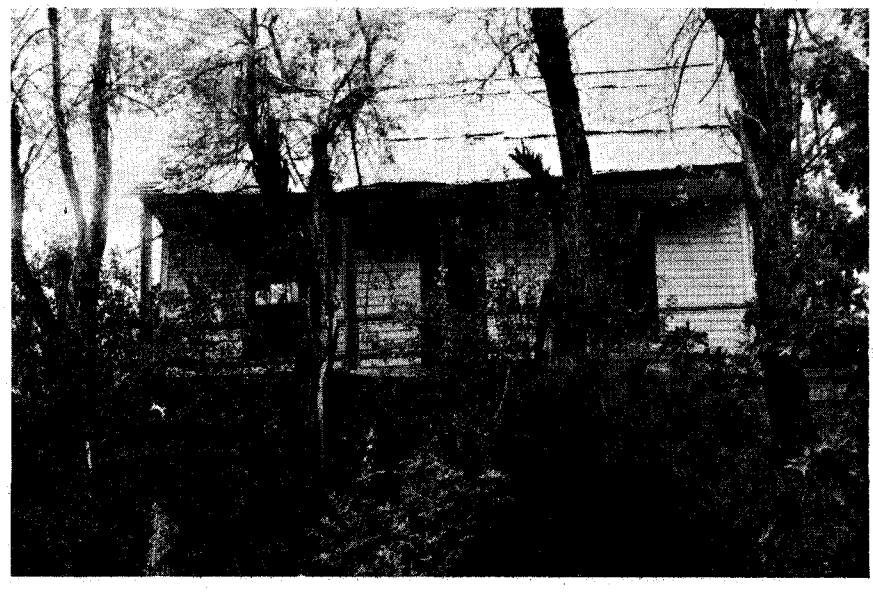
"Maybe you can tell me about some of the things that went on here?"

"Reckon so. What I missed, my papa and grampa told me about." Pausing, he produced a cheap cigar—the kind commonly known as a "crook"—and lit up with a wooden kitchen match. When he'd



Old church and home still stand in Forest.

Fire bell and general store (above) sit along Forest's main street, while an empty house (below) overlooks the abandoned town.



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puffed the air well full of blue, pungent smoke he leaned back and asked, "What kinda things you wanta know?"

"Interesting things. Those that make this town's story different from any other."

"Well, Downieville's been through hell 'n' high water. Been nigh burned out 'n' nigh flooded out. Yet some of our buildings are many years older than I am. Take the little museum downtown f'rinstance—built in '52."

I told him that I'd been in the museum and had especially noticed the picture of an attractive young Mexican girl named Juanita. "They say she went to the gallows," I said. "Sentenced to hang for killing a miner."

Ansel snorted. White ash from his cigar sprinkled down, covering the front of his blue workshirt, and his short, stout body fairly trembled as he answered, "Sentenced, hell! And gallows, hell! She was lynched—strung up from the old bridge!" Then he told me the story—at least his version, as there seem to be others—about a fiery dance hall girl who played the leading role in an incident long a part of Mother Lode history.

JUANITA was one of thousands of saloon girls who followed a transient swarm of prospectors through the Sierra country during its golden era. She was no prettier, Ansel told me, than many of her counterparts. But that she was hot-blooded and short-tempered beyond the average is part of her story, supported by the events which immediately preceded her violent death.

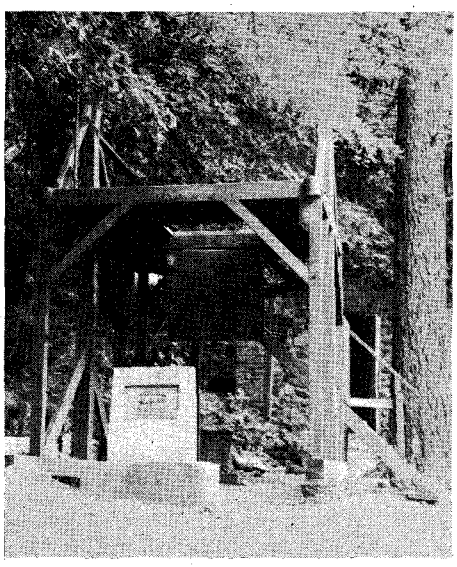
One night, having been pawed and annoyed beyond endurance by a certain miner, Juanita wheeled on her molester and fatally wounded him with a knife thrust into his breast. The crowd, consisting mostly of the dead man's cronies and fellow miners, was fired to instant revenge. The girl was seized on the spot and dragged to the river where a rope was tossed over the wooden trestle and a crude noose placed around her neck. Before she was jerked into eternity Juanita begged for both her own life and that of the unborn child which she swore she was carrying. Her pleas delayed the lynching for only moments, then the mood of the crowd prevailed and the only woman hanged in all of California's gold camps swung lifeless over the Yuba's dark waters. And the mob, quieted and sobered by its deed—uncertain, perhaps, as to whether one life or two had been snuffed out—turned away silently toward the light and gaiety of the dance halls.

"And was she pregnant?" I asked.

Ansel didn't answer for several seconds—just sat there and stared absently toward the distant peaks. I had to repeat my question before he turned to me and said, "Nobody'll ever know. I understand they didn't bother to check. Maybe it's just as well, though. The town's felt guilty ever since, as it is."

We sat in silence for a while. Tall trees in the yard threw shadows around the little porch as the sun climbed higher. Finally Ansel stirred, lit a fresh cigar.

"My grampa used to tell us about a claim he helped work that was only



Gallows in Downieville erected in 1857. Sheriff Sam Stewart presided here November 27, 1885 at the town's last execution. Vault beyond gallows is only remaining portion of courthouse built in 1853.

eight feet square, but she coughed up $12,000 in less'n two weeks—right here in Downieville. Must be some kinda record, eh?" But he spoke without enthusiasm, and I knew that his thoughts were still on Juanita's infamous death. It seemed the right time to move along, so I rose and said goodbye. As we shook hands, I studied Ansel's face and saw that something behind his eyes had dulled the earlier merriment. I wondered who had been among that crazed throng so many midnights ago—Papa, perhaps? Or Grampa?

Before leaving Downieville I walked across one of its bridges to the site of an old gallows erected in 1857 and where Sheriff Sam Stewart carried out the town's last execution on November 27, 1885. Nearby—in fact, under the shelter of the same trees which shade the gallows—I found a neglected, lichen-stained vault, the only remaining part of Sierra County's original courthouse, built in 1853.

I DROVE west from town for three miles where I turned south, crossed the Yuba's north fork at Goodyears Bar, and began a steep ascent to cross the ridge country beyond which sleeps the tiny ghost town of Forest.

The vast expanse south of Goodyears Bar is wrinkled and puckered with deep ravines separated by narrow, rocky spines. And as the road writhes through this forgotten land, it bisects abandoned placer workings where it dips across dry gullies, and swings in close to old tailing dumps and crumbly flotation tanks at higher elevations. Pioneers chased rainbows along this trail, and a hundred years have not erased their tracks.

Forest appears abruptly ten zigzag miles from the Yuba crossing. Its brood of crazy-angle buildings huddle together along the floor of a narrow wooded valley, empty, locked and forlorn. The town was established in 1852 and flourished during the '50s as a freewheeling gold

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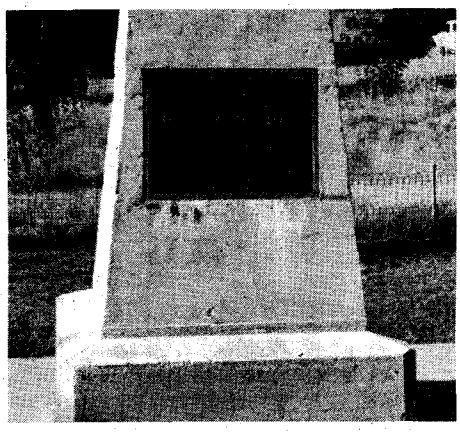

Monument to the inventor of the Pelton water-wheel is located in Camptonville.

camp, but after a bustling decade its inhabitants responded to news of a richer strike five miles to the south. Homes, stores and schools were deserted almost overnight as the miners and their families packed up and scurried across Pliocene Ridge to the new field where they built a new town—Allegheny.

I read part of Forest's story in the aged cemetery where headstones, cracked and blemished with rock moss, date back more than a century. The rest of the story I reconstructed as a mental image while exploring shady streets and peering through dusty windows. There can be no doubt that "tranquil" was the word for Forest. Unlike monuments in most frontier cemeteries, the inscriptions suggest nothing more violent than mine accidents. The main street boasts remains of a lodge hall, tobacconist shop and confectionery, rather than the usual tenderloin with its string of battered saloons and bistros. On a slight rise, an antiquated church, white steeple pointing toward heaven, waits in silence for the return of its flock; the tiny old schoolhouse waits, too, for the chatter of long departed children. Tranquil, charming, and dead—that's Forest today.

The next town—twenty scenic miles south and west—is Camptonville, which holds its own title to fame. Small though it was, Camptonville is not historically minor in rank; for it was there, in 1878, that L. A. Pelton invented the water-wheel which bears his name. This wheel is in almost universal use for high heads in hydro-electric development, considered even today the best type of direct-action wheels.

A tall concrete obelisk with a plaque marks the exact roadside spot where Pelton made engineering history. The town is now only a sagging shambles, jumbled around that memorial to its deserved position in history.

And that was the first tack of my journey through the Sierra gold country—land of great hopes and humorous names—names such as Salt Pork Ridge, Shirt Tail Bend and Ragged Breeches Bar.

As I drove out of Camptonville, a sign informed me that North San Juan awaited me twenty miles ahead—and beyond that: Rough and Ready, Pilot Hill, Lotus, and ghosts south.

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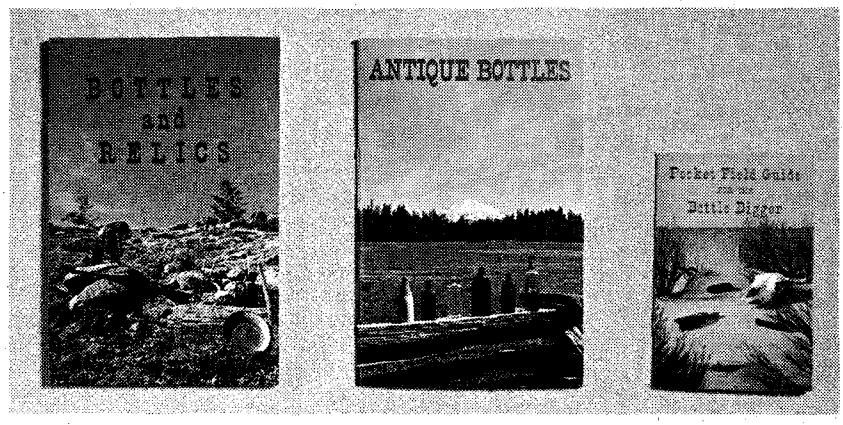

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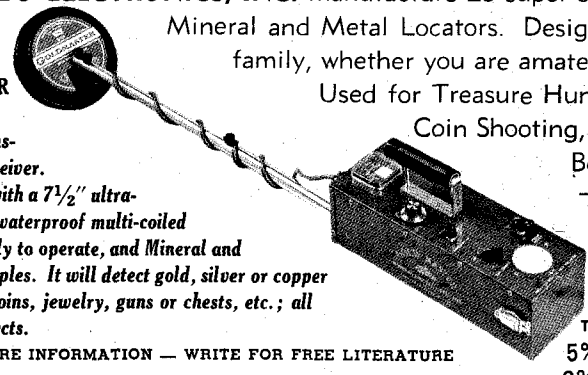

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When the Last Trumpet Sounds

(Continued from page 34)

lars and Rough Riders fought shoulder to shoulder unmindful of race or color. All fought with distinction. It was an especially terrible ordeal for the cavalry as they were dismounted and fought as foot soldiers.

In Pershing's own words, "Through streams, tall grass, tropical undergrowth, under barbed wire fences and over wire entanglements, regardless of casualties up the hill to the right, this gallant advance was made."

The 10th Cavalry lost half of its officers and twenty per cent of its men were killed. When the hill finally was taken by storm, the men cheered, shook hands, threw their arms around each other regardless of rank. In describing the scene, Perishing said: "American and Spanish soldiers lay dead around us and the wounded on both sides were cared for alike. One colored trooper stopped at a trench filled with Spanish dead and wounded and gently raised the head of a Spanish lieutenant and gave him the last drop of water in his canteen."

Everett T. Tomlinson, one of Pershing's fellow officers, said, "We officers of the 10th Cavalry have taken our black heroes in our arms. They had again fought their way into our affections, as they here had fought their way into the hearts of the American people."

Lieut. Col. T. A. Baldwin, commander of the 10th Cavalry, said that Pershing was the coolest man he ever saw under fire. For his conduct in the fight, Pershing received a silver star for "Gallantry in action against the Spanish forces, Santiago, Cuba, July 1, 1898."

Whenever Pershing was with the troops he kept close personal supervision over food, equipment, living quarters and sanitation. Here in the fever-ridden southern country, he was especially concerned over the care of the sick and the wounded.

IN August 1898 Pershing was made a major in the U.S. Volunteers and served as the first chief of the newly organized Bureau of Insular Affairs in the War Department. But he did not like office work. Having been a farm boy and loving the outdoors, he had no dread of hardships in the field. At his request, he was sent to the Philippine Islands where he became a captain in the First Cavalry in 1901. In the same year he was transferred to the 15th Cavalry.

Details of Black Jack's successful campaigns against the murderous Moros would fill a book by themselves. He accomplished what seemed to many an utter impossibility in subduing these fierce, determined warriors. Although the 10th Cavalry did not participate as a regiment in the Moro fighting, one squadron of the 10th did fight in Samar in the Philippine insurrection.

Pershing returned to the United States in 1903 as a member of the General Staff Corps. Because of his brilliant work in the Philippines, President Theodore Roosevelt wished to reward him. The two men had been friends for several years. Since promotion in the army up to and including the grade of colonel was by seniority, subject only to passing a prescribed examination, it was not possible without Congressional action to break through the red tape. Promotions were very slow in coming, depending upon resignations or deaths.

Roosevelt reminded Congress of the situation and said that he believed some way should be provided to reward a man who had rendered such service as Captain Pershing had performed in the Moro campaign, without forcing the President to jump him to the grade of brigadier general. Congress took no action.

Captain Pershing, immaculately tailored, in top physical form, gracious, with a sense of humor and with a most amiable personality when he so chose, was much in demand in Washington, D.C., society. While attending a dinner he met a charming young woman, daughter of U.S. Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming. Helen Frances Warren recently had finished at Wellesley. "Frankie," as she was called, was her father's official hostess in Washington. Although Pershing was twenty years her senior, it was love at first sight.

Miss Warren was an excellent horsewoman and enjoyed the outdoors as much as did the captain. He visited the Warren ranch in Wyoming in the summer of 1904. They were married on January 26, 1905, and almost immediately sailed for Japan. As a military attaché Pershing was an observer with General Kuroki's army in Manchuria in the Russo-Japanese War.

In 1906 President Roosevelt jumped Pershing over 862 officers who outranked him and sent his nomination as brigadier general to Congress "based upon a record of demonstrated ability and successful achievement of wide and varied military experience and the highest personal integrity and character." Congress confirmed the nomination.

Immediately there arose a great cry of "politics" because Senator Warren was chairman of the powerful Committee on Military Affairs and was an astute politician of long standing in Washington. President Roosevelt countered criticism

Frontispiece illustration from *"The History of the Tenth Cavalry: 1866-1921"* Edited by Maj. E. L. Glass; Acme Printing Co., Tucson, Arizona; 1921.

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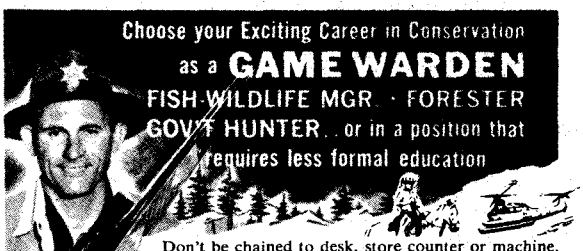

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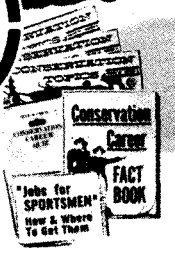

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with: "To promote a man because he married a senator's daughter would be infamy; to refuse him promotion for the same reason would be equal infamy."

The press in general failed to publicize the fact that President McKinley had promoted Leonard Wood from captain to brigadier general. Too, the cases of Bliss, Frederick B. Grant and Frederick Funston were similar. Pershing was sent back to the Philippines from Japan and successfully brought the Moros under control. He was commanding general of Mindanao and governor of the Moro Province. Pershing established a home there and his life was exceedingly happy despite the strenuous days of the second Moro insurrection.

IN 1914 Brigadier General Pershing with his wife, a son, and three small daughters were at the Presidio in San Francisco, where he was in charge of a brigade. Soon Black Jack was ordered to El Paso, Texas, as there was much trouble along the Mexico border where Francisco "Pancho" Villa and his men kept things constantly stirred up.

In the beginning Pershing had friendly talks with Villa. He even went across the border as Villa's guest. But Mexico had been in a state of turmoil for several years and a power struggle was on between Carranza and Villa for control of the government. President Wilson favored the Carranza faction and so infuriated Villa that the latter seized nineteen American mining men on a train at Santa Isabel and murdered all except one.

It was at this time that my late husband, Archer T. Spring, recently graduated from the Colorado School of Mines at Golden, was working in a silver mine in Chihuahua. Word reached the mine that Villa and his men were coming on a rampage against Americans. Archer and a fellow mining engineer rushed to the railway nearby, climbed on a handcar and began their escape. As the handcar sped along the track the two engineers suddenly realized that a railway bridge over an arroyo which they were approaching had been burned out. It was too late for them to try to stop. The handcar shot across on the suspended rails and reached the other side of the arroyo! The rails had been so securely fastened together that they had held. Two mighty lucky and thankful young mining engineers reached El Paso in safety.

Pershing was planning to move his family within a week or so to Texas, as he knew there was much work for the army along the border, when tragedy struck without warning. On August 31, 1915, the flags on the city, county, state and federal buildings in Cheyenne hung at half-mast. We stood along the street with bowed heads as the funeral cortege of Frances Warren Pershing and her three small daughters, Helen, Anne, and Mary Margaret, were borne from St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Cheyenne to one grave in Lakeview Cemetery. The four had perished in a fire which had destroyed their flimsy quarters at the Presidio. A Negro butler named Johnson, at the risk of his own life, had saved from the flames the General's six-year old son, Francis Warren Pershing, born June 24, 1909.

The church had filled long before Bishop N. S. Thomas began the services, assisted by the Rev. George C. Rafter. William Conrad Mills, upon the request of the family, sang "The Perfect Day," the favorite song of Mrs. Pershing.

Tall, grim-lipped, the handsome general outwardly bore his terrible grief with great dignity. Only close friends knew how sorrow had left him inwardly devastated. He had been a loving husband and father. He had adored his wife and children. After the funeral the general took his small son to Lincoln, Nebraska, to the care of a maiden sister, May Pershing, and another sister, Mrs. D. B. Butler. Later Miss May and a military aide and his wife assisted with the boy's care in Texas.

Mexican border troubles worsened. After a lightning raid against Columbus, New Mexico by Villa, Pershing was ordered to organize a punitive expedition to go into Mexico in pursuit of Villa and his 5,000 mounted outlaws. Black Jack led 8 cavalry regiments, 5 artillery batteries, and 5 infantry regiments plus ordnance, signal corps, quartermaster, ambulance, and engineer detachments—about 6,600 men in all.

Among those heading south across the border was Pershing's favorite 10th Cavalry, which had been stationed at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. Some of these men would not come back. Down across the wasteland over rugged and cactus-strewn terrain, the troopers pushed for-

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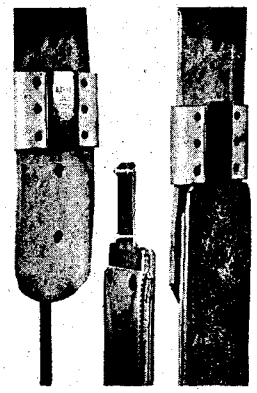

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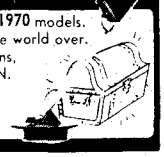

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ward. Pershing's chief of staff for the expedition was Col. De Rosey C. Cabell of the 10th Cavalry.

On June 21, two troops of the 10th on scout, led by Captain Charles T. Boyd, were surprised near Carrizal by a superior force of Villa's men. There was a fierce fight. Captain Boyd, one other officer and ten colored troopers were killed. Twenty-four Americans were taken prisoner, but later released. The Mexicans stripped the dead soldiers and piled the naked bodies into a boxcar which they shipped to Juarez.

This act alone, according to many Americans, was cause for declaration of war. But President Wilson was doing everything possible to avoid war with Mexico. He regarded Villa as an outlaw, not a representative of the Mexican government. He knew that Pershing's men had moved 400 miles inside the border and had punished many and scattered most of Villa's men. He recognized, too that the Carranza government was showing signs of uneasiness with the American soldiers penetrating so far into the interior of Mexico. General Hugh Scott, chief of staff, declared that Pershing and his men had "made a complete success from the War Department's standpoint." The American troops were called back. Attention in Washington was focused primarily on the war clouds in Europe.

PARTICIPATION in the punitive expedition into Mexico was the last time the 10th Cavalry performed as an independent *horse cavalry* against an enemy. The day of the horse soldiers was approaching the sunset. Reluctantly Black Jack put away his saber and saddle for rapid-fire armament, airplanes, tanks, and fast-wheeling automobiles.

In writing a foreword to the *History of the 10th Calvalry*, Black Jack said: "From the pioneer days when our forefathers carved their way into the wilds and dangers of the West to the present, the Army has played a most important part in shaping the destiny of this country. It has been an honor, which I am glad to claim, to have been at one time a member of that intrepid organization of the Army which has always added glory to the military history of America—the 10th Cavalry.

"Several years of my early military life were spent with that organization, and as I look back I can but feel that the associations with the splendid officers and men of the 10th Cavalry were of the greatest value to me. The Army and the country most assuredly have a glorious sense of pride when they review through these pages the stirring deeds and honorable history of this Regiment."

In addition to his regular duties as commander of the Southern Department, with headquarters at San Antonio, General Pershing spent considerable time studying every phase of the war situation in Europe. On May 7, 1917, Pershing, now major general, was called to Washington by the Secretary of War and informed that he had been chosen "entirely on his record" to command the American troops in France.

There was one thing about Black Jack which all of his associates recognized. He never played favorites, apple-polished, or tried to undermine a superior. He was a terrific worker. He could see what had to be done and saw that it was done. After he settled a problem that was it, there was no rehashing. In October, 1917, he was made a full general.

Within eighteen months the commander put together an army of more than 2,000,000 men. When he arrived in Europe, as commander of the Armies of the Allies, he was the idol of the day. His nickname Black Jack, no matter what its origin, became an expression of admiration, instilling confidence.

How General Pershing insisted upon and did keep the American troops in one great American army, instead of dividing them and scattering them as the Allies wanted him to do, is a matter of history. His great success was due to his foresight and ability in organizing and maintaining an effective American Army.

Upon his return from Europe as a national hero, the general avoided publicity wherever possible. Congress authorized the first Distinguished Service Medal. It was awarded to Pershing for "exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service in the performance of duties of great responsibility."

On September 3, 1919, Congress, by a Special Act, made John J. Pershing the "General of the Armies of the United States," entitling him to wear six shoulder stars. He was the first man so designated since the days of his hero, George Washington.

After the close of the war, the general worked tirelessly in organizing and building up our National Guard and Reserves under the National Defense Act as amended by the Act of 1920. He served as Chief of Staff until his retirement in his 64th year. Pershing was thoroughly convinced that "The system of defense we stand for will become the surest guarantee of peace that could be desired."

Although General Pershing retired in 1924, he led a strenuous life for years afterward, representing the United States on missions of good will, accepting twenty or more honorary college degrees, and working as an adviser with the War Department during World War II. Above all he headed the American Battle Monuments Commission established on March 4, 1923, "to erect suitable memorials commemorating the services of the American soldier in Europe, and for other purposes." He visited six cemeteries in France, one in Belgium, and one in England, where 30,000 American soldiers were buried. At home he never missed an opportunity to visit a veterans' hospital to talk with the sick or wounded soldiers.

ABOUT 1935 when General Pershing visited Denver, he was greeted by thousands of ex-servicemen and women who came from all parts of the state to welcome him. Many of the visitors displayed badges of honor awarded to them by the United States and its Allies for conspicuous service under Pershing abroad. Also present were four wearers of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Among those wearing decorations from

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foreign countries was Fulton Alexander, a Negro of Denver who proudly wore the Croix de Guerre of France. Upon this occasion General Pershing told a *Post* reporter: "I salute the West, and the men of the West. The western men in our armies brought to the battlefield the spirit of the pioneers, their forebears. That same inevitable courage that ventured with set purpose into the unmapped wilderness and its dangers, conquering and making it the rich field for the expanding Republic and helping to shape the glorious destiny of their country, carried these descendants of the pioneers into the thickest of the struggle, victoriously against the best troops of the German empire.

"The urge to achievement that is in the people of the western plains and the western mountains went to the glory of our arms.

"I am proud that I am a *son of the west.* I am proud that I can claim kinship with these men who so unfalteringly upheld the best traditions of a martial people."

In 1940 on his 80th birthday, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt decorated the general with the Distinguished Service Cross. On October 17, 1947, Congress authorized a special medal for General Pershing "in recognition of his peerless leadership, heroic achievements and great military victories as Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. in Europe in World War I, and for his gallant and unselfish devotion to the service of his country in his contribution to the preparation for and the prosecution of World War II."

In the foyer of the Memorial Hospital in Cheyenne, Wyoming are colored portraits of Helen Frances Warren and John J. Pershing, made from photographs in the U. S. War Department. Accompanying them is a hand-written, framed plaque by the editors of *Army Times*, telling of the general's career. With a substantial gift from the Pershing and Warren families the hospital is splendidly equipped and its service to the community represents the ideal of Pershing and his family.

His son, Francis Warren Pershing, today a successful New York businessman, enlisted and rose to the rank of major, serving with the 75th Division and later with the First Army. He has two sons, John and Richard.

A large likeness of Black Jack Pershing, done by sculptor Felix de Weldon, was commissioned in 1968, to be erected in Paris near the Arc de Triomphe. Too, a likeness of Pershing was imprinted on an 8¢ U. S. postage stamp.

Black Jack Pershing died on July 15, 1948, as he approached his 88th birthday. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery with, in accordance with his wishes, only a plain enlisted man's marker to designate his resting place. First Sergeant Charley Wycoff, a colored soldier of the Carswell Air Force at Fort Worth, Texas, stood at Pershing's graveside and sounded taps.

Black Jack had said, "I want no one but Charley Wycoff to sound taps for me. When the last trumpet sounds I want to stand up with my men."

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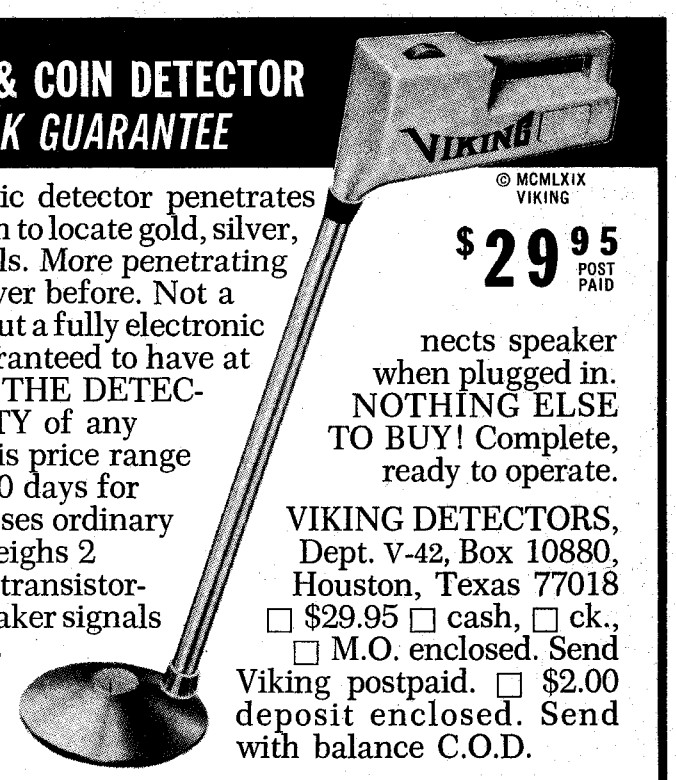

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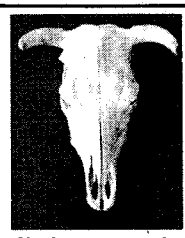

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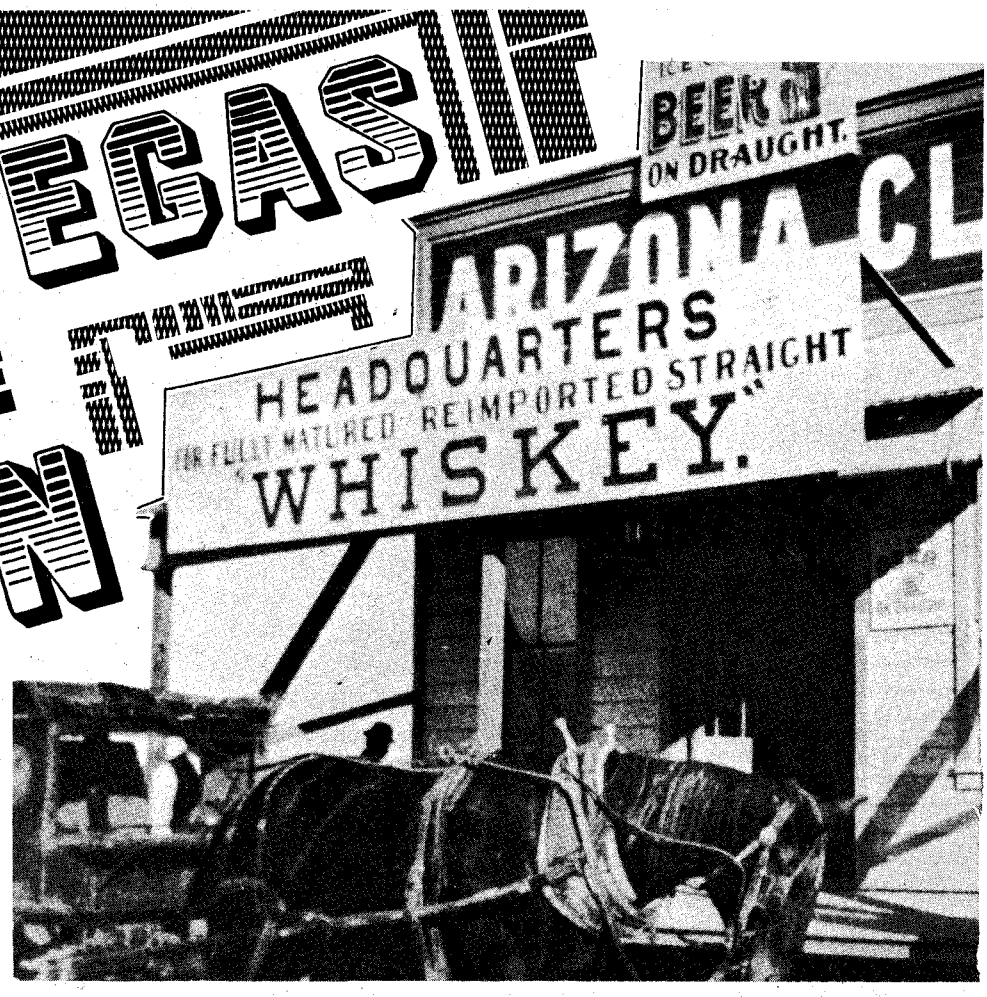
LAS VEGAS BEFORE THE NEON



The author first saw Vegas when it was a solitary tent—and he watched what happened in a year's time. Even as a baby, Las Vegas stayed up all night—

By HARVEY HARDY

Photos Courtesy Dickinson Library Special Collections Department, University of Nevada, Las Vegas and the Las Vegas News Bureau

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA has tested the descriptive talent of writers and speakers for the past decade. They have portrayed the excitement, the glamor, the lavish entertainment, the frantic gambling and some of the less admirable traits of human behavior on display at this metropolis of Southern Nevada with phrases ranging from Tallulah Bankhead's "Divine Rumpus Room" to the preachers' "Sink of Iniquity." However none of these engaging goings-on was in evidence when I first saw the place in January 1905.

I was on my way from Salt Lake City, Utah to a mining camp situated about forty miles southwest of Las Vegas. I was traveling on a railroad that was being built by Senator William A. Clark of Montana to furnish rail transportation between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. After some twenty-four hours of train travel we reached the small town of Caliente, Nevada, which was the end of the regularly scheduled train run. (This same Caliente had recently been the scene of one of the last of the big railroad wars. Senator Clark's forces and those of the Union Pacific Railroad were fighting over the right of way down the strategic Meadow Valley Wash. Workers of one side and then the other would lay rails which were later torn out by their opponents while gunmen stood by. This dispute had been settled by an agreement which allowed Senator Clark to build and

Squire's Big Tent Hotel, located at Main and Fremont, in 1905.

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Above, the "dining room" of Squire's Big Tent Hotel about 1905. In photo at left, J. O. McIntosh, owner of the Arizona Club, is on left, along with Sheriff Sam Gay of Clark County (1908).

operate the road for twenty-five years after which it would be managed by the Union Pacific.)

At Caliente, which was full of railroad construction workers, we were unable to find a place to sleep until one of the train men with whom we traveled from Salt Lake, suggested the sand house. The sand house proved to be a small building near the tracks where a fire was kept going throughout the night to dry the sand used to fill the sand boxes on the locomotives. Thanks to the fire and our bedrolls we spent a comfortable night in spite of the snow outside.

The next morning after breakfast we rustled around and finally managed to get on a work train headed south. Before we boarded the work train, that same friendly train man warned me to be careful where I sat in the train's one day coach, because it was lousy—and the term lousy referred not only to the quality of the coach but also to the vermin which infested it.

The weather had moderated as we traveled south and the rain had ceased. We arrived in Las Vegas in nice warm sunshine at about four o'clock that afternoon. There wasn't much to see in Las Vegas. A boxcar sitting on a side track was the railway station and telegraph office, and was the only thing in sight to the east. To the west we could see some tents in what was called McWilliam's Town, and in a tent restaurant we got a supper which consisted of beefsteak, fried potatoes and coffee. Then, back in the day coach we had a long wait until the work train finally pulled out some time in the night for its twenty-mile run to the end of track, called "Headquarters."

We arrived at Headquarters along towards morning and found the only light in the place was in the cook tent. We went over there and spent the time until daylight drinking coffee and talking with the cook's crew. After breakfast we found a sub-contractor who had an extra team and arranged to have him drive us to Goodsprings, about twenty miles away. That was my first look at Las Vegas, Nevada and if there was any glamor there it was certainly well concealed.

A YEAR LATER, Christmas of 1905, the small mine of which I was superintendent was closed down for a couple of days so on Christmas Eve I walked down to Goodsprings which was our supply point. There I was disappointed to find that my father had gone to Salt Lake City for the holidays, leaving me more or less on my own.

The next morning after breakfast I

Las Vegas, Nevada in 1909.

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Above, left, the "Sideboard Bar." Henry Jackson, bartender, on far left. Man at end of bar wearing derby hat is identified as Cliff Lake. In photo at right is Sam Gay, sheriff of Clark County, in 1905. Below, Goodsprings, Nevada prior to 1916.

met Harry Hinkley. Harry was a young fellow about my age who had just come out from Boston on his first visit to the West. Neither of us had seen the new town of Las Vegas which had developed in the last six months so we decided to go over and take a look at it. I had some money on deposit in Sam Yount's store which was open every day in the year including Christmas, so I went in the store and told Sam that I would like to get fifty dollars. Sam gave me the money and then asked, "What are you going to do with it?"

The reason for such a question was that Sam owned the store, the boarding house, saloon, feed corral and was the postmaster. He did all the business in the town and it was all conducted on a credit basis with accounts settled monthly, so cash was seldom used unless maybe for buying a drink in the saloon.

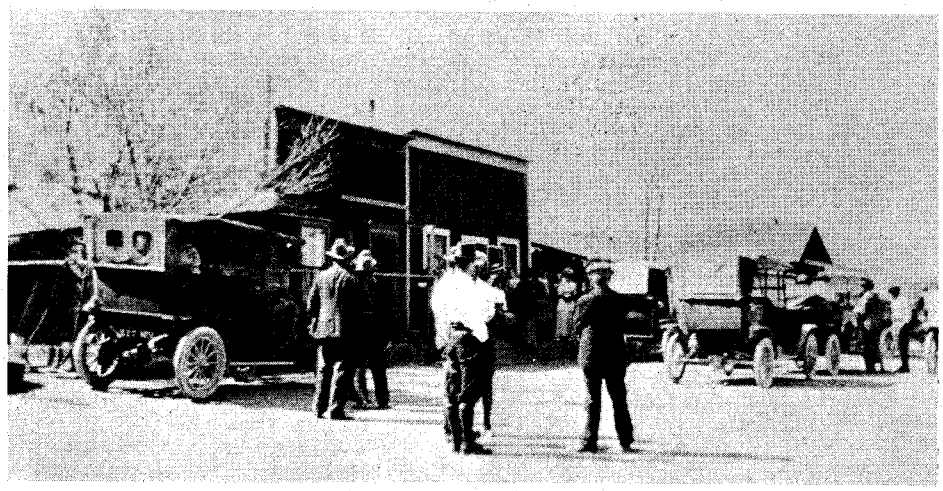
"Well, seeing as it is Christmas," I said, "Harry and I thought that we would go over and take a look at this new town of Las Vegas."

Sam studied a moment and then asked, "Have you got a gun?"

"I have one but I left it up at the mine. Didn't think I would need it today."

"You wait a minute," Sam told me.

He went back in to his living quarters behind the store and when he returned he had a gun—a Smith and Wesson .38 with a tip-up barrel, pearl handles, and a bright nickel-plated frame. Handing me the gun, Sam cautioned, "Now put that in your pocket and be damn careful.



That's a tough town over there and they tell me that they get a man for breakfast pretty near every morning."

I thanked him, put the gun in my pocket and, as the stage only ran every other day, Harry and I started out to walk the eight miles down to a station called Jean, on the new railroad, where we could catch a train that would get us into Las Vegas about noon.

When we arrived I found it much changed from what I had seen the previous January. The town as such had only been in existence since May when the lots in the townsite had been sold at an auction. But much had been accomplished in those intervening months. Streets had been laid out with Main Street parallel to the railroad tracks, as was customary with railroad towns of that day. Many buildings had been built, a few of brick but mostly lumber, yet many people were still living in tents.

We were told that Squire's Big Tent Hotel was the best in town so we went up there and, on registering, were assigned a room (or rather a "space"). The hotel was just a big tent with a board floor and canvas hung up to divide the spaces. Our space contained a double bed and a wash stand complete with a basin and a pitcher of water. But it was clean and that was important.

After lunch we walked around the

A portion of "Block 16" in 1908.

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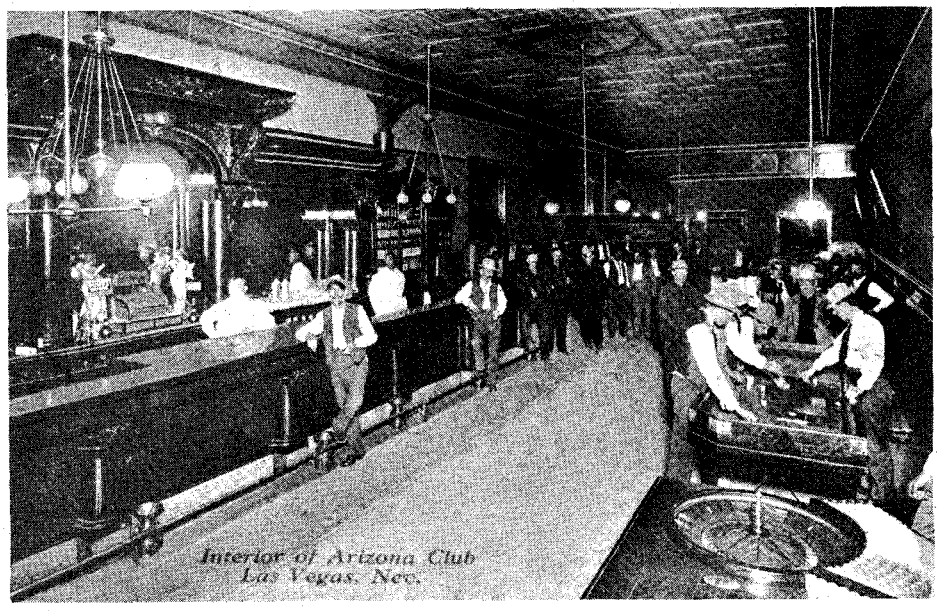
Fremont Street in 1905.

town which did not take very long. Harry, having recently come from a Boston winter, was much impressed when he saw young fellows playing tennis in their shirt sleeves on Christmas Day. In the evening we went to a Christmas entertainment in a church. We were invited to go there by a Mr. Griffith who had a hardware store. The entertainment was complete with Santa Claus, a Christmas tree, little bags of candy for the children, and much singing. As the church where the entertainment was held was a permanent building, it would appear that the town had not neglected the spiritual side in its rapid development.

After the church entertainment, the only place that offered any alternate form of amusement was the notorious Block Sixteen which had been so widely publicized. So we went up to take a look at it. At this point, a word or two about the history of Las Vegas might help in evaluating Block Sixteen.

Below, the new Arizona Club built in 1908.

Arizona Club, Las Vegas, Nev.



Interior of Arizona Club Las Vegas, Nev.

THE NAME, Las Vegas, indicates that it was visited by the early Spanish explorers. But in more recent years it was known as the location of the Stewart Ranch and an abundant supply of good water. This water supply led to the purchase of the ranch by the Clark Railroad, as water was a very important factor in the day of the steam locomotive.

A townsite was laid out on the broad acres of the ranch and when the railroad was completed in May 1905, the lots in the townsite were sold at auction. All lots were sold with restrictions which prohibited the establishment of saloons, gambling houses or sporting houses on any lot in the townsite other than Block Sixteen.

The Senator evidently intended that Las Vegas should be a model town. But alas for the good senator's planning. In a few years the smart boys found a loophole in the restrictions. They found that a hotel could have a bar and the bar could have gambling and this led to the building of saloons in the business part of town with a few rental rooms upstairs giving them a "hotel" classification. Thus the senator's good intentions were thwarted.

On that Christmas night in 1905 when Harry and I reached Block Sixteen, all bars and gambling houses were confined to that area and they were running full blast. The several saloons were crowded and the games of faro, roulette, craps, blackjack and poker were operating with their attendant dealers, shills, patrons and bouncers. Standing room around the heating stoves was at a premium, for December nights can get pretty chilly in Las Vegas. Many of the bars and gambling houses were still set up in tents, although some had moved into more permanent structures.

To Harry and me, coming from a quiet place like Goodsprings, the place looked very lively. To the present generation whose idea of a western saloon has been derived from movies and television, the place would have been a great disappointment. There were no charmers with short skirts, bright smiles and a desire for masculine companionship, wandering around among the customers. There were no lady card dealers and there were no lady customers.

To me, born and raised in the West, wide-open gambling was no novelty and not very interesting. But Harry, coming from a very proper Boston suburb, found it all very new and exciting and he

(Continued on page 73)

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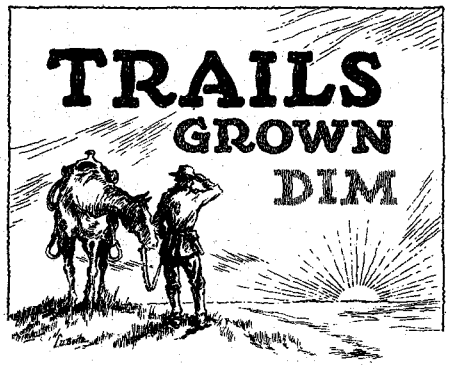

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Arnold

I am trying to locate the relatives of a family named Arnold. We have been told they came from Tennessee to Missouri in the middle 1870s and then to Texas in the early 1880s. They settled in Archer, Clay or Montague County. The mother and father (first names unknown) were murdered by Indians in a raid in one of these counties.

One boy, Ed Arnold, and four sisters survived—Tinnie, May, Mary, and Laura Ella—through whom we are trying to get information. Laura Ella married a T. C. Campbell in Clay County. The others lived around St. Jo, Montague County, Texas in the 1940s. I do not know where they live now. Mary married a Robert Hutchinson and Tinnie married a Mr. Ferguson.

My husband's grandmother, Laura Ella, died before she could give me any information, so I would like to find the relatives of the brother and sisters who might still be living.—Mrs. Virginia H. Beare, 306 Glenwood Court, San Antonio, Texas 78210

Crawford

As a child I was admitted to Protestant Childrens Orphanage in 1912 and was released in 1920 at the age of thirteen. It is now listed as Protestant Childrens Home, 3020 Magazine Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

I last heard of my brother William Hulon Crawford in 1952, then living and working for Lofton & Lofton Construction Company in Delhi, Louisiana. He is about sixty-three years old, has black (or grey) hair and blue eyes. In 1952 he weighed about 185 pounds. He spent two and one-half years at the orphanage.

One of my sisters, Vera Crawford, married a Keller and had about five children the last time I heard from her. She is about sixty-six years old if living. She had a son Richard Keller Jr., who was called Buddy and another son whose name I do not know, and a girl, Carol Keller.

Another sister, Lettie Mae Crawford, died in 1938 at Hazelhurst, Mississippi. Her son, Keary Cooper Jr., belonged to the Masonic Lodge at Hazelhurst in 1952, the last I heard of him.

Another sister, Anna Lee Crawford, married a Mr. Bergeron from New Orleans and Chief Engineer at the Jung Hotel. They later separated. She is about seventy-five years old if living.

My first cousin, Bertha Crawford, married Frank Heartman who owned a funeral home and a furniture store at Brookhaven, Mississippi. There also were twin brothers, Tom and Will Crawford, of Brookhaven, whom I last saw in 1952.

My mother was Elizabeth Martin before marrying my father, William Walter Crawford. My father was a carpenter and played a fiddle for dances. Martinsville, Mississippi was named after my great-great-grandfather and is located on Highway 51 south of Jackson.

If anyone knows any of these people, please write to me as I am getting old, am ill and want to locate some of my people. I was married once but am divorced many years now.—Miss Agnes Crawford, c/o Mr. Minner, Owner, Union Cab Company, South Avenue A, Freeport, Texas 77541

Baker

While walking in the woods about ten miles north of Brooksville, Florida, my husband discovered six graves. They are near an old pioneer trail, thought to be the road from Fort King to Tampa Bay during the Seminole uprising. Three of the headstones could be read: "Jessie Baker, Died Sept. 28, 1888"; "Mary Baker, Died 1888"; and "John F. Baker, Died 1877." I would like to hear from anyone knowing about these persons.—Pat Green, 3915 West Powhattan, Tampa, Florida 33614

Winslow-Turner

Who has information of the Winslow Turner family, early 1800s in Lincoln and Montgomery Counties, Missouri? He married Molly Standish but had a widow Elizabeth when he died in 1825. Was Molly the mother of all of his eleven children? His daughter Phoebe was my great-grandmother who married William Null and came to Blue and McDade, Texas. They had eleven children. Their son Alonzo was my grandfather. All the others disappeared from the records by 1875. An allied Robinson family might have records.—Mrs. Doris Cotton, 1438 Scenic Ridge, Houston, Texas 77043

Isaac McWilliam

We are searching for descendants of Isaac McWilliam, a brother of my great-grandfather John Alexander McWilliam. We are hoping they will be able to give us information on the brothers' mutual parents and maybe even the grandparents.

Grandfather John was born April 24, 1842, Venango County, Pennsylvania and died in Oxford, Nebraska July 29, 1910. He moved to Wisconsin (with parents) probably because he entered the Civil War from there in 1862 at age nineteen. He had sisters Emma and Nancy who stayed in Wisconsin and Elizabeth (Libby), Lucy, Mary and Nettie who located with him in Alexandria, Nebraska. Grandfather's cousin Jimmy Dixon used to come visit them sometimes at the farm. Uncle Isaac was married and lived in Omaha, Nebraska. Mother thought he was killed in a boiler explosion in the early 1900s. As she remembered he had four children, Elmer, Dyer, Eleanor and Amanda.—Mrs. Orel (Lois) Dickson, 2363 Dumbarton Avenue, East Palo Alto, California 94303

Beattie-Rice

My father, John Edward Beattie came from Arkansas or Missouri. His father's name was "Mac" Beattie. We think the family came from England. Mac married Mary McClure (?) and John married Leona Jane Rice in Missouri. She had a sister named Nora and a brother named Frank. John E. Beattie had several brothers, Charley, James, and Thomas Beattie, all from Little Rock, Arkansas.

We have very little information, as our parents died when we were children, so would deeply appreciate any help that anyone could give us, especially on the Rice family.—Ethel Whitetail, Box 1005, Pawhuska, Oklahoma 74056

Stephen J. Scott

Born in San Marcos, Texas about 1918, Stephen J. Scott served in the U. S. Navy in the heavy cruiser *U.S.S. Salt Lake City* from about 1935 to 1939. He worked in Austin and San Antonio from 1939 to 1942 and re-enlisted in the Navy after the U. S. entered World War II. In 1942 he was in Chicago (last address), awaiting further assignment. Anyone who has information on Scott's present location, please write or bring this inquiry to his attention.—J. B. Gibson, Box 271, Gainesville, Missouri 65655

Joshia or Josh Henson

Joshia or Josh Henson lived in or around Ida, Oklahoma in the late 1800s and also in Arkansas. A Swede and maybe half-Indian, some say he lived with the Osage. He was married twice and had at least four daughters by his first wife: Mary, Julie, Katie and Amanda. His son William Chris Henson was born in Stone or Sharpe County, Arkansas about 1877. We do not know his first wife's name or where she died but believe it was in Oklahoma near Idabel when Chris was nine years old.

Joshia remarried a woman named Rose Anna (maiden name unknown). They had a son Max or Mack Henson. Chris married Annie E. Hibbs in Arkansas. Katie married a Tom Dee, Amanda married a Mr. Green and they lived in Amity, Arkansas; Julie Henson married Sam Cornelius, Mary married a man named Creech and had a daughter Anna May and a son Willy Creech. After Creech's death she married Jim Seals and they had a son named Jack Seals. Josh had a brother Charlie (Hoss) Henson who

(Continued on page 67)

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How to Survive a Vacation

(Continued from page 23)

their merits, a more desirable tool for possible survival use is the Hudson's Bay ax with its weight-lessening narrow butt. A one-and-one-half pound head on a twenty-four inch handle will enable one to put up a satisfactory log cabin in a pinch.

This does not mean that a larger and heavier tool will not be far more convenient if the moment comes when we need an ax. Whether the additional bulk and heft will be justified, particularly if its inclusion means the elimination of something else, must be a matter of individual decision. If a riveted leather sheath is not included with any ax that is selected, the cutting surface should be safely wrapped in something such as stout canvas.

Saw

Indians used to make saws of bone and of stone, and with good reason, for one can work up firewood much more swiftly and facilely with a saw designed for the purpose than with any ax, and with much less risk.

Inclusion of a Swede saw in the survival outfit will be, certainly, a worthwhile precaution. The thin narrow blade can be held in a compact roll by string wound among its large set teeth which when packed should be covered if only by rolling a section of canvas around them.

A two-piece tubular handle adds little weight and, when disjointed, not very much bulk. A handle may later be improvised on the spot, however, by bending a green sapling like a bow. Once the correct length has been estimated, the ends can be split and a single hole made through each with a knife, nail, etc. The handle can then be rebent, and the blade inserted and secured by twisted nails or by tying. Two butterfly bolts will make this latter function even simpler.

Carborundum

A small carborundum stone, coarse on one side and fine on the other, may be carried in the pocket to keep knife as well as other edged tools sharp. Although there are radically different opinions about the best way to accomplish this, perhaps you have just naturally gravitated into the procedure found practical throughout the years by the dean of the outdoor writers, Colonel Townsend Whelen.

"Put a few drops of oil or water on the stone, lay the blade flat on it; if it is a pocket knife raise the back of the blade about 1/8 inch off the stone, or for a broad-bladed sheath knife about 1/4 inch. Keep the blade at this angle while sharpening.

"Pressing with medium weight on the blade, grind the edge with a circular movement, about thirty seconds on one side. Tilt the blade a little to grind the blade up toward the point. After a few minutes of grinding, it will be quite sharp but will have a feather edge. Then push the edge of the blade straight forward across the stone several times, turn it over and press the other side forward, and the feather edge will double and come off.

"The knife is then sharp enough for most purposes," concludes the Colonel. "If you want to shave with it, finish by stropping it on the soft leather of your boot top."

Gun and Ammunition

The most valuable survival weapon for living off the North American continent for an indefinite period is a light and flat-shooting repeating rifle. Cartridges should be selected for meat-getting efficiency. If two or three firearms are to be carried by a party, all ideally should be similar so that the parts of any can be used to keep at least one functioning.

Sleeping Provisions

Eiderdown is the lightest and warmest material obtainable for the manufacture of sleeping robes; down from other fowl ranks next. Feathers, types and desirability of which vary greatly, are bulky in comparison.

Snaps are for two reasons preferable to slide fastenings for use on sleeping robes; (a) it is much easier with snaps to moderate the inside temperature of a robe, (b) slide fasteners on such equipment have a tendency in all climates to get out of order, and in cold regions this can be a hazardous predicament.

For those who may like a small pillow, the better rubberized and plastic affairs which can be inflated by the mouth are convenient. When one is traveling too light to take an air mattress, such a pillow can be used to soften a broad shallow hip hole or to cushion a shoulder hole.

Tent or Tarp

To carry for possible emergency, a tent will ordinarily be preferable to a tarpaulin only if there may be a serious need to exclude insects. Such a tent would be a small, light, flyproof model. A small tarp will otherwise prove more adaptable, cheerful and efficient.

If the survival kit is small, one may very well settle for a rectangle of plastic, perhaps eight feet by four, which can be folded and carried in a shirt pocket. This will afford a waterproof roof which is the hardest thing to come by in any makeshift shelter.

Flashlight

The two-cell flashlight is usually enough, preferably one with rounded lines that are not so prone to wear holes. A spare bulb, cushioned in cotton batting, can often be stowed in the end. It is a good idea to take along in the outfit an additional spare, perhaps inside a box of adhesive bandages. You will probably want at least two extra batteries.

The batteries will last much longer if the light is snapped on for only very brief periods at a time. An occasional flash is all that is needed, for example, while hiking at night. When packing it is a sound precaution to insert paper between batteries and bulb, for even secur-

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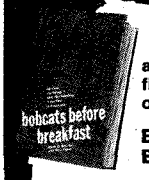

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ing the switch with tape does not always prevent the wasting of power accidentally.

Whistle

A whistle can be useful for attracting help, sending messages, keeping a group together, and for any other purposes when it will serve better than a shout. When a group goes out together, an often conservative precaution is to agree on a simple code, put it down on paper, and furnish each individual a copy to carry on his person.

Binoculars and Telescope

Either binoculars or telescope can be a far more important part of the survival kit than is generally appreciated; for locating landmarks, scouting out the most desirable routes, and certainly for securing meat.

Insect Repellent

Having a supply of one of the more effective fly dopes in the emergency kit can prevent a lot of misery during seasons when winged pests are prevalent in sometimes death-dealing multitudes.

Fishing Gear

This is something that you can have a lot of enjoyment with, too, at unexpected times. Why not get a small metal box if you want, perhaps one of the flat pill containers, and fit in a few hooks and flies? You might add some tiny strips of lead to be later twisted into place as sinkers, and you won't forget to wind a quantity of small durable fish line, such as nylon, on perhaps a piece of cardboard. You can always cut a pole. Safety pins, incidentally, can be made to serve as guides.

Writing Materials

You might bring some good light paper, a few envelopes perhaps, and a pencil or ball-point fountain pen. These will make it easier to leave messages, one precaution that anyone lost should ordinarily take before leaving an emergency camp. Such materials may also be welcomed for mapping and for otherwise profitably passing time.

Water Purifier

The tiny two-ounce bottles each holding one hundred halazone tablets take up little room and afford good insurance against impure drinking water. These minute tablets work by releasing chlorine gas and therefore should be fresh. A full bottle sells for about fifty cents and should be kept tightly closed in a dark, dry place. Similarly used Iodine Water Purification Tablets, effective in semi-tropical and tropical areas where chlorine is regarded as inadequate, are available at about twice this price.

Cooking Outfit

A cooking outfit is not mandatory for survival except insofar as it may conserve vital time and energy. A surplus army frying pan will do, although heavier than necessary for this particular function. The high sides make it useful even for stews, and by using the plate-like lid to cover the food, the utensil may be buried in hot coals like a Dutch oven. If an army canteen is also taken, one may as well include the cup which fits over the end and which can be utilized in a number of ways.

Best of all, if you care to go that far, is a small nested cooking kit made of a light tough aluminum compound. Anyone who has burned his lips on aluminum will agree, however, that nested cups, and preferably the plates, may well be of less ardent stainless steel.

Greasy cooking utensils are easily enough cleaned under primitive conditions by the boiling of water and wood ashes in them, the lye in the latter combining with the fats to make a soap. Natural scouring agents include sand, grass, moss, and the edible rush known as horsetail.

Survival Rations

Fat, which in calories is the most concentrated food, is the sustenance most difficult to come by when living off the land. Butter, lard, bacon dripping, tallow, and oleomargerine have more than twice as many calories pound for pound as sugar and nearly three times as many as honey. In any limited survival rations you may decide therefore to include a preponderance of edible fats with the idea of completing the diet from natural sources.

Other concentrated nutriments to consider are chocolate, malted milk tablets, dried whole eggs, dried whole milk, and peanut butter. Rice, if you want a starch, cooks up appetizingly with a large variety of foods.

Although not having much food value, some of the compactly packaged soup and broth ingredients add what some regard as a flavor-lift to many wild dishes. You may enjoy powdered pure tea and coffee, too. There are numerous dehydrated vegetables and fruits, but corresponding wild components are generally among the easier wilderness sustenances to obtain.

You could also carry a small quantity of vitamin and mineral concentrates, although there would seem to be no ordinary necessity for these. If under conditions when you might need them you managed to keep going by living largely or entirely off the country—as you would probably have to do to keep alive—you would already have at your disposal all food ingredients necessary for maintaining good health.

Emergency foods may well be carried whenever practical in adequately marked waterproof bags. Any products best kept over extended periods in their original airtight containers you may decide to place temporarily in the survival kit unopened, with the knowledge that if bulk and weight should become decisive factors, you could transfer them to waterproof sacks included in readiness.

Rope or Cord

A coil of good rope will have innumerable uses if you have room for it. Otherwise, a few yards of nylon cord at least heavy enough to support your weight will not take up much space.

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Toilet Kit

This may include one small towel that can be kept washed, nail file, soap in a waterproof wrapping, toothbrush, dentifrice such as common baking soda which has many other uses, comb, and any other small items you may personally want such as a safety razor and blades.

Repair Kit

The odds and ends of a painstakingly selected repair kit will sometimes prove outrageously valuable in proportion to its intrinsic worth in civilization. We all have our own ideas about what a ditty bag of such items should include. After years of adding and discarding, here is what I now keep in mine:

A very small pair of pointed scissors, the best I can buy. Two rolls of narrow adhesive tape which can be used to mend things innumerable, paticularly if in cold weather the tape is warmed slightly before application. Small pointed tweezers, also the finest obtainable, valuable incidentally for extracting thorns and slivers.

Cutting pliers. Two short, different size screwdrivers with handles strong enough to grip with pliers. Some nylon fish line. A coil of light snare wire. Rawhide lace. Tube of all-purpose adhesive, wrapped for protection. Rubber patches and rubber cement. A small file. Safety pins of various sizes, strung on the largest. A few copper rivets. An empty toothpaste tube that, with the pitch from a conifer for flux, will serve as emergency solder.

A small sewing roll containing a few coils of thread, various needles, wax, a couple of cards wound with darning wool, and several buttons only, as these latter can be so easily improvised from materials at hand. There is also a small rugged can of gun oil and a few cleaning patches, one of which is tied to the middle of a nylon cord so that with care it can be worked through the barrel without the aid of a cleaning rod.

Here, too, I keep my spare store of waterproofed matches and a reserve compass.

Medicine Kit

A recommended way to decide upon the contents of a personal medicine kit is to discuss the problem with your doctor, saving time if you want by using as a basis our general considerations of the subject from a survival viewpoint. The first aid kits commonly sold ready packed are not designed, as you know, to fulfill possible wilderness needs when any additional assistance may be days away.

Extra Clothing

Feet should be given primary consideration, which may mean inclusion of at least several pairs of socks. You may also want to consider taking some substitute footwear such as shoe pacs with either rubber or composition soles. Underwear, handkerchiefs, and other apparel that can be readily washed need not be toted in the proportions sometimes seen. A large soft silk kerchief may come in handy for wearing around the neck, for tying about the ears in cold weather or about the head at night when it is undesirable to dampen the sleeping robe by breathing inside it, for use as a sling, and so on. A spare woolen shirt always seems to come in useful.

It's Up to You

Survival in the final analysis is up to the individual. "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps," as Thoreau suggests, "it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

It costs very little time, money, and effort to be ready. If you are not ready, it may cost your life.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 64)

married Julia Lon Traffenstead from Wilson, Arkansas.

Josh had another brother but my grandmother could not remember even his name, just that he lived in Heber Springs, Arkansas and had three or four daughters whose names rhymed. One was Lucinda. I would like to hear from anyone who knew or knows these people or is related to them. I would also like to know when and where Josh and his first wife died and where they are buried. We know nothing about my grandfather Chris' folks and would appreciate anything that anyone might be able to tell us.—Mrs. B. J. McDonald, 4112 East McKenzie, Fresno, California 93702

James Pinkey Robertson

I would like to find my father's relations. His name is James Pinkey Robertson and he was born September 8, 1875. I think he had brothers, Dan and John, and a sister, Mary Jane. I am not sure but I think he had a younger sister. My father passed away in Stockton, California in 1958. His brother Dan passed away in Ardmore, Oklahoma in the late 1940s.

James P. Robertson married Elizzie Beth Turner and had three children, Ollie M. Robertson, myself, and my sister, Stella Ingram. Uncle Dan lost his family. They had two daughters. One passed away in Dos Palos, California. She was Mattie Glandon. The other was living in Ardmore, Oklahoma. My father's family lived in Florence, Alabama and Memphis, Tennessee. As he left home very young, I would appreciate any information.—James H. Robertson, 8835 M. M. Star Route, Oroville, California 95965

Charles Holmer

I would like to hear from anyone who knew Charles Holmer in Juneau, Alaska between 1926 and 1934.—Ivan L. Fail, Box 11, Nixa, Missouri 65714

Stowers

My grandfather James Adam Stowers was born in West Virginia about 1850 and married Prisilla Gertrude Gunter, a Texas girl. They had ten children in Missouri, my father being the eldest born in 1878. Maybe some descendant of James Adam's other nine children might help

(Continued on page 93)

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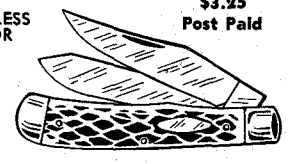

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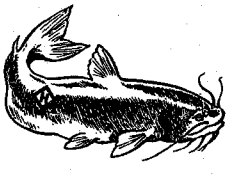

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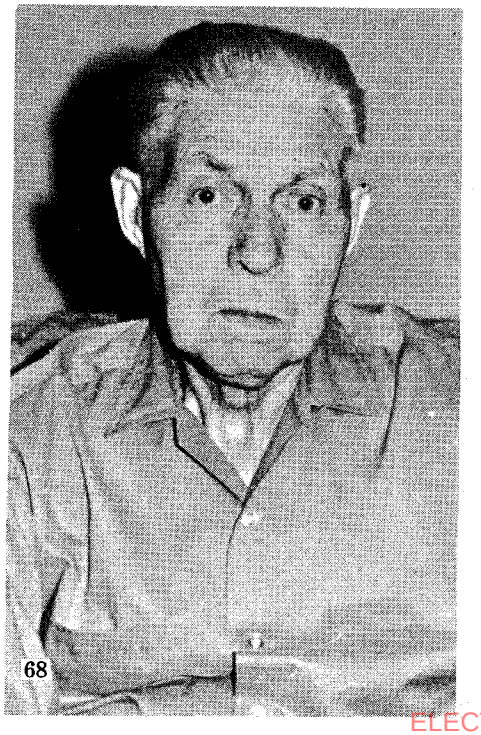
WAY STATION FOR THE MINES

By ROSCOE LeGRESLEY
Photos Courtesy Author



TO MANY IDAHOANS the word, Newsome, means very little. A few may have heard it was a spot somewhere south of the town of Clearwater on the road to the gold country of Elk City, Dixie and the Buffalo Hump. But to William (Bill) Yarbrough, now living in Kamiah, it holds a world of fond memories.

Born in 1887 in Bellevue, Idaho, Bill grew up making his living by doing odd jobs around town. One of these he liked especially well was working in a local grocery and general merchandise store, where he learned a lot about the things needed most on the frontier in the way of food and equipment.

Bill had been born with a pleasant manner toward others and a bubbling sense of humor which was likely to crop out at any time in his conversation. Due to his easy way, he made many friends among the wandering prospectors who spun tales of fabulous treasure.

At top of page, Newsome as it looked in Yarbrough's time. At left, Bill Yarbrough, 83-year-old Kamiah resident, remembers much of the old gold mining days in Idaho country.

Bill listened to these things and finally the lust for adventure grew so strong it could no longer be denied. About the time he turned twenty years of age he said goodbye to his birthplace and struck out on his own.

For a year or so he moved around, first one town, then another; then he heard about the booming gold country of Elk City, Dixie and the Buffalo Hump in north-central Idaho. This country was still producing gold in large quantities in 1909 although other camps had petered out.

Bill could almost take his pick of jobs there were so many available, including the building of houses, barns and stores. He worked hard and long hours at carpentry, and by saving his money he soon had a fairly good size stake for investing in a business of his own. Bill's big opportunity presented itself in the form of a way station called Newsome, which catered to everyone entering and leaving

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Anybody who's ever driven through lonesome and strange country with a gas tank registering "empty" will appreciate how the old-time freighters felt when Newsome hove in sight

Above, one of the daily events at the way station was the arrival of the stage from Elk City. At right, a local resident proudly displays a pair of cougar cubs. Wild game was plentiful around Newsome.

the gold country. Bill bought the place. Newsome was the largest stop-over for travelers and freighters in the wilderness area, as it was about halfway between Stites, the end of the railroad, and the main town of Elk City which was some seventy miles to the southeast. Roads from Elk City fanned out to Dixie, Oro Grande and the Buffalo Hump—all producing gold, both hardrock and placer.

The way station was really a small "community." It catered to all the needs of not only those moving in and out of the back country but several families who lived close by who were employed part time to work around the station as well as working placer ground of their own.

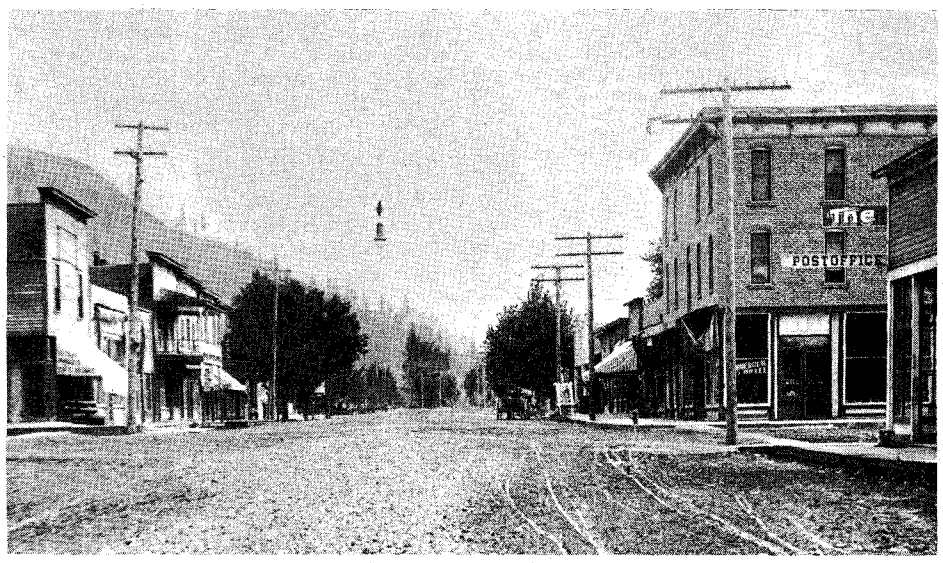
THE MAIN BUILDING, one-story and rambling, was made of big logs securely put together so as to withstand the elements, both summer and winter. It contained a dining room with a large fireplace which served not only to heat the place but was used for cooking as well. It also had a kitchen and a number of rooms built along the side which were used by the owner.

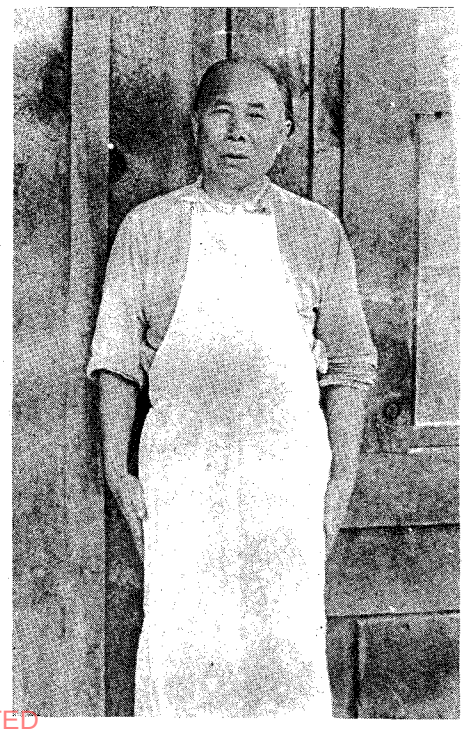
In addition it had another large room which contained nine beds and was used as sleeping quarters for men. Several other rooms were reserved for lady occupants. Near the the main building were several cabins which were used by larger groups traveling together or by an occasional family.

Meals were fifty cents each and the best of food, prepared by a Chinese cook, was available. The menu leaned heavily toward wild game such as deer, elk and grouse of which there was an abundance. Staples such as flour, sugar and salt were high because of transportation costs. They came in from the railhead at Stites by freight wagon or pack horse.

The daily routine at the station began early in the summertime, when traffic was heaviest. Usually this was around four in the morning and work did not end until ten-thirty or eleven at night. During these months there was much to be done around the place besides looking after the needs of travelers. One of the biggest chores Bill recalls was the supervising of wood cutters who took care of the station's fuel problem in the wintertime. Winter came early and stayed late and the normal amount of

Below, Main street in Stites Idaho. Stites was the end of the rail lines, and boasted about six or seven hundred people. Today, all the old buildings are gone and the remaining population depends mainly on logging and lumbering. At right, a Chinese cook known only as Lee prepared the meals at Newsome.





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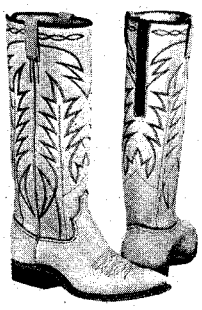

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It was a hard life around Newsome in the early days, but there was fun also, such as this berry-picking party. All the residents would take time out from their work to hunt the wild fruit used for pies, jams, and jellies.

wood needed to heat the buildings, keeping them snug against temperatures which sometimes dipped to forty below, was at least thirty cords or more. This had to be cut during the summer months as the usual snowfall was between eight and ten feet.

Most of those in the gold fields were honest, hard working people, but as always there were a few who believed the quickest way to acquire gold was to rob others, and kill if necessary. It has been estimated that 10,000 people were in and around the gold mines, with a large number of these being Chinese who would take over abandoned claims and generally work them at a profit.

There was one such group of about a dozen who worked placer ground not far from Newsome and the rumor got started that several of them had struck some exceedingly rich pockets overlooked by the white men. The rumor persisted and grew since the Chinamen, always closemouthed, became even less talkative when they visited Elk City for supplies. These they would purchase and return in a hurry to their diggings. Many of them had suffered harassment in some form or another and it became a rule that when they needed to go to town they would gather at a certain spot and from there go in a body and return the same way.

One spring evening they were gathering for another trip, with seven or eight present, when from the rocks around them savage gunfire opened up. When the shooting stopped, several lay dead with the rest fleeing into the mountains never to be heard from or seen again. Upon investigation it became apparent that robbery had been the motive, but other than what the dead men had on their persons the attackers' reward was nil. It is still believed that some of the Chinese miners were quite rich and that the bulk of their gold was carefully hidden. No one was ever tried for the crime.

Yarbrough and his wife while at Newsome.

ANOTHER EPISODE Bill recalls also involves a Chinaman but on the lighter side. There was one who, although quite orderly, supported himself by doing small chores such as washing clothes and other menial tasks for the miners. One day Bill noticed the Chinaman sporting a gold pocket watch attached to a heavy gold chain.

Bill complimented it to the old man who palmed it in his hand, saying, "No good. Watch won't run."

Bill, upon examining the piece, wound it up and it started ticking in a regular manner. Patiently he explained that the piece must be wound regularly, with the Chinaman agreeing as he tucked it in his pocket.

Several days later Bill met him again and inquired about the watch. Once again the complaint came—the watch would not run. Once again the necessity of winding was stressed, and once again the Oriental was all smiles.

Several days passed and he showed up at the way station to complain about the timepiece. In exasperation Bill asked what he would take for the watch. The Chinaman beamed, "Three dollars," and

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Yarbrough became the owner of a watch which was worth many times the price in the gold case alone.

Bill was also postmaster and as the medium of exchange was generally gold he handled much of this, both across his counter and in the mail. He recalls the largest shipment ever sent via Uncle Sam were some small gold bricks totaling $3,000 which had been produced by the New Yorker Mine.

In the early twenties when the gold mines began to peter out, Bill sold the station and moved to Stites. In 1955 he retired to Kamiah, Idaho, where he still lives today.

"Bloody Caddo"

(Continued from page 48)

meet his Maker.

"In all likelihood Willie would have died, but by then he had a 'purpose in life' which undoubtedly gave him the will to live. In a surprisingly short time he was back on Caddo Street again wobbling around the Dewdrop Inn. Willie didn't bring charges against the Fourches and the Fourches didn't bring any against Willie and I guess you could call the whole incident a draw with everybody making resolutions about how things would end up 'next time.'

"Willie was not destined to realize his ambition to 'get every one those damned Fourches' but he did get the older brother, Jonah, a few months later in another barroom on Caddo Street. Willie provoked Jonah to draw and they shot it out, with the result almost a foregone conclusion. So far nobody had outshot Willie.

"Fate, though, has a way of occasionally handing everybody a little surprise and there was one waiting for Wobblin' Willie too. Willie had had a violent quarrel with a man about the ownership of a horse. The matter was finally tried in court with the horse going to the other man. Willie didn't take this lightly and swore he would get the horse back any way he could. With this in mind he went to the Carter County courthouse to see Judge Jimmy Mathers, a slightly built and gentle man who had tried the case the first time and found for Willie's opponent.

"Wobblin' Willie argued with Judge Mathers to no avail, pleading to be given a replevin paper, but was firmly refused. Judge Mathers believed he had made the right decision the first time and had no intention of changing his mind in favor of Willie.

"When Willie found that he wasn't getting anywhere he lost his temper and started to draw his gun on the judge. The judge, who had no reputation at all as a gunfighter, had a gun too. I'm not sure if he was wearing one or not—I think it more likely he had one in his desk drawer, but that just wasn't Willie's lucky day. Probably even the judge didn't know exactly how it happened but he shot, and Willie dropped to the floor and never got up again. He was dead by the time the doctor got there.

"In a way it was kind of dirty trick Fate played on Willie, to let a man with no reputation at all for gunfighting be the one to kill him. I always kind of believed Willie would rather have had one of the Fourches shoot him—and I'm pretty sure any one of the remaining Fourche family would have been willing to have taken their chances in a fair fight—even the girls."

Arizona's Mystery Castle

(Continued from page 35)

architecture in college. Using this knowledge and plenty of inborn imagination, he began laying the foundation without benefit of blueprint. It really wasn't important; the desert was a place where any kind of structure could grow and flourish like a native cactus.

Gulley's creation eventually became a mansion of eighteen rooms. It contained thirteen fireplaces, none of which was built "according to the rule," but all of which drew—and still draw—perfectly. Although plagued by lack of money and sometimes by the laughter of Phoenix townspeople, Gulley persevered. He used the materials at hand—native stone from the surrounding hills, old logs, wood from dismantled freight cars, and cast-off items of every description. He could visualize a use for everything. Cement was just about the only thing he had to buy.

Occasionally he hired Indian or Mexican laborers to help, but he did most of the work himself. That included toting buckets of water from a ditch two miles away to mix his mortar. With all that work involved, none of it went to waste. If he had some left over after a day's work of laying stone walls, he used it for modeling. Maybe the result would be an Egyptian cat (there are two of them on the patio), or maybe he would plaster over a dead saguaro to use as a gatepost.

GULLEY built a flight of concrete steps up to the flagstone patio on the second-story level. This opens into the main room of the castle. Here Gulley used an old ox yoke for a chandelier, now converted to electricity. He lined the walls with built-in bookcases. He constructed the living room fireplace to serve both that room and the master bedroom on the other side of the partition. There is no fireplace opening in the bedroom, but the massive rock backing of the one in the living room radiates heat like a furnace. The room is furnished with heavy Spanish-type furniture.

The tepee-shaped house Gulley built for his pets—dog on the first floor, cat "upstairs." Note the second-story entrance on the right side.

In the kitchen, Gulley installed a wall oven and suspended cupboards from the ceiling. He made a ventilator hood for the stove out of half a bathtub. His inventive genius led him to use things as they had never been used before!

Finding a number of Indian petroglyphs, he incorporated them as decorations, along with Mexican tiles. On the patio he used bricks, malformed due to overbaking and consequently thrown out by commercial kilns, as trim on ledges and around an aperture which overlooks the valley 450 feet below. He built open air grills, and a "flying staircase" which goes nowhere. Who knows but what he had planned to build a lookout tower on the roof at some future date?

Into the flagstone floor of the patio, Gulley set a compass which has been found to be accurate. Out on the patio, too, he designed a wishing well with a bucket where a visitor might place an order for his favorite libation, then lower the bucket through a floor opening into the "Dug Out Tavern" below. Here at an old covered wagon which served as a bar, the order could be filled and returned via the bucket. It was a great idea, but history doesn't say whether or not anybody ever made use of it. Or for that matter, of the "bunks for drunks" which were installed in the barroom. Gulley had a sense of humor as well as great ingenuity.

Across the patio, in a wing separate from the main part of the castle, Gulley built two small bedrooms and a tiny chapel, complete with an old reed organ brought from St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Tombstone, of all places! Even today the chapel is occasionally used for weddings.

Boyce Gulley also used wagon wheels as decorations or, by setting pieces of colored glass between the spokes, he made unusual windows. Other windows, which give the appearance of modern glass brick, he made from square refrigerator dishes and lids, all painstakingly fitted together. Still others are conventional glass panes.

While he was at it, Gulley didn't forget his pets. Their house, a two-story, tepee-shaped affair, was built of native stone to match the castle. A collie occupied the ground floor; a cat had the second-story bedroom.

As the years passed and the castle grew, Gulley found himself cured of the tuberculosis which had sent him to Arizona in the first place. He expected to have more years to spend at his building, but an ironic fate decreed otherwise. He died of cancer in 1945.

Boyce Gulley's wife and daughter now make their home in the castle. No one who sees the unusual building can help but admire the imagination and fortitude of Boyce Luther Gulley. The place is as amazing today as it was to those who marveled at it and its builder some forty-odd years ago.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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TOM LEA—TEXAN

Tom Lea, A Selection of Paintings and Drawings from the Nineteen-Sixties (Institute of Texan Cultures, P. O. Box 1226, San Antonio, Texas 78206, wraps $3.12 postpaid but Texas residents add 13 cents) is the catalog of the Lea exhibition at the Institute, December 6, 1969-January 17, 1970. Chancellor Harry H. Ransom of the University of Texas wrote the introduction—"Tom Lea, An Appreciation." Al Lowman of the Institute worked closely with the artist in selecting the works to exhibit and contributed "Tom Lea, Man of Mount Franklin" an informative essay on Lea as artist-writer and man in his homeland. The catalog reproduces thirty paintings and drawings by Lea—a great show and a fine catalog, designed and produced in an edition of 850 copies by Bill Wittliff of Austin. Your reviewer was fortunate in being able to fly to San Antonio for the opening, attended by representatives of the press, artists, collectors and friends. If you failed to get to San Antonio for the exhibition you will certainly want a copy of the catalog—it is the next best thing to being there. And if you saw the show, a copy is a must to commemorate the occasion. A few quick-trigger collectors may get one of the 200 numbered copies of the Rio Bravo Edition signed by Tom Lea, Ransom, Lowman and Wittliff, in hard covers plus a stout cardboard slipcase, at $15.18 postpaid (Texas residents add 64 cents). Strongly recommended.

A BROAD RANGE

Those who prefer folklore selected and packaged for easy reading will want to own a copy of *Folklore of the Great West* (American West Publishing Company, $8.95) edited with commentary by John Greenway. Selections are from eighty-three years of the *Journal of American Folklore* and distinguished authors include J. Frank Dobie, John J. Lomax, George Bird Grinnell, Juanita Brooks, Walter Prescott Webb, and John Greenway. A broad range of subjects are covered including country life, Indians, spooks, witches, cowboys, country music, Penitentes, Mormons, outlaws, politicians, country entertainment, prophets and many more. John Greenway, presently Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado, Boulder, has had a distinguished career as a folklorist in the field of music. However, we take issue with his claim that the cowboy existed

only from 1870 to 1895 and was no more than a hobo on horseback with little below him but a cow. Cowboys, with varying habits and customs, have existed as long as man has been using domestic cattle. The trail driving cowboy, with his distinguishing six-shooter, was typical of the 1870 to 1895 era in the Great Plains and West. While a lot of them were unlettered, itinerant grub line riders, many became leading ranchers and regional developers such as: Jim Loving, Charley Goodnight, John Iliff, Granville Stuart, Burt Mossman, John Slaughter, Ben Snipes, the Snyder brothers, Howard Eagen, Edd Lemmon and many others.

BIG AND COLORFUL

"Colorful Colorado," the slogan appearing on the state's license plates, was well chosen. Physical features, people, history and industry all portray a diversity and a beauty which make Colorado a favorite place to visit or to live. *Colorado: Big Mountain Country* (Doubleday and Co., Inc., $10.00) with photography by Myron Wood and narrative by Nancy Wood is an attempt to capture the character of Colorado within the covers of one book. One hundred and forty black and white photos back up the fifty-thousand words which describe the plains, mountains, canyons and mesas, cities; the prospectors and miners, sheepherders and cattlemen, Indians and tourists. What people are doing to Colorado, and what Colorado is doing to the people are the two sides of the struggle of change and progress. "The world is hard up for simple things" is a truism stated by the author. Simple things both disappear and multiply in the complexities of growth, change and challenge. To be able to identify the simple things in new settings among old surroundings will be the key to understanding and happiness. Old surroundings of mountains and plains, largely remain unchanged. The photos all in black and white, are good; some color would have helped.

GREAT HORSE BOOK

The Horse in the West (The World Publishing Company, $19.95), written and photographed by Bradley Smith, is far and away the most ambitious work yet undertaken on horses. The locus of the book is the American West, but background material is global in scope. Smith traces the evolution of the modern, superb horse from mesohippus, its 58-thousand-year-old ancestor. He reviews the spread and development of the Western horse from the first-known domesticated type, the "Przewalski," native to Europe and Asia, through the Arabs, Moors, Spaniards, and Indians. The impact of the domesticated horse on the development of civilization cannot be overemphasized. Horsemen were considered as gods, and with the advantages they enjoyed over lowly man on foot, it was little wonder. The noble horse, fleet of foot and symbol of power, was often used for food, and shelters were fashioned from its hide. The Apache used horses for food, clothing, shelter, and barter, replenishing his supply from the rancheros to the South. Bradley Smith includes major sections on the Arabian, Thoroughbred, Quarter Horse, and Appaloosa. The amount of detail on conformation, breeding, training, special attributes, and popularity presented on each breed is enough to fill a separate book. Crowning this storehouse of information are 165 color photos including many action shots. A selected bibliography, index, and endmap complete the package. Owning *The Horse in the West* will be next-best to owning a horse, a guide to selecting one, and an all around excellent reference.

SHIPS OF THE DESERT

Texas Camel Tales (Steck-Vaughn, $7.95) by Chris Emmett is a Steck-Vaughn Life and Adventure Series reprint. This edition was edited by James M. Day, professor of English, University of Texas at El Paso. Material not relating directly to camels which was included in the original edition of 1932 has been deleted and some errors corrected. The first printing of the first edition was sold by FRONTIER TIMES and was limited to 300 copies. Emmett became interested in the U. S. Army's camel experiment when he visited old Camp Verde in 1919 on a hunting trip and spent the night in a room once the quarters of Robert E. Lee. Interested in Lee, Jefferson Davis and others connected with the effort to make camels a major means of transportation in the Southwest led to the production of this book. Long out of print, the new edition should appeal to anyone interested in the camel in America, and especially in Texas where the introduction was made.

WEBB'S WEST

The third series of the Walter Prescott Webb Memorial Lectures instituted by the University of Texas at Arlington were published as *Essays on the American West* (University of Texas Press, $4.50). They consist of "The Ranching Frontier; Institutional Backgrounds of the Plains Cattle Industry" by Sandra L. Myers; "The Frontier Family; Demographic Fact and Historical Myth" by Blaine T. Williams; "The Muzzle-Loading Rifle: Frontier Tool" by Robert L. Williamson; and "Frederick Jackson Turner and Walter Prescott Webb: Frontier Historians" by Ray A. Billington. Sandra L. Myers restates the case for the overriding influence of the Spanish in shaping the institution of ranching. Methods and equipment of the Spanish are covered in some detail—as they have been in numerous previous publications. Little is said about the relationship

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between the *vaquero* and the *ranchero*—the labor management arrangement, or the day to day life of a Spanish "ranch." Perhaps this is a worthy subject for a new essay. Williams' treatment of the "Frontier Family" is confined to a study of the families involved in the Peters Colony of north-central Texas about 1850. It is a detailed study of the age classes, occupational groups, origin, marital status, and sex ratios of the families. In addition, information on family ties, before and after death of parents, is given. Williamson's discussion of the "Muzzle-Loading Rifle" is interesting and colorful. He not only covers the origin, manufacture, and use of the weapon, he does so by employing actual accounts of specific instances. Billington's essay on "Turner and Webb" is a comparison of the two men bringing out many similarities. He states that Webb's *The Great Plains* will continue to be read with appreciation and that Turner's *The Great Frontier* will come to be recognized as one of the most significant books of our times.

Throttled by a Hair Watch Chain

(Continued from page 39)

loam. These acres were cultivated by walking plows and two horse teams.

The farm buildings were south of Beaver Creek and east of where the bridge now crosses. The Missouri River has cut in until its bed is now where Grinnel farmed. The buildings were all of logs—a large house, bunkhouse, small store, saloon and barns, sheds and corrals for the horses and mules.

From the time of spring thaws until freeze-up in the fall, Grinnel employed about sixteen men for work on the farm. Boats plying the Missouri brought provisions, and also whiskey for his saloon. Men carrying mail changed horses at his place.

ONE DAY in May 1888 word came down from Nesson that a man named Clemens (no relation to anyone by that name living here later) had been killed by his neighbor Jones in a quarrel over a quarter section of land. George Grinnel had a crew of men plowing oats. Work ceased, and they went to the funeral.

George Grinnel was a peaceful man when sober but when drunk was a demon. After the funeral he began drinking, and continued for a few days. He came home in a drunken rage and started beating Josephine. Frightened for her life, she took the baby girl, Allen, in her arms and with the three little boys following, ran across the prairie toward Joe Robinson who was plowing not far from the house. Grinnel followed on horseback, beating her with a riding quirt and threatening her life.

Josephine reached Robinson and ran in between his work horses for protection. Grinnel raved like a madman. With such turmoil going on it was hard for Robinson to control his horses, so he persuaded Josephine to move away. Grinnel had ridden away some distance so she attempted to return to the house and hide until he sobered. Grinnel, seeing her making the run, started in pursuit. Overtaking her and the children, he began striking at her with the butt of his revolver. Desperate and fighting for her life Josephine threw up her hand to ward off the blow, and caught hold of the long hair watchchain which went around her husband's neck through a gold slide and fastened to his watch.

In his drunken stupor Grinnel had leaned over in the saddle to strike Josephine and she, grabbing the chain, gave a yank and he fell to the ground. The baby slipped from her arms, forgotten for the few minutes that followed. In desperation Josephine pulled the chain taut on her husband's throat. With fear in her heart and frantic from being beaten, she held it there until life left his body.

The news of Grinnel's death spread fast. He was a prominent man up and down the trail. A coroner's jury was called in Williston at the home of John Heffernan. The coroner was George Carpenter. After questioning Josephine and others on the place at the time, it was decided that they must reach a verdict exonerating the poor woman from blame.

The verdict read:

"We, the coroner's jury, empaneled to inquire into the death of George W. Grinnel, do find that he came to his death by an act of God through His agent, Josephine."

This ended any further criminal proceedings and in time when the Indians were asked to move to the Berthold Reservation, Josephine and her family went with them.

George W. Grinnel was buried with military honors, and laid to rest in the military cemetery at Fort Buford. Mrs. Josephine Grinnel died at Elbowoods Hospital, March 13, 1945, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery there. George Grinnel, Jr. died at Elbowoods October 4, 1948. He had been educated at Carlisle College in Pennsylvania, and was employed by the government at Elbowoods as an engineer for thirty years.

Mr. L. S. Foot was last known to be in possession of the hair chain which strangled George W. Grinnel, Sr. in one of North Dakota's strangest tragedies.

Las Vegas Before Neon

(Continued from page 63)

wanted to see it all. We went from one end of Block Sixteen to the other, visiting all of the saloons and gambling houses en route. Along about midnight in one of the joints, while Harry was still trying to solve the mysteries of roulette and I was having a drink with a couple of new-found friends, a big fellow tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Come on over out of this crowd. I want to talk to you."

I followed him over to a comparatively quiet corner and he said, "You boys seem to be strangers here. Where do you come from?"

"We just came over from Goodsprings this morning. Heard about your town and wanted to take a look at it," I replied.

"Do you have a place to stay?"

"Yes. We have a room over at Squire's

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Big Tent. Is any of this any of your business?"

"Calm down! The reason I'm talking to you like this is because I'm the night watchman in this town and the only law here, and I don't want to see any trouble. A bunch of fellows have seen you boys spend a little money and have been following you around laying for you. Any one of them would be glad of a chance to knock you in the head for four bits. When you leave be sure and stay in the middle of the road all the time, don't go near any bushes, and keep out of trouble."

I thanked him for his advice and said that we would do our best to follow it. Afterwards I learned that the big fellow's name was Sam Gay and a couple of years later when Clark County was formed and Las Vegas became the county seat, Sam Gay was the sheriff of Clark County for many years. He was always my good friend.

During the evening we had heard rumors about some place in the back of Block Sixteen where there was dancing and many beautiful ladies just waiting to bestow their affection (for a consideration, of course). But we had had a busy day and had done a lot of walking so we decided to defer our investigation of that phase of Block Sixteen until later.

Across the street from Block Sixteen was a vacant block with a road angling across it toward our hotel. As it was a short cut, we followed it. About the middle of the block the road passed between two mesquite trees. When we were almost up to the mesquite trees two men stepped out from behind them and advanced toward us in a very unfriendly manner. No words were spoken but we had no doubt as to their intentions. Harry and I had had a few drinks during the course of the evening, but I had not had enough to make me forget that I had Sam's gun in my pocket. When I pulled the gun out and presented it toward our assailants, the nickel plating, flashing in the moonlight, had an instantaneous effect. The roughnecks took a second look at the clubs they carried, found they were not big enough, and decided to go home, which they did, and Harry and I proceeded to our hotel unmolested.

I was mighty thankful to the two Sams for our escape—Sam Yount for making me carry his gun and Sam Gay for warning me about his local tough nuts. You bet!

THE NEXT DAY we waited around all day for a train that would get us back to Jean that evening. At Jean that night we got bunks in a tent and the next morning, after breakfast, missing the stage again, we walked the eight miles back up to Goodsprings where I returned Sam's gun, left Harry, and walked the four miles back to the mine.

The above should conclude the story of my trip to the new town of Las Vegas, Nevada on its first Christmas Day and what it was like, except for a little annoyance which developed a few days later and which I include because it shows something about travel in a new country.

I was down in Goodsprings to get supplies for the mine when Sam Yount called me into his office and with a quizzical smile asked, "Where did you and Harry sleep when you were over in Las Vegas?"

Puzzled, I said, "Why, Harry and I slept together in a bed in Squire's Big Tent Hotel. Why do you ask?"

"Well, in making up Harry's bed the folks he stays with discovered he had come back lousy and we wondered if you had them too. Have you felt itchy?"

"No," I answered. "I haven't felt anything but I guess the only way to be sure is to look and I'm going to do that right now."

I went up to my father's cabin, explained the situation to him and, taking off my shirt, got him to look me over. After a careful examination he pronounced me clean but then he said, "Do you know, I've been feeling sort of itchy myself. I think I will take my shirt off and get you to look *me* over." He took off his shirt and when I examined him I found that he was well supplied with graybacks.

The question was—where did he get them? By elimination we knew that he didn't get them when he was at home in Salt Lake City and he was quite sure that he didn't get them on the Pullman coming down to Jean. But he did sleep one night in Jean. Investigation proved that Father and Harry had slept in the same bunk in Jean, though on different nights. That bunk was found to be the source of the infestation and there was a lot of bedding burned in Jean and a lot of clothing burned in Goodsprings before the cootie scare was over.

Taking a look at Las Vegas today it puts a strain on the imagination to realize that this city of glitter where the doors never close and which now has a population more than twice as large as the entire State of Nevada had when I first came here, has all developed from the wide spot in the road that I saw in 1905—where the only sign of progress was a tent restaurant selling tough beefsteak.

If I seem to speak too casually of walking twelve miles to catch a train, consider that at that time I was twenty-four years old and had never ridden in an automobile. If you wanted to go someplace, walking was a sure way to get there. Of course, a horse would get you there faster but in the desert, where you had to haul feed and water to a horse, you soon found out that unless you used him every day his care overbalanced his usefulness. Of course, all of that is just ancient history now, but to an old fellow it means, "Those happy highways where I went and cannot come again."

Rodeo Personalities

(Continued from page 31)

on silver. Yes, Dob was the greatest rodeo photographer of the period, 1910 through 1955. He never gave up his old speed graphic 4 x 5 glass plate camera. Even after the wide use of roll film, he never gave up his glass plates, but used them up until he went blind in 1954.

Before I met Dob he made lectures with old-time slides at theatres and such places. It is said he paid Charley Rus-

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2nd Place, Ladies Division, World Championship Meet, Holdenville
2nd Place, Junior Division, World Championship Meet, Holdenville

Our congratulations go to Doyle Williams, Rt. 1, Box 67, Okemah, Okla., who was last year's champion at the Prospectors Club Meet. This year, he EARNED FIRST PLACE AT BOTH THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MEET AND THE INTERNATIONAL PROSPECTORS CLUB MEET. To see Doyle work with his detector is a joy. Previously, Doyle had used other brands of detectors. His choice of instruments this year was one of our NEW BREED OF HUNTER DETECTORS.

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sell $10,000 for four of his paintings to be used commercially by him only. This venture was not profitable for Dob, the same as a lot of his other deals. He knew Pancho Villa and took his picture in action, also President Obregon of Mexico.

Although I met Dob in 1912 I did not know him well until 1916 when I contested at Tex Austin's Big Roundup Contest at the state fair grounds in Indianapolis, Indiana. It was there I sold my first Doubleday pictures. He paid me twenty-five cents on the dollar. I will have to say I made more selling pictures than I did contesting that particular year.

We stopped at the same hotel and I saw big old dollar bills which were in use then, dumped in one corner of his room in a stack two feet high and over three feet wide. That was Dob's part of the money his salesmen turned in.

He also had three beautiful young girls selling Tex Austin's Roundup Ribbons. They sold ribbons, not pictures. They would stop a man who looked like he had money, pin one of the ribbons on him, and collect one dollar. After their cute smiles and a wink of the eye, no one would say, "Take it off."

During the last three years of Doubleday's life when he was blind, I for one used to lead him while he sold the pictures he made before he lost his eyesight. He stayed in Florida with Frank Biron at a ranch near St. Cloud. Frank was all-around cowboy and Dob had taken a lot of pictures of him. From 1920 on, they were very close friends.

Doubleday died in June 1958 at Council Bluffs, Iowa and is buried there.

FRANK MOORE also played a big part in rodeo. He was raised on a dairy farm in the midwest, but shifted to California in his teens. He was a railroad baggage man, then tried being an auto race promoter, later a livery stable barn operator.

Tex Austin produced the championship Roundup at Tucumcari, New Mexico in 1919. I remember well, as it was there that I substituted for Bryant Roach and three other bulldoggers who were supposed to be crippled. I was to give them twenty-five percent of what I won. I used Eddie McCarty's horse, Black Jack. I won all the money except the finals and that was won by Jim Masey.

Frank Moore was peddling postcard pictures for Doubleday at this Roundup. Tex Austin took a liking to him and decided to take him in on his promoting. They teamed up and ran rodeos in El Paso, Texas, Oklahoma City, Chicago, Manhattan and elsewhere. Tex Austin was a great promoter. He had the know-how.

It was at Chicago that I learned how Tex promoted a rodeo. We were both staying at the Sherman Hotel. Tex would give me a dollar, telling me to get twenty nickels and go to some pay station out of the hotel and make twenty phone calls to his room between 11:30 and 1:00 p.m. He would not be in his room, so I was to have him paged in the lobby. He had me do this in order to keep his name alive, and it sure worked.

After the ASPCA made some objections to our show at New York City, Moore and Austin sought an injunction against the Society and the befuddled judge ruled he'd have to see the performance before he would give a ruling. The papers published the story. Results: Standing room only. The Roundup was a big success.

After ten years with Austin, including a lush nineteen-day promotion in Wembley Stadium, England, Moore went to work for Col. W. T. Johnson out of San Antonio, Texas, who was coming on strong with his great rodeo. Col. Johnson was given a contract to produce the World's Championship Rodeo at Madison Square Garden. This was followed by the Garden's decision to set up its own rodeo department with Frank Moore at the helm. Thousands of contestants, stock suppliers and performers admired and loved the gravel-voiced rodeo boss.

Frank Moore, a native of Bedford, Indiana, had a colorful life—more than forty years in rodeo. He was solidly built, blunt in speech, usually entrenched behind a big cigar. His association with Madison Square Garden started in 1930.

Frank Moore died May 8, 1960 at seventy-one. John Reed Kilpatrick, chairman of Madison Square Garden, died only one day from Moore at age seventy. After the death of these great heads, rodeo at Madison Square Garden was never quite the same.

Tex Austin was born in St. Louis, Missouri. His real name was Van Norstead but he changed it to Tex Austin. He took his own life in New Mexico years ago.

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IN 1963 in Austin, Texas, my good friend Jim J. Lynch—"King Archer"—died. Archery, one of the oldest skills, fascinates many people. It fascinated Jim, a man who had already won laurels as bronco buster, steer wrestler, and automobile stunt driver around the USA, Canada and Australia.

Jim's specialties were shooting upside down, shooting under the leg, shooting backwards, shooting behind the neck, and shooting arrows with a slingshot.

We knew each other for many years. In fact he was the man who hazed the steer for me when I jumped from a plane in Nuevo Laredo in 1931 and finished up the bulldogging on the ground. A promoter there had got a cowboy to agree to bulldog a steer from an airplane. On the day the event was to take place, the cowboy couldn't be found and the promoter was frantic. So the promoter found me and offered me $200 to make the *attempt*, which would be enough to satisfy the Mexican boys. I took him up on the deal, providing the $200 was paid in advance, which was done. Then I found "Wild" Jim Lynch, who was down there taking in the celebration, told him the story, and asked if he would haze the steer for me, which he agreed to do.

At the set time that afternoon, everybody was on the job ready for the event. An American plane and pilot had been secured and the left door of the plane removed, and a rope ladder about eight feet long was hung out of the door. The idea was, as the plane passed over the steer, I was to drop off the ladder onto the steer and bulldog him. Everything was set, and the plane took off. Jim Lynch hazed the steer up the runway and waited for the plane to head in, and when it started heading toward the steer, Jim started the steer on the run. The first try, the plane went over the steer about seventy-five feet—far too high. So it circled around and Lynch drove the steer back up the runway and waited for the plane. When the plane started toward the steer again, Lynch started the steer running again, but this time the pilot brought the plane to within about fifteen feet over the big steer. I made the jump, hit the steer on the rump, tore off his horns, broke his neck, and for sure tore myself up. The crowd got a big thrill, and I got paid.

Due to repairs and government red tape, it was thirty days before the American pilot was allowed to fly his plane back to the States.

Jim wrote me a letter one time about his life in general.

"I LANDED in Douglas, Wyoming in 1908 from the sandhills of western Nebraska, and punched cows and broke horses on the open ranges north of the Laramie Mountains south of Douglas and near Orin Junction. The big snow of the spring of 1911 nearly wiped out many a sheep and cattle man, as it snowed for three days and two nights, snowing under sheep, cattle and horses and smothering them to death in gulches, coulees and behind cut banks. I have seen 200 head of cattle smothered in a big irrigation ditch at the CY Ranch at Caryhurst, Wyoming, and twenty head of horses dead in a gulch, and cattle from one to one hundred in the gulches and ravines.

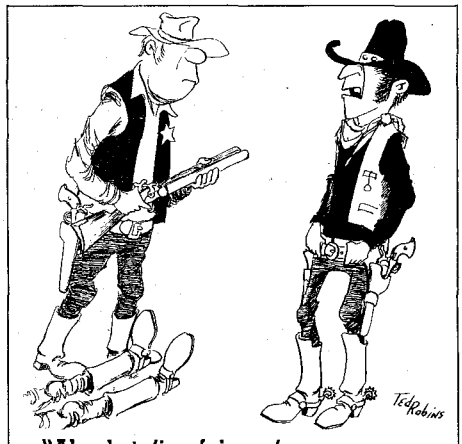
"Some sheepmen lost as much as five herds, from 2,500 to 5,000 in each herd. All ranches put the cowboys to skinning dead stock as soon as the snow would melt off of them. This storm was the middle of April, and after the three weeks of skinning stock, I quit and went up to Sheridan, Wyoming, and worked for a rancher named Charley Decker, located at the mouth of Wolf Creek, north side of the Big Horn Mountains.

"The spring of 1912, I landed in Wibaux, Montana and worked for a rancher named Bleaux, and worked the ranges of the Little Missouri breaks in North Dakota and eastern Montana. That fall I nurse-maided a trainload of cattle to the Chicago stockyards and worked at the stockyards that winter. In the spring of 1913, a bronc rider named Milt Hinkle (you) drifted into the stockyards and we got to talking, and he told me that he had just quit the Kit Carson Buffalo Ranch Wild West Show. It had left them without a bronc rider. I had told him that I was planning on going back to Montana and he suggested that I join the show as they were working west, so I wired them and they told me to 'come on.'

"I joined the show and stayed with it until they got to South Dakota. When they started back east, I quit and headed for Miles City, Montana, and went to work for the L O Ranch, the second largest ranch in the Powder River country. I punched cows the first year, then broke saddle horses and rode the rough string from then on, getting $15 a month more than the other cowboys.

"I rode broncs and steers in the Miles City Roundup July Fourth, three days celebration each year, winning second in bronc riding in 1915 and first in bulldogging in 1916 and 1917. I also bulldogged steers from a speeding motorcycle as a special attraction, and these were the days when you had to hold the steer with your teeth and throw up both hands for time. I was known over that part of the country and clear up into Canada as the best cowboy on Powder River.

"AFTER THE Miles City Roundup in 1917, Paddy Ryan and I went up into Canada to play rodeos and we won first in the wild horse race at Lethbridge, Alberta. From there we played Maple Creek, Moosejaw and Cardston. I won first in both bronc riding and bulldogging at Maple Creek, and was the first cowboy to ride and scratch 'Hightower,' Ab Day's famous Canadian bucking horse. I won first in the bulldogging at both Moosejaw and Cardston. From there, Paddy and I came back to the States, and Paddy went back to the L O Ranch, and I went on to Walla Walla, Washington, where I won first in the bulldogging, and from there to Pendleton, Oregon, where I won second in the bulldogging, being beaten for first by a fifth of a second by Mike Hastings.



"Ah shot 'im fair an' square . . . fairly sudden, an' squarely in th' back."

"At Pendleton, I was the first cowboy ever to ride Sharkey, the famous bucking bull to a standstill. From Pendleton, I went to Caldwell, Idaho, and broke broncs to show to the U. S. Army for cavalry horses, and early in 1918 shipped to Fort Keogh, Montana, and enlisted in the army, breaking cavalry horses for real. Ten days after I enlisted I was made a corporal, and twenty-eight days after enlistment, I was made a sergeant and placed in charge of the 'Rough' barn. All so-called 'outlaw' horses were turned over to me and my men who broke them 'right.'

"While I was in the service, Teddy Roosevelt came to Billings for a speech, and the Chamber of Commerce arranged for a bronc riding contest for him, as he was a real Westerner. The commanding officer at Fort Keogh called me to headquarters office, and told me to pick two other good bronc riders and go to Billings to represent Fort Keogh in the bronc riding.

"Naturally, the committee let Teddy pick the winner, and he picked me, and later we all stood in line for a chuckwagon dinner, me right behind Teddy. That night at a banquet I was his guest of honor. So I won the last bronc-riding contest Teddy saw, as he went on east from there and died that winter. I was discharged with honors from the service in 1919, and won the bulldogging at Glendive, Montana, making a record on one steer that has never been equaled—nine seconds flat, with the steer given a thirty-foot running start. I have the affidavit for this.

"In 1920 I produced a rodeo at Bozeman, Montana for the Elks Club, and also entered in the events, winning first in the bulldogging and second in the bronc riding, riding and scratching to the horse's fall, Charley Irwin's Cheyenne famous bucking horse 'Sundance.' I would have got first money, except that while I was bulldogging a steer from a motorcycle the second day, my hazer ran over me with his horse, which stepped on my head and put me out of business for the day. But I came back on the last day and rode my final horse.

"I also promoted a rodeo at McCook, Nebraska in 1925, a success from every standpoint except that Johnny Flowers, who was hazing for me while I bulldogged from a motorcycle, ran over me and the steer just as I caught him, and we all piled up, knocking us out. I was the first one to come to, then the horse, then the

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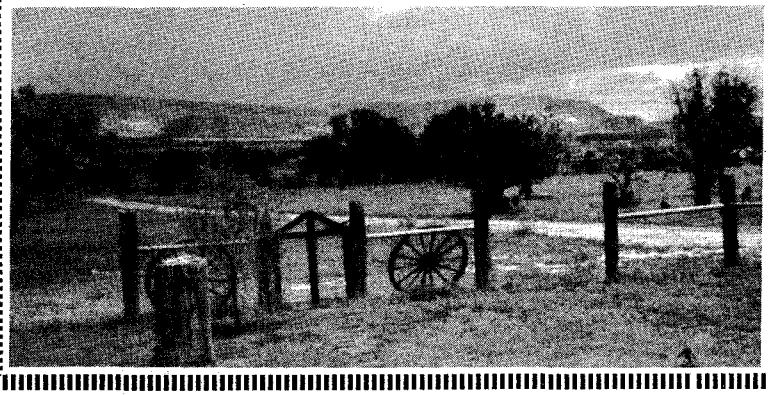

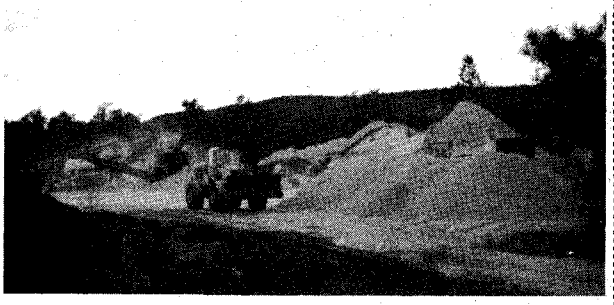

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steer, and Flowers last, but I was the one who got banged up. My right shoulder bone was broken, and shoulder blade shattered. I carried my right arm in a sling for about two months or more—the worst injury during all of my career.

"I DID SOME trick riding and trick roping at times, and got the idea of trick riding on the front of an automobile, turning somersaults forward and backward, standing on my head, hanging one foot under the radiator and leaning over backwards to pick up handkerchiefs off the track. All this while the car was going sixty miles per hour past the grandstand!

"At Riverton, Wyoming in 1928 while performing this stunt at their fair, I accidentally got my left foot under the wheel, and nearly tore my leg off. I was laid up a year from this accident, but when I had nearly recovered I went right back to doing the same thing for another full fair season.

"Since then I have been railroad special agent for both the Northern Pacific and Chicago Burlington & Quincy; then promoted the rodeo in Grand Rapids, Michigan in 1927, then took up endurance driving, driving a car five days and four nights (101 hours) without stopping, then radio control of automobiles and tractors, both in this country and Australia, then spent five years in the shipyards at Houston, Texas. Since 1947 I have been putting on archery exhibitions."

He ended the letter by saying, "You're a great guy. I don't care what some of the others say, you have always treated me fair and square."

ON NOVEMBER 6, 1967 while returning to my home at Kissimmee, Florida from the big Ocilla, Georgia rodeo where I helped on the publicity, I learned that one of the greatest all-around cowgirls of yesteryear was living near Lake City, Florida with her husband Jack Lohre. He, too, was a great cowboy in his day. In fact, he is the third great cowboy to be Claire's husband. Her first was Bob Belcher, who was killed on the 101 Ranch near Ponca City, Oklahoma in May 1930. A great rodeo contestant team they were. Her second husband was the late and great steer bulldogger, Red Thompson. He was a very sick man for ten years before he died in November 1950 at Fort Worth, Texas. Later, Claire herself became ill and had to have a number of blood transfusions. Jack Lohre was one of the donors. Yes, she fell in love with him, and he loved her and they were married.

They settled down at Keystone Heights near Jacksonville, Florida where they taught riding at a camp. They now live near Lake City, Florida. Jack and Claire took care of that wonder horse, Hog Eyes, the little champion of all bulldogging horses. When I last saw Hog Eyes he was thirty-nine years old and Claire had him on the Frank Thomas ranch, twelve miles from their home. Three times each week Frank and Claire drove out to see how the horse was getting along.

Hog Eyes was first owned by Roy Adams, a top calf roper who started training him for a calf roping horse because of his speed. Then Hog Eyes was sold to the greatest of all cowboys—I say, of all times, Bob Crosby. Bob Crosby took Hog Eyes to England with the Tex Austin Championship Roundup. While there, in some way, Hog Eyes ran a stick in his neck. This laid Hog Eyes up and the Humane Society stopped the bulldogging. Poor Red Thompson, Claire's husband, was only good as a bulldogger. This left him without any way to make money while there in England. Red loved little Hog Eyes, and he and Claire saw to it that the horse was doctored each day and night. Claire won first prize money at cowgirl bucking horse riding and second at trick riding, and took part of her winnings and bought Hog Eyes. He was shipped back to the U. S. A. and became the No. 1 bulldogging horse in this country.

Red Thompson trained him and won a good many contests from the back of Hog Eyes. Hub Whiteman rode little Hog Eyes when he won the World's championship at Madison Square Garden. After that, many great bulldoggers have used him and given a percentage to Claire and Red of their winnings. Yes, little Hog Eyes helped many of the champions win. He died last year on Bascom Norris' ranch where services were held for him and flowers were put on his grave by little girls who loved him. He was game to the last.

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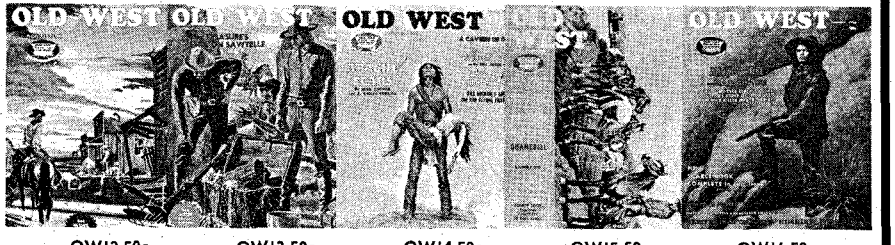

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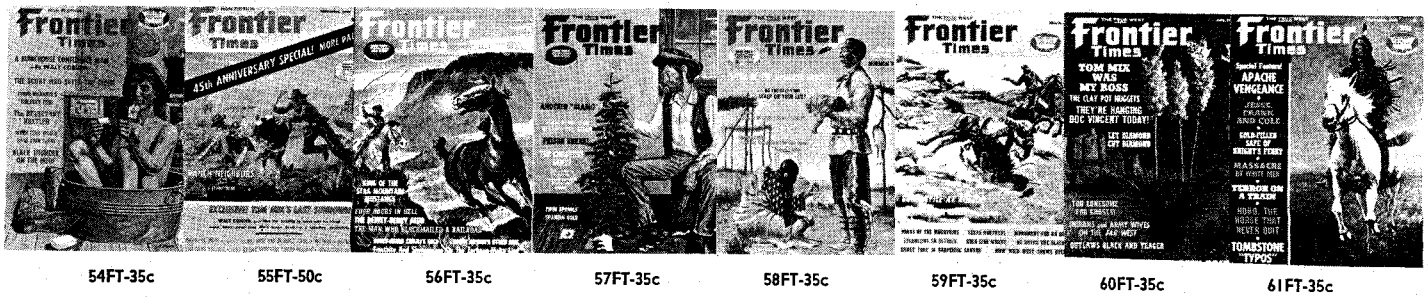

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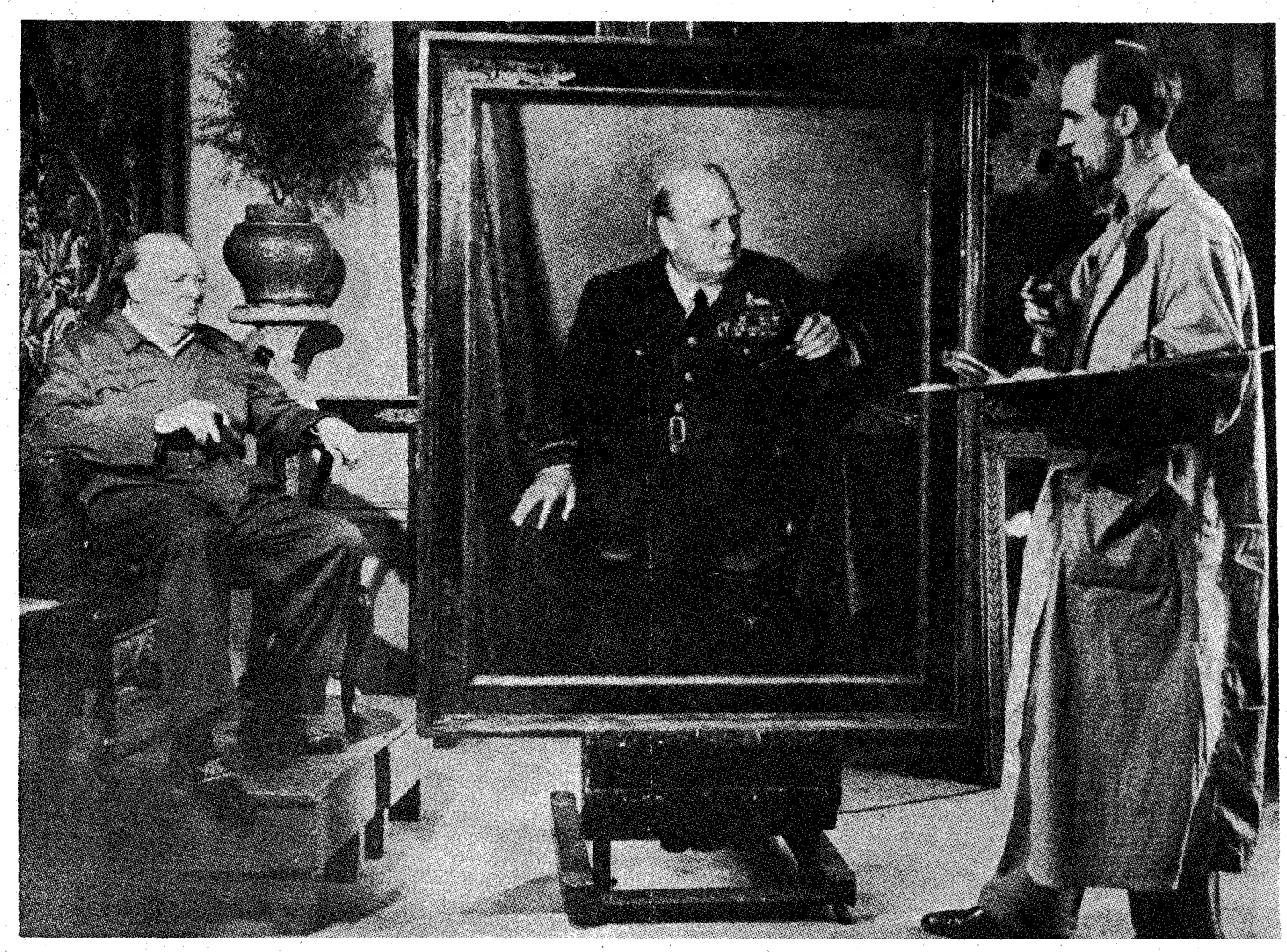
DOUGLAS CHANDOR



Douglas Chandor at work on his now famous portrait of Winston Churchill.

By JEAN EHLY
Photos Courtesy Author

Master of Paintbrush and Trowel

THERE is a garden in Texas, and *almost* a mountain where no mountain stood before. And a blaze of color lies on a landscape where in days long past, the only contrast to the prairie grass was the glint of sun on a warbonnet.

Weatherford is an old town. It represented the edge of settlement in frontier days, and fought for its life in a land of cactus and tumbleweed. When Douglas Chandor first looked upon the home town of the girl he had married, his heart must have sunk within him, but he didn't let it show.

"I love Texas' sunny skies," he said.

Douglas G. Chandor was born in Surrey, England, in 1897. As a portrait painter he was unexcelled and was already famous when he arrived in New York in 1926. It was in New York that he met Ina Hill who was attending school in the East. The couple married in 1934.

"Our marriage was nineteen years of happiness," Mrs. Chandor said. "He kept me laughing all the time. Everyone loved him; he was brilliant and witty. We lived in New York but my mother was an invalid, and I wanted to spend some time with her. I asked Douglas if he would like to build a little studio, and paint here in Weatherford a few months out of the year. I expected him to refuse, but he said, 'Yes, I will, if I can build a garden in the God-forsaken spot.'

"You see," she added laughingly, "all Englishmen have need of a garden. So he designed the studio and gave the plans to an architect. Then he became so enamored with the garden he could scarcely leave it. Friends thought him crazy to put his money into such a thing instead of investing in stocks and bonds."

As we sat talking, I gazed out the window toward a formal English garden interspersed with touches of the Far East and our own American South.

"Douglas was greatly influenced by Chinese art," Mrs. Chandor said. "All Englishmen are. They are brought up on it. In the beginning there were only six trees here; and the earth was solid

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Canvas came alive under his hands—and so did the baked-brown piece of Texas he'd decided to call his home. When Chandor decided he wasn't going to like the view from his studio window, he turned sand into islands, and stones into waterfalls

Stryker Western Fotocolor Print, Fort Worth

From the curving driveway one walks over a white Chinese bridge to the studio where many of the famous Chandor portraits were painted. Below, Chandor at work in his garden.

caliche—not a bucket of soil was on these four and a half acres. It took many months to dynamite holes for trees and haul them in to be planted. Douglas and a hired man dug up many from a ravine back of the house and hauled them up on wooden blocks. They pulled the bigger trees with a car or with mules. About 100 in all were transplanted and they are all alive today.

"Douglas made a ditch across the top of the hill for a winding stream and gouged out the caliche and replaced it with rich soil; then he gathered plants from all over Texas—except for the azaleas which are from Louisiana. I believe we have one of the largest collections of azaleas in the state.

"He was fond of saying that he planned the garden in his mind before he built our home here in Weatherford. He'd laugh, 'We planned the garden first, then snuggled the house into it.'

"AS TIME went on he became so fascinated with the project that he was often loath to leave to fill his appointments in New York. It was from this house that he left to paint Winston Churchill.

"When he had only begun planning the grounds he would say, 'Don't you smell the garden in bloom?' I couldn't, of course, but he not only envisioned flowers everywhere, he smelled them.

"Douglas started work in 1935 and when he died nineteen years later, everything was finished except the 'mountain' he was building. It was only thirty feet high. He had hauled in stones from many miles away, some of which weighed as much as fifteen tons. They were stacked according to the lay of the rocks geologically; he did everything correctly.

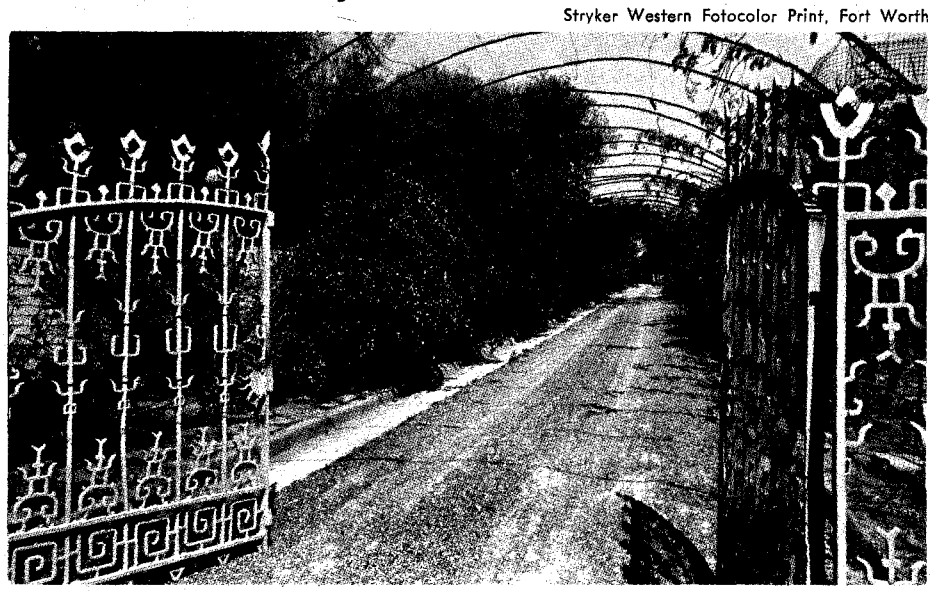
"One day shortly before his death, he asked, 'May I use the money from my next two portraits to finish the mountain?'

"'Well, you are going to anyway, so I might as well say yes,' I replied. Then he asked me how much I thought the job would cost and I estimated $19,000. He had long before turned the task of bookkeeping over to me.

"The next morning he said, 'You are awfully smart; it will cost $22,000. How did you come so close?'

The entrance gates to Chandor's garden mark the beginning of a tour which has delighted thousands of visitors.

Stryker Western Fotocolor Print, Fort Worth



Douglas always contended the landscaping would not make sense until the mountain was finished and a waterfall cascaded down into a little lagoon and circulated through the Chinese water gardens which wound under the trees. 'I imagine God looks down and laughs when He sees this poor man trying to build a mountain,' he told me wryly.

"The mountain should be forty feet high," Mrs. Chandor continued, "and with the waterfall and all, will cost about $25,000 to complete. I hope to fulfill my husband's plans—to finish the mountain and waterfall."

This garden, even as it is now, is so beautifully alien from its environment, even Mrs. Chandor can scarcely understand the achievement. "And I saw him do it, too."

The house is in a thicket of trees,

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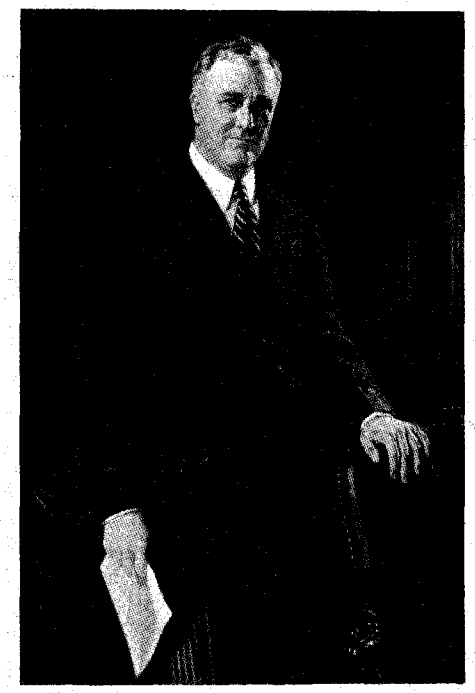


This Chandor portrait of Franklin Delano Roosevelt hangs in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol, Austin, Texas.

shrubs and flowers. Overhead are boughs and vines of wisteria, honeysuckle, clematis and roses, shading the premises from the Texas sun. These leafy heights turn the garden into a series of rooms, each one with a different theme.

The front of the house is set off by a Chinese bridge and marble statues of guardian goddesses. In the front area lies a long sunken bowling green, framed by variegated blossoming plants. In the spring beds of tulips, lilacs, crepe myrtle and Alpine roses border a cedar hedge.

A small secluded garden of boxwood where one might meditate is adjacent to the house. Throughout are small floating islands bearing pagodas and sculptured waterbirds. In the rear of the house is the silver-gray garden where pergolas of roses overhang terraces planted in gray-green and silver hedges. This is where Douglas Chandor and his wife used to watch the fading sun cast its shadows over the land; it was here that numerous Texas cook-outs were held. On a brick wall, a paved pattern spells out an inscription in Latin: "May the Little Garden Flourish . . . Dedicated to Ina . ."

Below, Chinese influence in a Texas garden.

THERE are fruit trees—an alley of pears and apricots—their branches interlaced to form an arcade. They create a tunnel of blossoms in the spring and hanging fruits in the fall.

The brick stairways which Douglas worked so tediously to construct curve upward through the "cliff," and below the stairs is a niche he made of colored marble for his Chinese goddess of peace, Juan-Yin. A fountain graces a large oval pool where Ming dragons are spurting patterns of water twenty feet in the air. It took the artist and his wife two years to complete it. Ina helped him bake the tiles in the kitchen oven.

Over all is a "ceiling" of wisteria; in the spring it hangs like an upside down bouquet of mauve, white and violet—a profusion of unbelievable color.

Probably one of the most startling sights is the driveway to the house. It is the arched greenery of 400 feet of peach trees trained to make a canopy, and it is at the crest of the uphill drive that one sees the "mountain" built of mammoth stones. Nearby are mythical animals formed from boulders. A large circular pool filled with lilies and gold fish hosts a Chinese junkboat of stone, its deck a mass of blossoming plants, its mast a trellis for yellow jasmine.

Mrs. Chandor said her husband considered the garden more than a hobby—it became almost as important as his painting. This is a significant statement considering that today four Chandor paintings hang in the National Portrait Gallery in Washington. His portrait of the Queen of England is in the British Embassy.

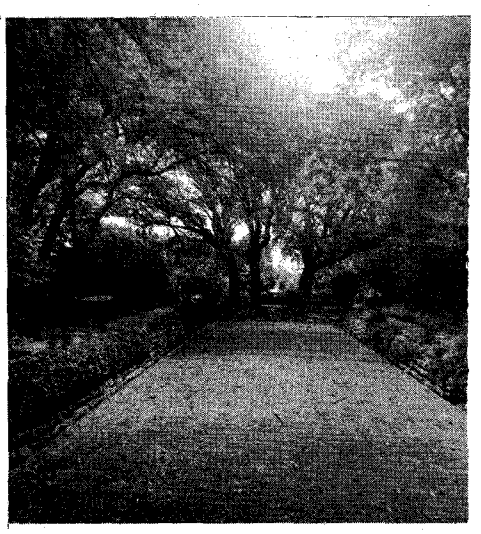
A measure of Chandor's genius is indicative from the celebrities who sought him out and who were painted by him. The list of over 350 includes Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon; President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Eleanor Roosevelt (the only portrait ever painted of her and which now hangs in the White House); Bernard Baruch; President Hoover; Speaker Sam Rayburn of the House of Representatives; and many many more of the most prominent men and women of this country and Europe.

As Malcolm Vaughan, well-known art critic, has written, "Douglas Chandor was so busy and modest that he paid no attention to the fame he'd won. Celebrities had to run after him. The only running he did was to run for his garden. He asked nothing more than to bring it to completion."

Today Mrs. Chandor maintains their home in Weatherford, Texas and the Chandor gardens are open the year around to the public, who almost believe what they see is a mirage. Her husband's easel catches the light from the north window; his brushes are nearby, and a chair for his sitters still graces the raised platform in his studio.

Above, one of the many beautiful garden walks. Below, a private area for meditation and repose.

Below, Chandor's English bowling green.



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El Desecho

(Continued from page 21)

"Your father needs to get away from the house, Barbara," Ross told her one day at the bank. "Shorty needs a good horse wrangler at the Cross S. You think you could talk your father into the notion of going out to the ranch?"

"I'll try it, Ross," Barbara replied. "It's breaking my mother's heart to see the way Papa just sits alone day after day, staring into space. He has the notion that he is a castoff, a discard. The Mexicans have a word for it—desecho."

"Next time Shorty comes to town," Ross told her, "I'll bring him over and have him offer your father my old horse-wrangling job at the Cross S. Shorty talks Mexican like a born native." It was about a week later that Ross brought Shorty Caraway to visit Don Lorenzo.

Over a bottle of aged tequila Shorty talked like the proverbial magpie with a split tongue and for the first time old Lorenzo came alive and talked about horses and roping steers and heeling calves. The following day when Shorty left for the Cross S ranch, Lorenzo, mounted on a Steel Dust quarterhorse gelding, rode alongside him. The silver-threaded Mexican felt sombrero was cocked at an angle on his shock of white hair as he sat proud and erect in his silver-mounted Mexican saddle. He led a mule packed with the tarp-covered round-up bed which Villa had ordered spread out in the back of the surrey for the wounded Don to lie on during the long journey out of Mexico.

The Cross S ranch on the San Carlos Apache Reservation consisted of a board and batten frame bunkhouse and kitchen, connected by a small mess room; a frame barn, and an outside privy; two mesquite corrals joined by a branding chute with a squeezer at one end to hold cattle and horses for branding or doctoring; a deep well with a pump and windmill, with pipes leading to the large water trough; and a fenced-in pasture.

THE CROSS S was not much of a ranch for looks, with its unpainted, weathered buildings, located on the long 7 Mile Wash. All cattle ran on a permit on government land, with the grazing fees, so much per head, paid at the San Carlos Agency. My two oldest brothers, Will and Bob Coburn, owned the Cross S, the Cross Up and the Wineglass outfits. The Cross Up upper range was located in the picturesque White Mountains, with the horse camp at the Saw Mill, while the Cross S was on comparatively flat land and below it was a store and post office at Rice on the Gila River. Nearby was the Indian school and the Apache village that spread out all around with adobe huts and farm land where the Apache women raised chili peppers and vegetables, kids and mongrel dogs.

The upper range was all rough mountain country, a hard country to get any sort of clean work on the roundups where only pack outfits were used. There were wild cows and steers, some of them ten years old or thereabouts, wild and wise, that had to be gathered one at a time.

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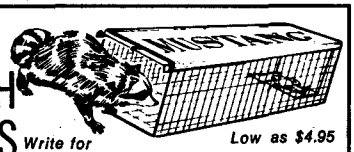

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When roped they were tied to a tree and later led down the steep slants to trap pastures providing running water and good feed and blocks of rock salt, and some gentle Annie steers they could mingle with. There were also old gaunt cows with suckling calves that bushed up in the thorny mesquite and catclaw brush, so wisely hid out that a mounted cowpuncher could ride within twenty or thirty feet and not see them.

In between roundups, during winter and summer, the cowpunchers, mostly in pairs, were scattered over the rough range in what were called range branding camps. Each cowpuncher packed a running iron, and when they branded and earmarked a calf or weaner yearling they kept the ears for tally.

There was a good percentage of those wild, off-colored, spotted or dun Mexican steers that it was well nigh impossible to gentle, and so they were butchered for beef, the raw strips sprinkled with salt and pepper and hung to dry in the sun for jerky. Tough meat for tough brushpopper cowhands, wild and reckless when they matched a race down the steep brushy slants with one of those renegade steers, roping and hogtying them at the foot of the mountain. The cowhands all tied hard and fast, with the end of their ketch ropes fitted with slip knots to their rope-marked saddle horns.

The Cross S and Cross Up and Wineglass range joined the Boice Brothers' famous Chiricahua outfit whose brand was the C C C, better known as The Cherries, one of the biggest and oldest cow outfits in Arizona. There were also a number of smaller cow outfits on the San Carlos, besides the cattle belonging to the Apache Indians. Each individual Apache had his own brand, a number brand—and let it be said right now that there were some damn good Apache cowhands.

All this was the general background of the San Carlos Reservation which confronted old Lorenzo Chavez that summer day when he rode to the Cross S ranch with Shorty Caraway, as horse wrangler, and got his first look at the unpainted shacks and mesquite corrals there on the 7 Mile Wash. A desolate rundown outfit, indeed, compared to his great rambling walled-in hacienda on the old San Mateo Spanish grant in Mexico.

IT WAS the summer season between the spring calf roundup and the fall beef roundup when the cowpunchers were scattered out in their range branding camps. Only the big Swede, Pete Olson, was at the ranch to tend to the pump and windmill. Shorty, therefore, had a couple of weeks' time in which to acquaint Lorenzo with the remuda grazing in the pasture, and show him the range. He explained that the top hands were in the high mountain country, each in charge of separate branding crews. And in no time at all Lorenzo grew familiar with the range and knew every horse and mule in the remuda.

Almost every day or so some cowpuncher rode into the ranch with his five head of horses, spending the day taking off shoes and shoeing his fresh string. Shorty would take each cowpuncher aside for a confidential talk, with a brief explanation of the background of Lorenzo Chavez, and those cowpunchers invariably took a liking and had a profound respect for the old Mexican. After a fashion it was due to Shorty Caraway that the brooding sorrow was long gone from Lorenzo's eyes.

"If you got any fancy notion that you're one hell of a corral roper when you dab your grass rope on a pony," Shorty would say with a grin to a cowhand who came to the Cross S for a change of horses, "let old Lorenzo show you how to get the job done."

There were no two ways about it. Lorenzo had a way with horses, and that went double with green broncs. He was by far the best corral roper afoot that those expert brushpopper cowpunchers had ever seen. Bar none.

Will Coburn had bought a hundred head of two- and three-year-old geldings, branded Figure 2 on the jaw. They were of Steel Dust quarterhorse breed, and as good a looking bunch as you could find in any man's cow country. Most of the green broncs had been halter broke but none of them had ever been saddle broke.

Joe Holt and Tom Gordon had both worked for the Circle C in Montana and were now in Arizona. Joe Holt came from Oklahoma and Tom Gordon from Wyoming. Both were top cowhands and good bronc riders and had plenty of savvy when it came to making a green bronc into a cowhorse from which you could rope a wild steer or heel a calf. So Will hired Joe Holt and Tom Gordon to saddle break the green broncs, and a couple more cowhands to help saddle the broncs and do the hazing.

Along with the Figure 2 broncs Will had bought a carload of good Spanish mules, bred and raised in Mexico for pack mules at the famous Terrazas ranch in Chihuahua. It was plain from the start that Lorenzo had a special fondness for the mules, and his Mexican saddle tree fitted onto the Spanish mules like it was a natural fit. More often than not Lorenzo rode one of the mules when he wrangled the remuda.

Don Lorenzo was happy and content that winter helping Joe Holt and Tom Gordon handle the broncs. The only time he left the Cross S ranch was to spend the Christmas holidays with his family at Globe, and even then he was anxious to get back to the ranch and his horses and mules. During the spring calf roundup at branding time Shorty Caraway would invite the horse wrangler to lend a hand and the old Mexican would heel every calf without wasting a single loop and drag the calf up to the branding fire. It was a rare treat for those brushpopper cowhands to watch him pick up both hind legs with nary a miss, and Lorenzo basked in the limelight, proud and quiet mannered, his dark eyes glinting with half-forgotten memories of his youth.

Always on the roundup or on the ranch Lorenzo would build his own campfire and prepare his own meals of fried beans and jerky, making paper-thin tortillas to wrap around the beans. Hunkered down beside his little fire he lost himself in dreams of yesteryears and his solitude was understood by Shorty and the crew.

IT WAS along about June and the spring calf roundup was nearing the windup. There was no need of a nighthawk to ride herd on the remuda, and Lorenzo would drift the horses up some box canyon where the grazing was good, ride back to camp and unsaddle. He'd put rawhide hobbles on the roan mule called Pinky which he used to gather the remuda of an early morning.

Shorty Caraway had gone up to the upper Cross S range to get a calf tally from the two pack outfits working there. He had left Ambrose Means, a Texan, in charge of the outfit. Means was one of the best of the wild brushpoppers recently returned from Africa where he and Buffalo Jones and a hand-picked crew of top ropers had been gathering wild animals to ship back to some zoo on a wild bet that Buffalo Jones had made to capture every specimen that Teddy Roosevelt had shot on a recent African safari.

At the ranch, besides the usual cowhands and the cook, was Pecos Edwards,

"I told you to hold him still!"

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the stockman at the San Carlos Indian Agency who had come to get a count on the cattle and calf tally for the agency records. Pecos was a big, easy-going man, fond of telling big windies. And there was Old Man Scarber who owned a small cow outfit between Globe and the San Carlos Reservation, who had drifted in that afternoon to check the calf tally of his rep, Walter Lefue. Scarber in his younger days had been a tough Texas Ranger and a border patrol rider along the Rio Grande.

That evening Old Man Scarber and Ambrose Means and Pecos Edwards hunkered down around the campfire and got to swapping tall tales of the wild days when Pecos had been a Texas Ranger catching Mexicans who were part of a well organized ring of dope smugglers along the border. While they passed a bottle back and forth the tales grew more gruesome and bloody, and the tone of their voices became louder as the potent white mule began taking its toll. They told of shooting the Mexicans in the back, throwing them into the Rio Grande, or piling them up like cordwood in a dry wash, saturating the bodies with coal oil and piling on mesquite wood to make one hell of a big bonfire. Each man was trying to outdo the other in a plausible lying contest.

Old Man Scarber and tough Ambrose Means, with the joshing Pecos Edwards trying his damndest to top the lies of the other two, were performing mostly for the benefit of the Arizona and Montana cowpunchers like the Rummy Kid, and Man and Bill Thornbill fresh down from Montana who were in their teens. The older hands like Frank McDougall and his brother Chiz who were repping for The Cherries, and big Tom Wagner who hailed from Texas and New Mexico, took it all with more than a grain of salt as the yarns grew hairier and more scary.

Scarber, somewhere in his seventies, who had been some sort of law officer for half or two-thirds of his life, had a voice like a creaky windmill—one of those fast, rapid fire talkers. With one lean jaw bulging with a cud of tobacco he kept spraying the sandy ground with tobacco juice. Ambrose Means, lean-jawed and hawk-beaked, spoke with a slow drawl that had a sort of nasal twang, while Pecos Edwards had a loud booming voice and a belly laugh as he egged the other two on to greater lies. It made for typical cow camp entertainment enjoyed by all until the bottle was empty and the campfire dead and it was time for them to bed down for the night.

WHEN Huggins, the cook, got breakfast in the dawn and hollered, "Come and git 'er afore I throw 'er out!" they threw back their tarps and crawled out of their roundup beds, washed up in the creek and ate a sunrise breakfast.

Usually Lorenzo had the remuda in the rope corral by breakfast time but not on that particular morning, and the cowhands waited around after breakfast to ketch out their horses, impatient and restless. When the sun was an hour high it was plain that the roundup outfit was afoot. It was the Rummy Kid who volunteered to set out walking, with a coiled

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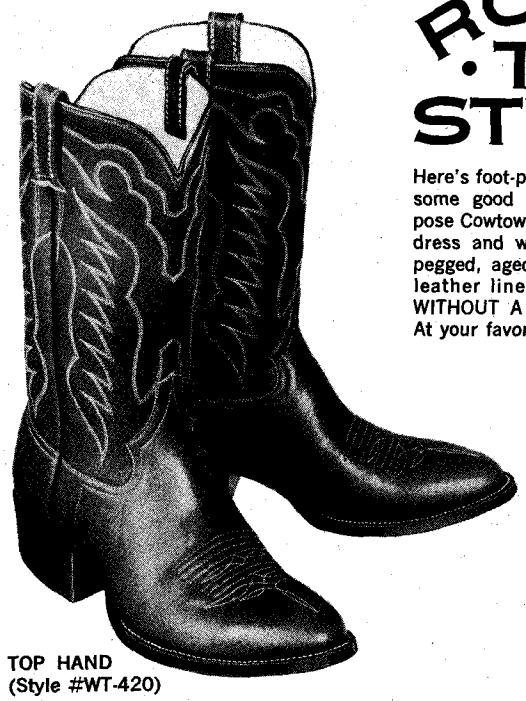

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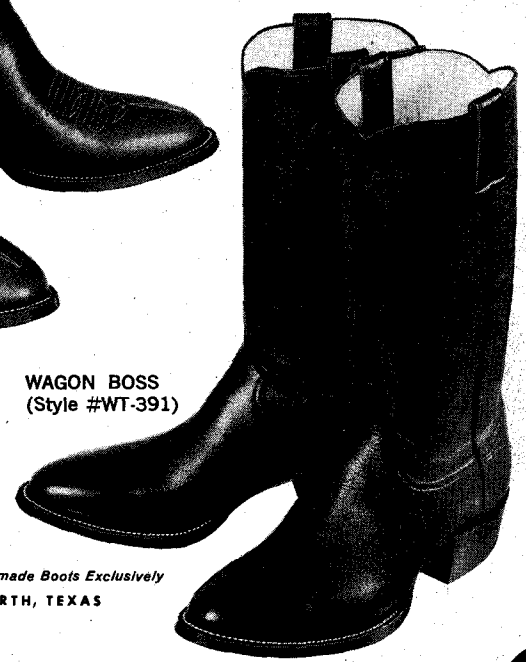

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rope and a gunnysack nosebag of barley, claiming his white cow pony, Dooley, was a biscuit eater and easy to ketch. About an hour later, mounted bareback on Dooley, the Rummy Kid fetched in the remuda.

"I didn't see hide ner hair of Old Lorenzo and his Pinky mule," the Rummy Kid announced.

"Looks to me like that old horse wrangler's done pulled out," declared Ambrose Means. "Probably gone back to Mexico." Means was the only man in the outfit who packed a six-shooter, a Colt .45 carried in the waistband of his Levis or in his chaps pocket, and he had an ingrown contempt for all Mexicans. He was the only man in the Cross S roundup crew who treated Lorenzo Chavez with evident dislike.

"We got two-three days left to get this calf roundup wound up, boys," Means told them, "so saddle up and let's have at it. To hell with Lorenzo. The Rummy Kid can wrangle the remuda.

"That roan Pinky mule," the Rummy Kid argued, "is plumb ornery. Like as not Pinky throwed the old man and his spur got hung up in the flank cinch and the stampedin' mule drug him to death. Old Lorenzo never in the world would head for the Mexican border. Like as not he's lyin' dead, kicked to hell by that ornery mule. If Shorty Caraway was ramroddin' this pack outfit he'd have us all scattered out huntin'."

"Well, Shorty Caraway ain't ramroddin' this roundup outfit right now," Ambrose Means told the Rummy Kid. "Shorty turned the outfit over to me and if you don't like the way I'm runnin' things, Rummy, you can quit." The way Means cut a quick look at his mounted cowhands, that went for the rest of the outfit.

They were camped at Rough Canyon and the roundup would remain there for the next day or two. It was rough country, brushy and hard to get a clean work. Every man in the bunch felt the way the Rummy Kid felt—they were certain that the mule had dragged old Lorenzo to death when his foot hung up in the stirrup. And while they followed Ambrose Means on circle that day, every man kept an eye peeled, cutting for sign of shod mule tracks as they fetched in their drives of cattle to a big mesquite corral in the dry wash below camp a mile or so.

Late that afternoon Shorty Caraway was back in camp and the Rummy Kid told him about the missing horse wrangler and the cold-blooded actions of Ambrose Means. Shorty was fit to be tied. He got his Colt .45 from his bedroll and shoved it into the pocket of his chaps.

"The Cross S roundup," Shorty told Ambrose Means, "ain't in all that much of a rush to get a few calves branded that we can't take a day off to hunt for our horse wrangler." He spoke in clipped tones, measuring each word before he shot it out like a bitter taste in his mouth. "You better saddle your town horse, Means. Pack your bed on your pack mule and pull out for Globe." Then Shorty turned his back.

"Four of you fellers get those calves branded," Shorty named off the four. "I'm takin' the rest along to cut for sign of Lorenzo and his mule."

IT WAS GETTING dark by the time Shorty and his cowhands got back to camp after hours of futile search. At daybreak the following morning the search was resumed. Again the search proved futile, and when they returned to camp by mid-afternoon, Shorty sent the Rummy Kid to Globe with the following instructions.

"First go to Will Coburn's house to talk it over with Will and see what he has to say about organizing a sheriff's posse. I'm sendin' Pecos Edwards to the San Carlos Agency to gather a few old Apache trackers who can pick up shod mule tracks in this rough country where no white man can pick up sign."

It turned out that the Rummy Kid got no farther than Will Coburn's house when he reached Globe about nine o'clock that night. According to the Rummy Kid when he got back to camp at sunrise, Will Coburn had chawed him out before he had a chance to open his mouth.

"What in hell's been goin' on?" Will had exploded. "What's the idea of runnin' off old Lorenzo? Threatening to burn his dead carcass in some dry wash? Lorenzo showed up at his house scared plum outa his mind with some wild story that he heard you cowhands talking about shootin' him in the back and burnin' him in a big bonfire." When Will Coburn got ringy there was no way of stopping his angry tirade until he'd cussed himself out.

The Rummy Kid finally got a chance to explain. He told how old Man Scarber had showed up half-stung with a quart of moonshine—how Scarber and Ambrose Means and the joshing Pecos Edwards had started telling big windies. He told Will that Old Lorenzo, sitting by his lone campfire, must have heard the wild and bloody lies and that next morning the old horse wrangler was long gone and the outfit was afoot.

ABOUT THE TIME the Rummy Kid had returned to camp and was in the broad middle of his lengthy tale about his talk with Will Coburn, Pecos Edwards showed up with a half dozen Apache trackers. When Pecos heard the story, the big, hoorawing cowhand was oddly silent for once. He had a sort of shamefaced look on his face when Shorty eyed him coldly.

"I plumb forgot," Pecos said with with honest conviction, "about Lorenzo when Scarber and Means were runnin' off at the head. I kept proddin' them both just for the hell of it. I took it for granted the old man couldn't understand a word of our lingo."

"Old Lorenzo," Shorty interrupted, "understood enough of what was said to scare the hell outa him. So when you all bedded down he saddled his mule and hightailed it for Globe. After all, he has never forgotten what happened to his brothers and sons and how he was forced to leave his own country."

When the spring calf roundup was over, Shorty Caraway pulled out for Globe, and it was by dint of lengthy and gentle persuasion that Shorty and Ross Santee, and the entire Chavez family, talked Lorenzo into returning to the Cross S ranch. Even then it took long weeks before the wary old man adjusted to where he was actually enjoying himself.

Ross Santee had already formed the habit of spending the weekends and vacation time at the Cross S, making a hand and shoeing horses and mules, always drawing in his sketch book and asking Old Lorenzo, por favor, to teach him Spanish, much to the pleasure of the white-maned viejo. And when the Rummy Kid came in from his range-branding camp for grub and cakes of salt for the cattle, he would sing the old trail songs while Ross strummed his battered guitar.

It wasn't too long before the old Spaniard-Mexican lost all traces of fear. And so the proud Don Lorenzo Chavez, in the final span of his life, found a small measure of peace and happiness at the Cross S ranch, no longer a desecho.

The End of Will Carver

(Continued from page 38)

dera County to the San Angelo country and there fell in with a rough set. He was forced to kill a man in self-defense and having no money, was induced to seek sanctuary with the Ketchums.

Bob Evans, who rode the Half-Circle Six range with Carver, stated that when Carver's wife died, Carver quit the outfit and went to Indian Territory.

John Rae, pioneer ranchman south of the Dove Creek area, drilled the first well that came to supply water in a dry area. His bachelor headquarters was the stopping place for all cowmen in the area roundups, including the Half-Circle Six. Rae knew Carver well. He related that Carver married a girl who lived on Dove Creek but when she died within a few months, the young husband began to ride with the Tom Ketchum band and soon became a reckless outlaw.

George Hendricks in his book, *The Bad Man of the West*, stated that Carver went wrong because he brooded through the years over a faithless wife.

Dane Coolidge in his book, *Fighting Men of the West* said that "Carver's wife, not being true to him, was the cause of his turning outlaw."

Enough has been written about the Black Jack Ketchum bunch and the Cassidy gang to adequately cover this phase of Will Carver's life. He and Ben Kilpatrick rode with both bands as active members. They rode horseback thousands of miles in New Mexico, across in Old Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, Nevada and Texas.

After Cassidy's Hole in the Wall Gang had robbed the bank at Winnemucca, Nevada, and secured a reported $30,000 to $80,000 in gold coins, they rode back to Fort Worth, Texas by relays on saddle horses which had previously been planted. In the "Panther City" they went on a vast and comprehensive spree—drinking, gambling, spending and dressing as dudes. The famous photograph showing the five "city slickers" led to their undoing. A detective recognized Carver in the group photograph and soon other detectives were called in. The

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gang was traced to San Antonio, where they separated.

Here Carver happened to meet Ed R. Jackson, one of the owners of the Half-Circle Six ranch when Carver had worked there, but who had moved to Sonora and with his partner, W. L. Aldwell, had established a bank. The late H. E. (Boosie) Sharp of Eldorado, a bartender in Sonora at the time, told me of this meeting. Jackson shook hands with Carver and the two conversed briefly. Carver told his former employer not to mention his name, and in parting casually remarked that he would see Jackson out in his own country soon. The latter telephoned his partner, who in turn reported the conversation to Sheriff E. S. Briant at Sonora. Some twenty men were deputized as a precaution against possible robbery. Sheriff E. S. Briant appointed Sharp as one of the deputies and gave him a Winchester to keep behind his bar.

CARVER, Ben Kilpatrick, Kid Curry, and perhaps others—still dolled up in their city clothes—headed west. They spent one night with Carver's mother in Bandera County. By easy stages they stopped at the saloons in Kerrville, Fredericksburg, Mason and Brady. In Brady, the bandits posed as horse buyers. Boosie Sharp, back visiting in his old home town, saw the bunch in a saloon. Old-time Sheriff John Wall asked if Boosie knew the horse-buyers. Sharp was not positive. Sheriff Wall said he was going to do some telegraphing for information but the outlaws left town almost at once.

The badmen went next to the home of Kilpatrick's parents in Concho County, where they stayed for several days. Apparently they were in no hurry and in no fear of pursuit by the law. It was later reported that they planned to rob the bank at Eden, a few miles from the Kilpatrick home. One report stated that several men rode up to this bank just at closing time but the bankers refused to open up to the strangers.

Oliver Thornton, who worked on the Ed Dozier ranch near the Kilpatricks, rode up to the front of the Kilpatrick ranch one day and talked with the old man about the damage the Kilpatricks' hogs were causing in the Dozier pasture. As Thornton left, he rode near the back yard where Carver and several of the boys were playing croquet. One of the gang pulled his six-shooter and shot Thornton several times before he fell dead.

Ed Bartholomew, in his book, *Black Jack Ketchum*, states that most accounts charge Carver with the murder of Thornton but an intensive search of the records failed to show one case where Carver was actually indicted for any crime. Nor was there a shred of evidence to show that Carver had been a brutal and ruthless murderer. It is a reasonable deduction therefore that Kid Curry, not Carver, actually shot unarmed Thornton in Concho County.

The gang quickly fled, cutting all telephone lines in their path. Sheriff Howze of Concho County sent out descriptions of the wanted men, and a posse followed their trail to Eldorado, Schleicher County, where the outlaws had posed as buyers of polo ponies. They still had their rubber-tired buggy.

On April 1, 1901, Carver and his companions pitched camp at a waterhole a short distance west of Sonora, Sutton County, which was twenty-one miles south of Eldorado. Both Carver and Kilpatrick knew the country intimately and were themselves known by many residents of the area. Before long, the foreman of the ranch upon which the outlaws were camped, sent word to the law that the gang was hiding in his pasture. They had stolen a quarter of a beef and a sack of oats from the ranch headquarters. Sheriff E. S. Briant at once organized a posse to go the next morning to the outlaws' camp.

But Carver came to see the sheriff, instead! Just after dark he and George Kilpatrick rode into the Mexican section of Sonora to buy horse feed. Finding none, they went to the Red Front Livery and finally to Jack Owens' bakery and small grocery store, located at the rear of the bank. Boosie Sharp, from the front of the saloon where he tended bar, saw the men and believed they were the wanted outlaws. He reported this to Sheriff Briant, who quickly arrived with his deputies J. L. Davis, W. H. Thompson, and Henry Sharp, Boosie's brother.

Boosie said that he and the officers went to the bakery window and looked in. He saw Carver glance at the window a number of times. None of the men on the outside was positive about the identity of the men inside, the light being very poor. But Sheriff Briant said to get ready; they were going in.

The four officers stepped inside, their guns drawn. Sheriff Briant in the lead called, "Put up your hands." The big man, George Kilpatrick, in his surprise fumblingly started to comply, but Carver went for his gun. He was bending over, tying the feed bag. Sheriff Briant saw Carver's movement and his first shot shattered Carver's right hand before the fast gunman could cock his pistol. Boosie Sharp recounted that Carver's six-shooter hung on his suspenders and before the weapon came free the sheriff's shot had rendered the hand useless. Carver then tried to pull a small gun from his left hip pocket. Another shot struck Carver in the body and he fell to the floor, his pistol across his stomach.

Ed Bartholomew states that Carver attempted the border switch by throwing the revolver to his left hand. The same authority asserts that Carver "had been shot through the right lung, right arm, in the hand and had a wound near his left temple. It took seven wounds and more shots to finish Will Carver. His right arm and left leg were broken, each in two places."

The four officers fired lead into the two outlaws as rapidly as possible. George Kilpatrick was wounded fourteen times, yet he survived and was released from the Sonora jail when it could never be proved that he actually had a criminal record. J. Marvin Hunter who later published the *Devil's River News* in the same building where the shooting occurred, often told that the bloodstains and the bullet holes in the floor remained as grim evidence of the event.

CARVER and Kilpatrick were disarmed and carried to the courthouse. A doctor administered narcotics. Carver fought, cursed and raved until he died about one o'clock the next morning. "Keep shooting, boys! Will you stay with me? Will you sweat it out? Die game, boys!" the dying desperado pleaded.

The outlaws had two lookouts on the hill just outside Sonora, when Carver and George Kilpatrick were shot. They

(Continued on page 90)

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Wild Old Days!

MONTANA'S "PONY" TOWN

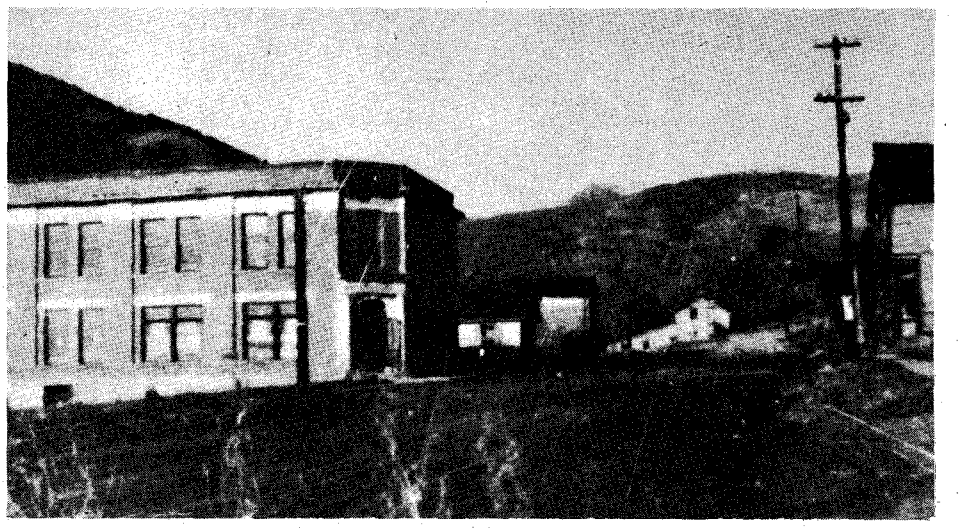
By Katherine Gehm

ALTHOUGH a small place is often named for a big person, very seldom is a large region named in honor of a little person. But during western Montana's pioneer days this happened. In 1868 a gulch and a stream and a town were all named for Tecumseh "Pony" Smith who was anything but big in stature or reputation.

Tecumseh Smith was called "Pony" simply because he was such a runt. He was also known as a restless prospector who'd come west with the '49ers but left the covered wagon trail to venture farther north into Montana Territory. After that he'd spent his time roaming through "The Big Sky Country" looking for wealth, and in 1866 struck it rich in a shallow creek bottom along the eastern slope of Tobacco Root Range.

Smith immediately staked claims and began washing placer ground. His holdings proved so valuable with coarse gold and nuggets, that prospecting folk came from everywhere, headed for the big strike. When these anxious fortune seekers inquired as to the exact location of the rich diggings, they were usually told, "They're up Pony's Creek" or "on Pony's Gulch." Within two years 500 people had taken up residence at a camp (which of course was named "Pony") in the foothills of the Tobacco Root Mountains.

By the winter of 1876, the settlement was a full-fledged town with post office, general store, butcher shop, livery barn and saloon. The following year another big strike brought many more families into the district and Pony really boomed. Forty log cabins, two hotels, another saloon and a red brick schoolhouse had been built.



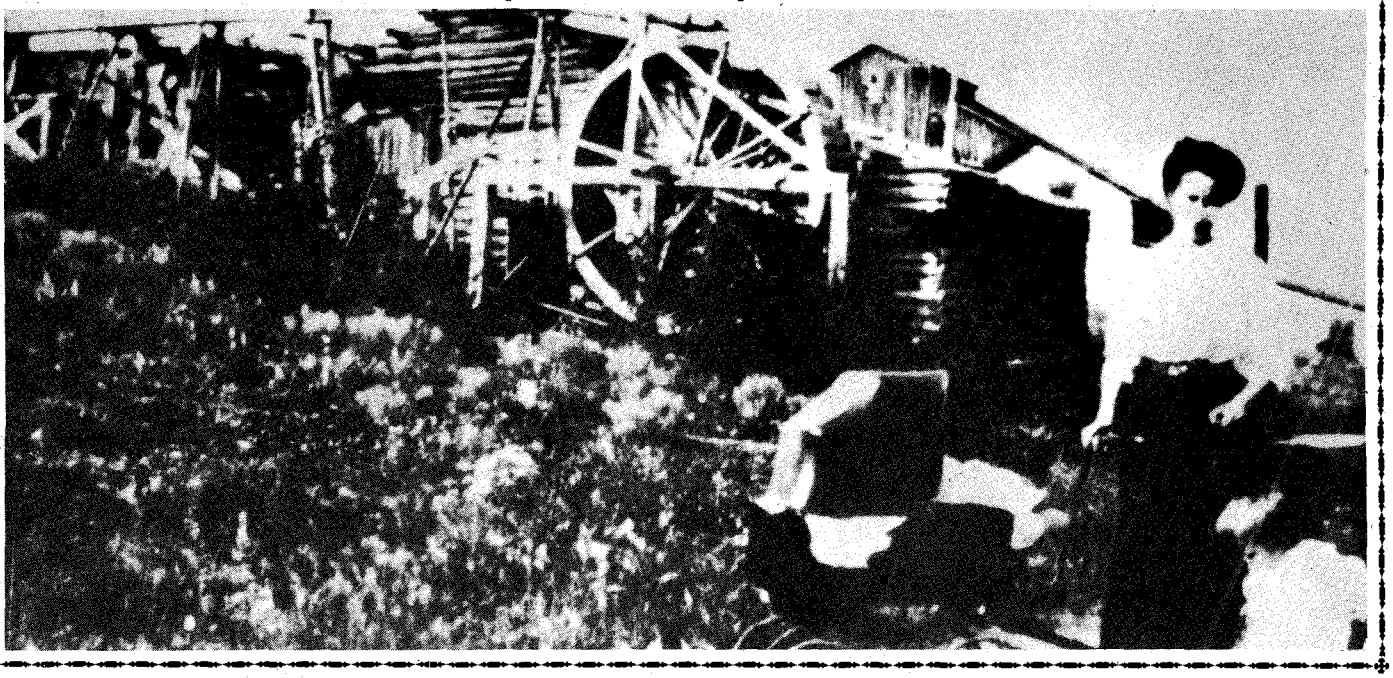
Photos Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

West Broadway and Pony St. in Pony, Montana, 1902.

PONY SMITH never seemed to care about the honor or publicity of having these locations bear his name. His only concern was finding wealth. And that year, even though he had a pocket full of gold, his natural roving instinct plus the word of greater riches lured him to other parts of the West. Ironically, many of the prospectors followed along so they would be on the spot when he made another strike, and the town was practically deserted.

The handful of pioneers who stayed didn't give up, however. Two prominent citizens bought most of the mining claims and at the far end of town built a twenty-stamp stone mill at the mouth of the canyon. New people moved in and by 1880 active mining was resumed. The mill ran to capacity on ore from the Pony district. So, even though the man called Pony moved on, his town by 1900 had a two-story bank building, several churches, and quite a few large homes. There were many social and service groups such as a Commercial Club, Publicity Club and

The first quartz mill in the Pony district in the 1880s.



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Ancient Order of United Workmen. The Pony Women's Club was organized so the ladies could study current events and literature.

The town even had a sort of hospital. Its newspaper, the Pony *Sentinel*, described it as a place "where frail humanity is skillfully repaired in case of accidents and the necessity for surgical operations."

In 1902 the main mining properties were sold to an eastern syndicate. It installed a 100-stamp mill with cyanide tanks to treat the tailings. But what was thought to be an enormous body of quartz proved to be only low-grade smelter ore and the mill didn't even drop a stamp. The syndicate, of course, pulled out.

Although a few small operations kept the town alive for many more years, and today it is still on the map, things aren't booming anymore. As for Tecumseh Smith, the only thing anyone knows for sure is that he never did come back to check on his namesake.

Photo Courtesy Author

The Carman family reunion at Winfield, Kansas in 1912. Anson (with beard) was the only survivor. Seated far left (in back of post) is Anson's son, Jim, one of the sons who declined to go on that tragic day. The man with mustache (standing) is the author's great-grandfather, who helped search for the bodies.

ONE CHEATED DEATH

By Donna Pelzel

ON THE KANSAS frontier, families lived, worked and played together. When tragedy struck, they oftentimes died together. Such was the case with the Anson Carman family.

Carman and his wife Cornelia had migrated from Indian to Rock, Cowley County, Kansas, about 1880. By working hard and living frugally, Carman in a few years was able to buy three homesteads of 160 acres each, with a common corner. Anson and Cornelia lived on one of the homesteads with his brother Charles and Charles' wife Electa. Eventually Anson brought his son Jay and wife from Indiana to live on the second homestead. The third quarter was occupied by Anson's brother Albert and Albert's wife, Aurelia. Albert and Aurelia had traveled by covered wagon from Wisconsin to establish their home on the frontier. These two latter were my great-great uncle and aunt.

ANSON and Cornelia exchanged worried glances as they bundled themselves and their children in hand-made quilts. Unusually cold July rains, driven by hammering north winds, had flooded much of southern Kansas. Rivers were swollen and trails were mud traps for those traveling on horseback. Such weather dampened the minds, hearts, and bodies of all who were at its mercy. Only the crackling flames of the old pot-bellied stove provided momentary escape from the worry of high water. Soon all were asleep in the Carman house.

Sometime during the night, the rains ceased just as quickly as they'd begun. It was such a relief that the family awoke and could hardly wait for the morning sun. Life would return to normal again!

One life which resumed normalcy rather quickly was that of a man from Udall. In the darkness, as soon as the wind and rain died, this man traveled to tell of the receding waters at the ford. For him, the rains had not made passage at the ford impossible. He even ventured to say that the crossing was safe. Then he hastily rode on to spread the word to other settlers.

The next day was Sunday, July 19, 1885. The sun glistened on wet vegetation and families returning from church filled their lungs with the warm, fresh air. Following Sunday services, Anson decided to brave the waters of the Walnut crossing about a quarter-mile away to pick wild plums.

Two of his sons, Jim and Morris, declined to go. Cornelia, however, quickly agreed to the proposed trip. After all, what was more fun than gathering plums along the riverbank? Electa was also eager to go; so was Anson's son, Jay and wife Clara.

The five Carmans hurriedly climbed in the waiting wagon, Anson tightened the last of the harness, and the team moved out. A mile down the road the family passed the Kaats house. Anson hailed his neighbor William, stopped the team, and invited William and his wife Charlotte to join the outing. The couple agreed and said they would follow in their wagon as soon as they could hitch their team. Jay and Clara then decided to wait and ride in the second wagon with their friends.

The Carman wagon continued to roll slowly along the muddy trails toward the ford. The familiar creaking of the wheels and snapping of harness could be heard in the stillness.

Cornelia and Electa chattered gaily as the wagon neared the muddy ford. They paid no attention to the swift current as the team entered the water. Suddenly their screams filled the air as the horses reared and fought vainly for footing. The wagon overturned time and time again, tossing Anson, his wife, and his sister-in-law into a swirling death trap.

THOUGH he was unnoticed, a panic-stricken boy, Warren Starlin, had witnessed the tragedy. He stood helpless as the wagon, horses and bodies were swept downstream and out of sight. Suddenly Warren realized a second wagon was approaching, following the same trail, unsuspectingly headed for an identical fate. The boy shouted a warning only to have his voice go unheard as he ran toward the ford in a desperate attempt to stop the second group.

The four in the Kaats wagon were back far enough on the trail that they had neither seen nor heard the result of Anson's unsuccessful attempt to cross the ford. As if a nighmare were being repeated Warren watched in horror as the Kaats team struggled against the mud and water only to be engulfed. The wagon upset and four more victims were washed downstream. The boy raced frantically to the nearest homestead and reported what had happened. Soon the grim search began.

Neighbors moved slowly along the riverbank, finding body after body until there were five. Just as darkness was falling two of the searchers found Anson a mile downstream, bruised and battered but still desperately clinging to a waterlogged tree. He was quickly carried to a nearby farmhouse—the only survivor. The sixth body was found the following day.

Much later, when Anson was able to walk outside his home, he viewed the bleak future which lay before him. His wife Cornelia, was dead; so was his son and daughter-in-law. Left empty were two of the three homesteads he'd created for his family. Anson's ideas had built the three homesteads and his ideas had equally wiped out two of them.

Jay's daughter Mattie had been orphaned along with five Kaats children ranging in age from five to eighteen. Mattie was sent to Indiana to live with relatives. Though she lived out her childhood in Indiana, her heart was still in Kansas. When she married, Mattie and her husband returned to the original homestead where they raised a large family. Descendants of both the Kaats and and Jay Carman families live in the

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Cowley County area at the present time.

Anson, sole survivor of the accident, later remarried and spent his remaining years in Winfield, Kansas where he died in 1914 at the age of ninety.

BEAR HUNTER OF POT CREEK

By Dorothy Heard

OLD MAC McMULLEN is dead and now we may never know his antecedents or background, which is quite a shame. McMullen landed in Taos County, New Mexico, when the population was chiefly Mexican and Indian, with a scattering of Anglos who showed no interest in the history of a newcomer.

Mac found a spot in the hills, built a two-room shack beside a fishing stream, and settled down with his horse and dog. He spent his days hunting and fishing, made a garden, and life moved serenely.

When money ran low, and he was hard put for coffee and cigarette makings, Mac cast around for a financial enterprise by which he could support himself more or less painlessly. Abundant wild game and equally abundant vacationing dudes with a yen to hunt provided a fine solution. Mac became a bear hunter. He traded venison, fish and vegetables for some bear dogs and the use of a neighbor's horses. His friends in town were his advertising medium, and his guarantee of a bear, even though he might have to trap and stake one out, brought plenty of customers.

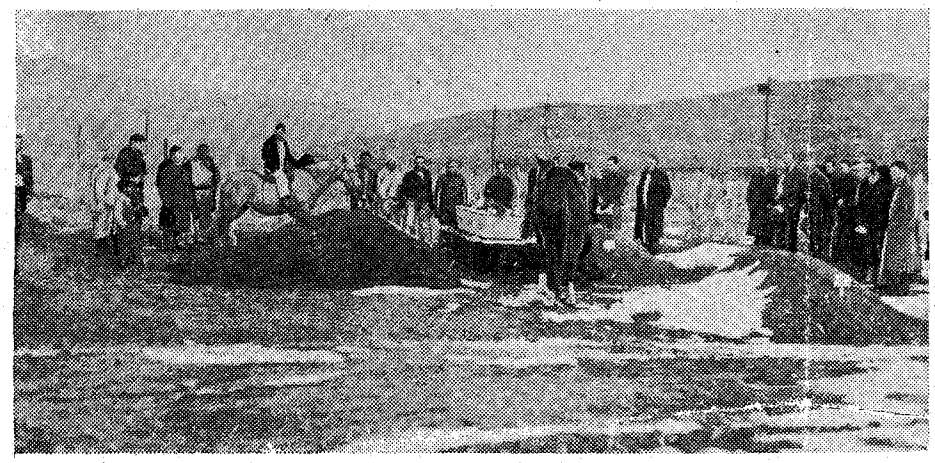
The bears were cooperative, corn liquor plentiful, money flowed freely and life became flawless for a time. But even as the Garden of Eden was vulnerable, rheumatism coupled with snowy days and long winter evenings sent Mac's mind poking into wilderness trails of women, whom he had formerly shunned as poison. The hills offered a solution to this problem too, as a sheepherder with a pretty daughter was agreeable to transferring his responsibility.

Anita thought it was wonderful to have two whole rooms to share with only Mac after sharing her clothes and bedroom with numerous smaller fry in her father's tiny house. So Mac and Anita were married by a justice of the peace one morning with the customary daylong celebration and dance in the country schoolhouse.

Anita's chili and tortillas were good and while her conversation was limited she supplied a presence in the house which was enough for Mac. After a while it was not so for Anita, who missed her large family and numerous visiting relatives. Come summer, with Mac gone all day fishing or on a horseback trip with dudes, the threads of her content vanished altogether.

One night when Mac came home he found an empty house and a note on the stove. This wrote the end of that chapter, and Mac became more firmly convinced that women were poison.

AFTER Anita's default, several years pegged along, but Mac's enthusiasm, together with the bears and dudes, thinned out. He was getting old and churlish even to his pals among the cowboys and Indians, and when a sloppy spell of weather brought on a cold which developed into pneumonia he took to his bed with a determination to quit.



Old Mac McMullen's funeral was a solemn occasion.

Mac firmly resisted efforts of friends to remove him to the hospital, which was accomplished only after a sedative had put him to sleep. It was too late. In the end Mac's resolution carried and he died.

Thereafter, having no known relatives, it was up to his cowboy pals to take over. They rose nobly to the occasion, resolved to give poor old Mac the finest funeral to be had and strictly in the manner of old-time custom.

Use of the undertaker's parlor was scorned but a hearse did seem necessary. So on the appointed hour the occupied hearse was parked on a vacant lot and the mourners lined up. Mac's horse, with hat and boots tied to the empty saddle, was first in line, followed by the pallbearers and speaker, all on horseback, each dressed in his best (which ranged from blue jeans with leather jacket to one matched suit worn by the speaker). Thereafter followed a miscellaneous collection of blanketed Indians, on foot and on horseback, spring wagons, trucks and a few automobiles.

As the procession moved onto the road, it was halted by a photographer who had been commissioned to take pictures of all phases of the ceremony by a friend from the outside world. This man, being unable to attend, had offered to pay all bills and wanted pictures to reassure himself that his old pal was having the best of everything.

Doughbelly Price, being the most outstanding personality and the most fluent speaker among Mac's friends, had been selected to conduct the services. At the cemetery, Doughbelly took charge and after herding the mourners to their places around the open grave, with casket on boards across the opening, asked the photographer to take more pictures.

When this was done, Doughbelly, still astride his horse, raised his hat in salute, then spoke (with unusual solemnity). "Well, you all know what you come out here for. It ain't to show off your good clothes becuz you haven't got any. It's becuz pore old Mac was a friend to everybody, Mexicans, Indians, whites, all the same and becuz you liked him. Of course, we all know McMullen wasn't his right name but that don't make no difference becuz most of us come here under a cloud, too, and Mac was a mighty fine, clean-living man. If he's got any folks we can't find 'em, so we're just gonna hafta do the best we can for him. And now we'll all join in and sing 'Empty Saddle in the Old Corral.'" When the song was finished the pall-bearers lowered the coffin and filled the grave, putting on top a bouquet of flowers someone had sent.

Doughbelly put his hat back on his head, turned his palomino, and headed home.

The End of Will Carver

(Continued from page 87)

immediately fled to friends on Dove Creek and headed for Wyoming a few days later. Ben Kilpatrick (The Tall Texan) and Kid Curry are identified in most accounts as the two who escaped to extend their careers in crime a few years longer.

But there was evident confusion among the officers in Sonora as to the absolute identity of the two wounded bandits. When the sheriff asked Carver his name, the desperado replied, "I am one of the Off boys." Excitement in the little "capital of the stockman's Paradise," as Sonora boosters liked to say, ran high after the shooting. Every man in town was soon on the streets. The saloons did a rushing business. One ranchman who had known Carver for years was taken to the jail to make a positive identification. The ranchman had imbibed very liberally, even for West Texans. He looked at the wounded man and heard him groaning. The ranchman then solemnly told the sheriff and numerous bystanders, "If this man dies, he is Will Carver. If he lives, I don't know who in the hell he is!"

At daylight, according to Boosie Sharp, Deputy Sheriff Henry Sharp rode out to the Wyatt ranch to get George Hamilton, the man who had gone to the Six outfit as a sickly youngster, to identify the dead bandit. Boosie was one of the men who accompanied Hamilton to examine the dead man. At first Hamilton could not be certain. It had been several years since he had seen Carver. Also Carver was so "painted up" that he was in effect disguised. But after a time Hamilton thought of one positive mark of identification. While the pair were cow-

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boys together, Carver's six-shooter had discharged accidentally one day and shot him in the right heel. A quick examination showed that the dead man had a gun-shot scar on the right heel.

The sheriff of Concho County went to Sonora and was able to identify George Kilpatrick, who soon recovered enough to name Carver as his companion. Sheriff Briant and his fellow officers received the reward of $5,000 upon proof that Carver was dead.

George Hamilton, after identifying Will Carver, sadly remarked that the latter was the best friend he ever had, although of course he did not uphold him in his lawless years. Hamilton requested Sheriff Briant to give Carver a decent burial and said he would pay all expenses. This was done. Later the two horses brought into town were sold at auction, along with Carver's personal belongings. The money received was more than enough to pay the funeral expenses but Hamilton accepted reimbursement with reluctance. The balance left over was sent to Carver's mother in Bandera County.

COWBOY Will Carver died on a range that he knew—and with his boots on. It is reported that when the Wild Bunch was so hotly pressed they were discussing flight to South America, Carver remarked that he preferred to die on dirt he knew even if he might live a hundred years in the jungles.

When killed, Carver carried three guns. One was a .45 Colt's, No. 20916; the second a .38 hammerless S & W; the third, a Derringer, carried in a holster under his arm pit. Boosie Sharp bought one of the guns at auction for $35. Later when the gun was raffled off in San Angelo, Sharp received $65 for it. He never knew who bought it or what became of it—but he always regretted that he did not hold onto the gun.

Carver also had a gold watch, a silver compass case, a handsome diamond ring, and a thin gold band ring. The last was the insignia of membership in the Black Jack Ketchum band of desperadoes. Also, both Carver and Kilpatrick had exactly $25 in cash in their pockets. All of these were appropriated and went for funeral expenses. Sharp recalls that the diamond ring brought $125.

Unanswered questions are: What became of the rubber-tired buggy, sported by these "horse buyers" who had ridden countless thousands of miles on horseback over rough country? Also, what happened to the proprietor of the bakery when the officers entered his place of business and the shooting began? Why was Carver slow on the draw and caught unprepared in his final showdown?

According to the late John Rae, Carver's sister went to Sonora and, without attracting attention of Sonora residents, had a tombstone placed at the head of her brother's grave. No name was engraved on the marker—just a grim "April 2, 1901." Thus the mild-mannered cowboy who turned western badman filled a nameless grave.

A chain of successive killings began when Sheriff Webb of Brown County was killed by John Wesley Hardin. Selman killed Hardin, Scarborough killed Selman,

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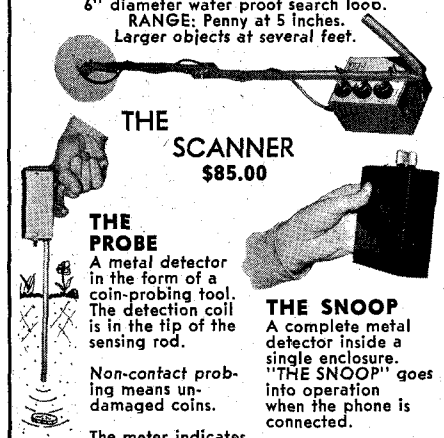

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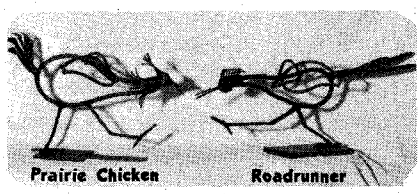

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and Carver is usually charged with mortally wounding Scarborough—Webb, Hardin; Selman, Scarborough; Carver, Briant. From lawman to lawman! Sheriff Briant died at San Angelo, Texas in December 1932, a respected pioneer officer. He was seventy-two.

Another Kind of "Equalizer"

(Continued from page 43)

When the horse came in without his rider, whoever was at home set out at once back-tracking his horse, looking toward the horizon in the direction he had gone, and listening for the bark of his six-shooter. They soon found him.

Besides being a good rider Alfred made a good riding instructor. Once when he had an extra big herd of cattle to handle and needed help he asked an Indian girl to help him. She said she'd be glad to but, surprisingly, had never ridden a horse so he offered to teach her and in two weeks she was riding as if she had been a cowgirl for years.

ALFRED admits he never worked with the old-time Texas longhorn but at one time or another has handled just about every other breed that ever appeared on the western range, including all the dairy breeds. He kept mostly dairy stock in his pasture and a few times has had some close calls with Jersey bulls, a a very excitable breed. "When a bull gets mad, he screams. They call it a 'bellow' but it sounds more like a scream than anything else. When you hear that, it's a pretty safe bet he's going to charge, but I was always on a good horse and didn't have to worry.

"Brahmas are nervous, high strung cattle. They're the easiest animal in the world to control if you know how, and the hardest in the world to control if you don't understand them. If you're driving a herd of Brahmas and one leaves the herd, never chase him like you would other cattle. Just wait till he stops no matter how far he goes. When he does stop, put your horse into a slow trot and ride out around him in a big circle. Usually when you get on the far side of him he'll go back to the herd. If not, just keep circling around him until he does. Never hurry and never ride toward him, just around. Chase him and he'll go crazy and you'll have to run him and your horse almost to death to catch him."

Alfred considers the Aberdeen Angus about the hardest breed to do anything with; out on the range they go wild in no time and will run from a rider no matter what he does.

"Wild cattle handle much better in a trail herd than tame ones. Of course they can get so wild nobody can do a thing with them but partly wild ones are just scared enough to stay out in front and keep moving and will go where you want them to. A tame old milch cow just stands there and you can't make her go anywhere. When she does move she's as likely to run right under you as not. Any experienced cowboy will tell you he'd rather herd wild cattle."

When riding in mesquite thickets Alfred wore leather chaps, leather cuffs which covered his arms from wrist to elbow, and leather gloves over the cuffs. "All that leather is more protection than you'd think. With chaps a man can ride through the mesquite all day with no trouble, but without them a thorn which catches just right can tear a pants leg right off and take a lot of skin with it. With my cuffs on, I'd ride under low-hanging mesquite branches and lift them out of the way just by raising my arm and keep going for hours without a scratch. But a few times when I left my cuffs at home and tried to lift just one branch, my arm would be all cut up and bloody from the thorns."

When Alfred was through work and going some place just for fun he hung up his chaps, cuffs and so on, and left them. He knew riders who wore all those things, and spurs too, to town or anywhere else they went, but he didn't approve. "It looks silly and it is silly. If you punch cows your chaps, spurs, gun, cuffs, and gloves are the tools of your trade. Why should any workman carry his tools around with him on his time off?"

ALFRED hasn't come through his years of hard riding without some injuries. In four separate falls he broke both legs and both collar bones. Another time he dislocated a kidney and once he dislocated his neck.

The kidney injury happened while he was still in the saddle. A bronc he was riding kicked so high and so suddenly, the cantle of the saddle caught Alfred in the back and knocked the kidney out of place. The most serious injury was his dislocated neck. He was riding a horse on the run when it stepped in a hole and fell. His father and some others saw it happen. They said the horse turned a perfect somersault. A man who rides a lot and has many close escapes learns to save himself automatically without thinking. His dad told him he pushed himself out of the saddle to one side and kept the horse from landing on him but he landed on his head good and hard. They went to him and could tell he was hurt but he said, "Put me on that horse again. I can ride him." They did put him on and he rode to the house and they took him inside. He must have been very dazed because he doesn't remember any of this. All he knows is what they told him about it. He remembers riding at a gallop and having the sensation that one of the horse's front feet suddenly stuck to the ground and the rest of him kept going and turned a flip. The next thing he knew was when he woke up in the house. Many times he has tried to recall what happened right after that fall but just can't. "But I never was seriously hurt. If I had been I'd have quit riding."

When Alfred reached the age of forty-five his cowpunching career came to an abrupt end. His father, who had always saddled his horse and lifted him on, died that year and there was no one else around to do it. Alfred had no choice but to quit. The next few years must have been the dreariest of his life. One way or another he disposed of all his livestock and settled down to doing nothing but sitting in his wheelchair.

Then things began to look up. The fam-

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ily moved to a house adjoining a junk yard and the owner hired Alfred to take charge and sell as much as he could. He got a percentage of what he sold. Alfred was soon able to get an electric wheelchair with a top speed of ten miles per hour, and could go all over town in it. He's now in charge of a place which specializes in furniture, but has everything under the sun (including a saddle) the last I heard.

He had practically given up the idea of marriage but that, too, finally came about. At the age of fifty-two he married Nieves Rico, a native of Sonora, Mexico. It seems to be a very happy union. Alfred now has a car which he sometimes drives but it has standard controls which are hard for him to handle. He even flew an aeroplane once. A friend of his, a professional crop duster, offered to take him in his plane and when they got up there offered to turn the controls over to him. Alfred tried and says it's the easiest thing in the world.

"I've had a very full life, a lot of fun, and no complaints. I've done everything everyone else has done—except walk—and some things most people never had a chance to do."

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 67)

me. They were Henry S., Rosie B., James A., Julia J., Mamie Z., Floyd G., Roy E., Willie B., and the youngest, Calvan R., born in 1905.

I found some old pictures in an old velvet-covered album with these names: Mary Montgomery Burlington, Wisconsin; William Aldrich, Minnie and Authur Briggs, Mankato, Minnesota. Any descendant of these people who wants any information, I'll be glad to help you.—Mrs. J. O. Delamorton, 7818 Elmont Avenue, Elverta, California 95626

Morrow-Saylors-Hinton

Any information on the Morrow, Saylors (Sailors) and Hinton families will be appreciated, and I will be happy to exchange any information I have on them. My grandfather Franklin E. (Bud) Morrow was born in 1859 in Tennessee (county unknown). His parents, John D. (born in 1823) and Mary N. Morrow, brought their family to McKinney, Collin County, Texas between 1870 and 1880. In addition to Franklin E., there were ten other children born between 1848 and 1870: Sabrina, Ervin, David, John, Ermanda, Emily, James, Alice, A. E. and R. Ben.

According to the 1880 census of Cookville, Putnam County, Tennessee, Jesse Carroll Saylors (Sailors) was born in 1823. His wife was Jane Southern. Their children were Nancy, Will, Tom, Bolivar, Harriett and Zebedee Dearing. Around 1894 Zebedee and his family moved to Texas and settled in Cooper, Texas.

The only information I have on the Hinton family is that William (Tobey) Hinton and his family moved from Tennessee to McKinney, Texas around 1870-1880. William was born in Tennessee in 1847. He had two sisters that I know of, Mary and Susan Elizabeth (Bettie). Susan Elizabeth was born in 1963 and accompanied her brother and his family to Texas. Can anyone tell me their parents names or from what county in Tennessee they came?—Ramona L. Hill, 5138 Goodwin Street, Dallas, Texas 75206

Morris-Bennett

My grandfather, Jasper Bennett, was elderly when he died in the 1930s. I believe he was born in Tennessee around 1870. He married (name unknown) and they had several children. She passed away and he married my grandmother Mollie Bennett, a girl from Texas. Their children were James, Haskel, Frank, Nola, Bertie, Vera, Jasper and Reuben. They had a spread near Enid or Holdenville, Oklahoma called 3J Ranch. While there he was deputy under Sheriff James King for whom my father, James King Morris, was named. This was about the turn of the century. They then sold and moved to Yuma, Arizona but returned to Oklahoma. I am especially interested in hearing from anyone related to them.

The second set of grandparents were Bill Brasfield and Bertie Mae Dozier (Dosier). Bertie Mae left home as a young girl and married a man named Magee (first name unknown). They had several children including Frank, Bill and Jim and a daughter. Mr. Magee passed away and she married my grandfather, Bill Brasfield. They had three children, Odis, Anna Earl and Dovie. Dovie died a young woman. She had children but I do not know their names.—Mrs. Donna Scott, 2920 16th Street, Bakersfield, California 93301

Henry Blount or Blunk

We would like to know about Henry Blount or Blunk (we do not know which is correct). If he is living he would be about ninety. During 1907 he worked as a logger at Seaside, Oregon. That is the last we ever heard of him. He had brown or black hair, slightly bald in front at that time, dark brown eyes, somewhat stocky build and was supposed to be at least half Cherokee. He was known to have had at least one brother and some cousins by the name of Gentry.

His daughter would like to know about him and his family, also his mother's and father's names, thought to be from Oklahoma or Missouri.—Mrs. E. E. Epperson, 1341 Clark Mill Road, Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

John Charles Buckley

My grandfather John Charles Buckley was born in Montreal, Canada in August 1850, the youngest of a large family born to Irish immigrants from County Cork, Ireland. The parents supposedly died in a fire. Grandfather was raised by older sisters and brothers. Two of these brothers went to Missouri and became farmers. Later Grandfather joined them. In the '70s he came to Oregon with a wagon-train. There was communication between them after he married. He returned once to Missouri but none of them ever came West for a visit. Grandfather died in 1912. If there are any descendants of these great-uncles I would like to hear from them.—Mrs. William G. Simon, 521 Jefferson, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

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Truly Western

Continued from page 51)

lieve). Moorehead was a foreman on the Alamo Hueco for years and there raised most of his family, which was a large one. I can remember some of the kids' names: Vivian, Phoebe, Irene, Buck, Lucky, Sam, and Nellie—and I believe there were more.

Hooker and Boyd owned Jay-Bee-el, the old ranch prior to 1913, and Doolittle was their right-hand man. Then E. K. Warren of Three Oaks, Michigan bought them out and Moorehead was put there and stayed until the early '20s and raised his family. If any of his children see this letter and know what happened to the old table, I'd sure like to know. As far as the boys playing roulette, that must have been a few years before my time because it was so dark (from grease, I suspect, and the years of use) the numbers, if any, were long gone. When my husband was made foreman after Will Drace's time the old table was gone and a long twelve- to fourteen-foot affair across the end of the kitchen was in use. But the Moorehead kids will remember this lazy susan table well. They were raised up around it.—Maggie Sims Roberson, Western Hills, 615 West Street, Prescott, Arizona 86301

Indian Girl Postcard

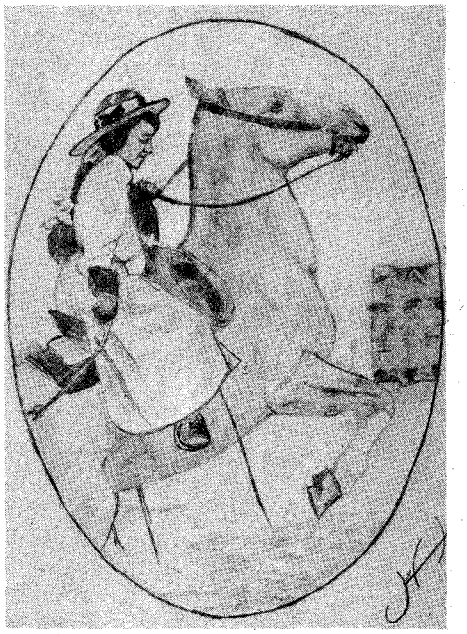
Dear Sirs:

I am sending a drawing of an Indian girl and her horse and also a picture I tried to take from the original postcard.

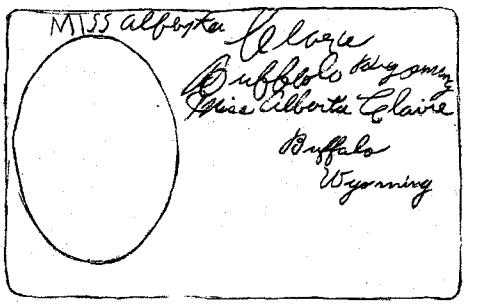
This Indian girl went about through the country riding her horse to speak in schools and churches or wherever she would be invited. She sold the postcards and there was usually a collection made up for her.

The exact year has been forgotten but this happened as an airplane flew over Grandfather Scott's house and farm. That was quite an event. Painted underneath the plane was the name G. W. Fowler. This story was told to me by my aunt, Miss Mattie Scott.

We thought that maybe the Indian girl or some of her people could still be living and that someone else may remember this and also may have a postcard she sold.—Mrs. Fannie Groom, 1006 North Third Street, Lamesa, Texas 79331



Postcard is laid out as shown below, with the girl and horse within oval. It reads: Miss Alberta Claire, Buffalo, Wyoming (written twice).



Irish Correspondent

Dear Sir:

I am writing you from Ireland. I just got a copy of your very interesting magazine, TRUE WEST, and the stories in it fascinate me. I would like to hear from some cultured people, any age, male or female. I am thirty, single, with a deep interest in country life, animals, and folklore. I collect all types of folk songs. —William Slattery, Curtavoher, Aherlow, County Tipperary, Republic of Ireland

Texas-Size Scrapbook

Gentlemen:

I am sending you a picture of what I do with the pictures I cut out of your magazines. I have over 1,500 pictures in this album.—Fred W. Keefer, 633 12th Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

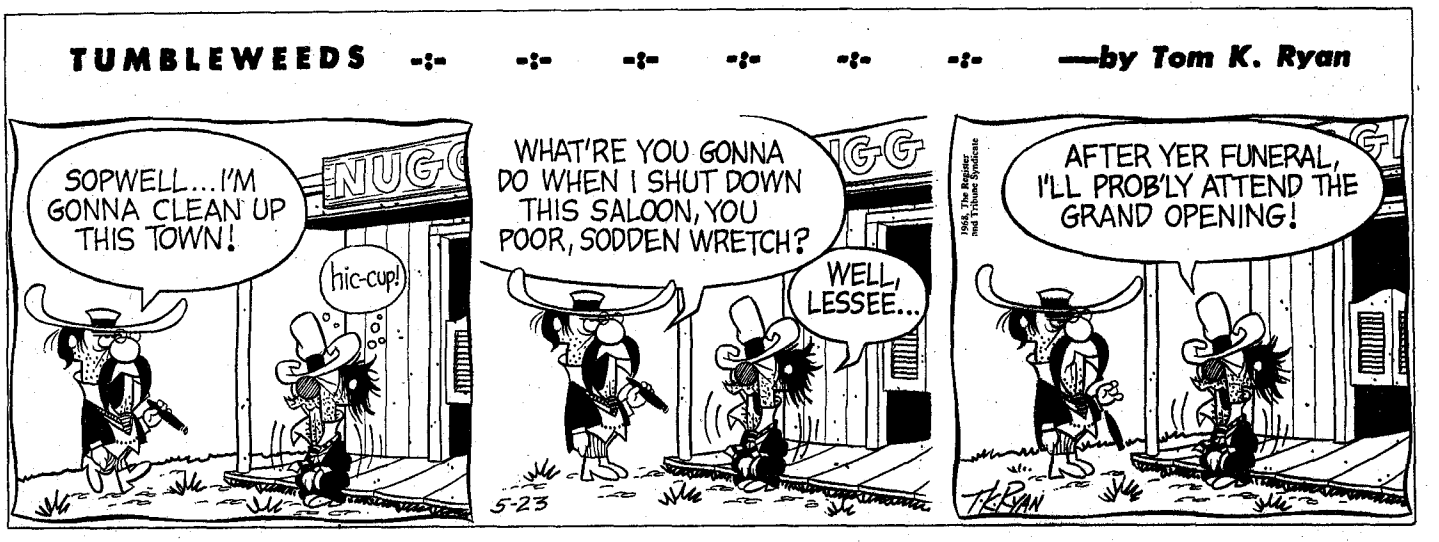
Mr. Keefer and his collection.

Jack Hoxie's Scout

Sirs:

I have been given the August 1967 TRUE WEST. I was interested in your story about Tom Mix and his horse and the horse Ben Hur. I have been told that at one time Tom Mix worked at a bar here in Guthrie, which was once the capital of Oklahoma. The 101 Ranch is located not too far from Guthrie.

I inherited three horseshoes from Joe F. Kratz who was an antique collector. Each one of these horseshoes has a small silver plate with engraving on it. One says, "Tom Mix horse Tony Black—White Face Hollywood—1926." One reads, "J. Miller's horse Ben Hur Arabian stallion Nov. 1907. Louisville, Kentucky." The other one reads "Jack Hoxie horse Scout 1927 101—Ranch." I would like to know more about this last horse.—Mrs. Ted R. Wille, 1312 West Noble, Guthrie, Oklahoma 73044



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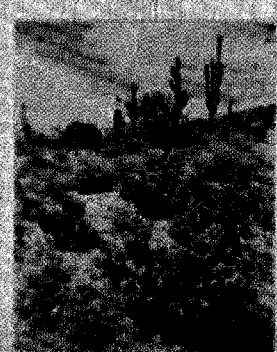
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